

# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## MAMMON.

### CHAPTER I.

#### DOG'S EAR.

THE mining town of Dog's Ear lies at the bottom of a cup of surrounding mountains,—gray, scarred, and unlovely hills, whose scant vegetation is short-lived and dwarfish. The little town sprawls awkwardly about the base of the largest of the hills, in the side of which gapes the black mouth of the mine. The ugly huts of the miners, with their unsightly fringes of empty tin cans, ash-heaps, and refuse, the one dirty shop, bearing the sign of "The Emporium," and the two saloons on either side of the street, are only more distasteful than the natural features of the place. The town had been named by its original founder, and, no one having changed its appropriate title, Dog's Ear it had remained, a blemish indeed upon the page of nature. Dog's Ear was in a transition-state. It was no longer a mining-camp, and had lost the romantic flavor of its early days, when it had been one of the head-quarters of that adventurous band of gold-seekers who ranged through the Western country thirty years ago. The "claim," which in its early days had cost many a life, was now owned by a stock company and worked by Eastern capital. In the course of time the company would, it was said, build a school-house and a church, and with these two potent influences a new civilization would dawn for Dog's Ear; but so far the company had contented itself with building "The Emporium," where all manner of canned food, clothing, and tools were sold at exorbitant prices to the inhabitants. Dog's Ear had left its wild tragic youth behind it, and had not yet reached the decent humdrum stage of quiet workaday middle age.

Henry Stuart had arrived at Dog's Ear the night before the opening of our story. He seemed to be quite familiar with the place, although during his interview with Michael McFarren, the superintendent of the

mines, he had made no mention of any previous visit. The new-comer had asked for work, and had been told to fall into line with the other miners the next morning. He was not by nature an early riser, and it was with anything but a cheerful alacrity that he turned out of his hard bed at five o'clock in the morning and took his way towards the mine. He made a slight *détour* in order to pass by the telegraph-office, from whence he despatched a message in cipher to some person in New York. Had this action been remarked by Superintendent McFarren or his foreman, Dick Cole, it might have aroused some suspicion; but it was still early, and no one save the heavy-eyed telegraph operator knew that the recent arrival at Dog's Ear had entered into telegraphic correspondence with some person resident in the great metropolis of the East. The operator noticed that the hand which gave him the money for the despatch was a clean one and unusually soft and white for that of a man dressed in the rough miners' clothes and carrying a sledge-hammer over his shoulder.

At the mouth of the mine Stuart paused and stood for a moment looking at the dewy freshness of the morning and drawing in long breaths of air and sunlight. The rattling of chains warned him that the bucket had been hauled up, and that the moment had come when he must turn his back upon sky and sunshine, flower and tree, and descend into the grimy blackness of the mine. He struck a match and lighted a small oil lamp, which he stuck in his cap, and then stepped into the grimy kibble, already crowded with wild-looking Russian miners. The word of command was given, "All ready," and the bucket dropped with its freight of workers down into the damp murkiness of the mine. Stuart watched the patch of blue sky growing more and more distant as the heavy kibble rattled down the shaft to the lowest level, where the work was being pushed forward. All around him hung the black mine flowers, feathery and delicate, growing from the timbers and wet with the everlasting drip-dripping of the subterranean moisture. It was as if they were always weeping that their airy grace and delicacy should be forever hidden away from the light and warmth of the sun.

The men soon saw that the new-comer was not a green hand. He worked well and steadily, and when noon came, after eating his dinner, which he had brought in a tin pail, he strayed off from the knot of men, and wandered about the dark passages of the mine with the security that comes only from familiarity with such places. Something unusual had happened that morning, as the very most ignorant among the men had sense enough to see. There was a suppressed excitement in the air. Some of the miners said that a new deposit of ore had been discovered; others held that there had been a quarrel between McFarren, the superintendent, and Dick Cole, the foreman of the mine. The new workman learned what he could from his comrades, joining first one group and then another; he loitered near the office, where a conclave was being held between the superintendent and his foreman, but the voices which in the morning had been raised in strife now spoke in whispers. Whatever ill feeling might have existed between the two functionaries in the earlier part of the day seemed to have been



satisfactorily adjusted by evening, for the two men left the mine at the same time and walked to McFarren's shanty, where they supped together, and did not part company until every light in the town had been extinguished. It was the middle of the week, and the miners had little money to spend. The keepers of the rival saloons had been growing wary of giving credit to their customers, for of late bad reports concerning the mine had been floating about, and for a month past people had said each Saturday that it was the last pay-day the miners of the San Diabolo would see. Late as it was when Superintendent McFarren and his foreman separated for the night, the new hand heard their parting words, as he lounged unsteadily in a shadowy corner near the door-way of McFarren's house. The light from within, falling upon the faces of the two men, showed them both distinctly. They were in most respects in striking contrast with each other, but in the expression of exultation that both wore at that moment appeared a unanimity of feeling which was almost startling to Harry Stuart, familiar as he was both with the faces and with the characters of the men. Michael McFarren was a man of medium height, lightly built, and with a face expressive of great nervous force and keen vitality. His features were regular, and of a delicate, ungenerous mould. The nose should have been larger, the lips fuller, the chin more rounded, the forehead less flat and receding. As it was, he was a well-enough-looking man, but with a very slight change of feature he might have been a handsome one. The cold, flat gray eyes that saw many things which escaped the vision of other men were absolutely without depth; their very color seemed to have been laid on in a thin patch at the surface; their dominant expression was one of hunger. McFarren could not have been much more than forty years of age, and yet his face was seamed with the wrinkles of threescore and ten, his hair was thin and lifeless, as if it had been scorched by the fever of the hot brain beneath it. Richard Cole, the foreman, was a burly fellow, with coarse, heavy shoulders, big hairy hands, and a round head in shape and color strongly resembling a Dutch cheese; he had the strength of an ox, and that good-natured expression and jolly voice which so often go along with great physical force. He held out his huge red hand to the superintendent, saying,—

"Pardners it is, then, boss?"

"Yes," answered the superintendent, touching for a moment the outstretched hand,—“yes, old fellow, partners it is. Good-night to you, and good luck to the partnership.”

The two men took leave of each other, McFarren immediately after entering his shanty, and the foreman swinging down the street at a good pace.

“Partners in some rascal's game, I'll be bound,” was Stuart's murmured comment, as he emerged from his place in the shadow of the angle and took his way home to his poor tenement. Late as it was, he wrote a long letter that night, giving an account of the condition of affairs at the San Diabolo mining-camp to his correspondent in New York. When the letter was written and the day's distasteful work was at an end, he sat down on the side of the rude bunk which served him at

once as bed, chair, and table, and proceeded to roll and light a cigarette, idly watching the blue smoke as it curled and floated about the rough room. During the day Stuart had smoked a short clay pipe: it was only at night that he allowed himself the luxury of inhaling the fragrant Turkish tobacco, a package of which he had brought with him to Dog's Ear in the handkerchief-bundle which had been his only luggage. He grew drowsy, and fell to dreaming where he sat with drooping eyelids and heavy eyes. Fantastic forms, faces that came and went, seemed to mould themselves out of the dreamy smoke-cloud which soon surrounded him. The most persistent of these visions was that of a beautiful child, a young girl with odd yellow eyes, and a tangle of red-gold hair on her shoulders,—the face of the little maiden who at a very tender age had solemnly promised to be his wife. Suddenly he started up from his pleasant reverie, with a small, a very small, oath: his cigarette had burned his fingers. It was long past midnight; and, hastily undressing, he threw himself on his hard bed, and soon forgot vision and reality in that deep, dreamless sleep which only the child and the laborer know.

This miner who lay with his arms crossed on the pillow above his head, the flush of sleep upon his quiet face, would have made an excellent subject for a painter. He was a handsome, distinguished-looking man, of the best American type,—tall, with a strong elastic figure full of nervous force, strongly-modelled features, and a kindly smile which came easily and often to his lips and saved the face from a severity which it might have otherwise possessed. His eyes were of that dark, brilliant gray which in some moods and lights darkens to black and in others softens to violet. His thick brown beard had a glint of gold in it, and, closely as his hair was cut, it showed a crisp and persistent tendency to curl.

There was a strain of Scotch blood in Harry Stuart's veins. His grandfather, though he had died an American citizen, was born within sight of the Frith of Forth, and was of the great clan Stuart, holding certain inherited prejudices against Puritan manners, which made life in the New England village where he lived and died irksome enough to him. He was nevertheless a good citizen, even if he shocked his neighbors by inviting friends to dinner on Sunday, and a hot dinner at that, and took his family for long drives on Sabbath afternoons, while service was going on at the meeting-house. Archerville criticised him while he lived, but mourned him seriously enough when he died. Did not the town owe to his generosity its public library and its orphanage, the new belfry of the meeting-house, and the clock in the town hall?

Until he left home for college, Henry Stuart had lived with this grandfather, in the pleasant old house on the main street of Archerville. He could only remember his father as he had looked that morning when for the last time he took the child for a gallop on his big black mare Bess. That very day his father left Archerville in command of the regiment which the elder Stuart had raised and equipped. It was in the first year of the war, when the whole of New England was in a white heat of patriotism, and men and women gave to their country all

that was most precious to them, without a word of regret. Six months later little Harry had stood clinging to his grandfather beside the coffin wrapped in a tattered flag, which, they told him, held the body of his father, shot in his first battle, killed while leading a gallant charge at the head of his men, on his bonny black mare Bess.

On his mother's side Henry Stuart claimed kinship with the Virginian Merediths of Meredith County. It was from his mother that he inherited his impetuous nature and his warm, generous heart, along with many another good and bad trait of character,—his hot temper, his fondness for good living, his love of horses, and the persistency of his passions, whether of love or of anger. He was thought by his family to bear a strong resemblance to that honest soldier Hyams Meredith, who served on General Washington's staff, and whose portrait by Stuart Harry had inherited from his mother.

There are many people who would laugh to scorn the notion that Stuart was in any way indebted for the good qualities which have been set down to his credit to the high character and respectable lives of the dead-and-gone Merediths and Stuarts. Yet this same sceptic, if he were a racing man, would look well into the matter of a horse's pedigree before he would buy him, or even back him on the race-course; if he were a farmer, and desirous of improving his breed of cattle, he would be pretty sure to refer to the herd-book before he purchased his Holstein heifer or his Jersey bull.

And what was Henry Meredith Stuart, the hope and pride of his family, the envied and admired of his profession, doing in the rough mining-camp of Dog's Ear, dressed in the garb of a common day-laborer and answering to the nickname of "Yankee Harry"?

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## CHAPTER II.

### WASHINGTON SQUARE.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, with the part of Fifth Avenue nearest to it, is a neighborhood which fashion has built up, deserted, and returned to. No further proof is necessary to show that the fashion of New York in its rapid flight up-town has found no pleasanter dwellings than these wide, comfortable, red-brick houses, with their white marble steps and broad flagged sidewalks. There is an air of solid respectability about the old-fashioned porches resting on their white marble pillars, the high studded halls and ample drawing-rooms, with the dining-room invariably at the back, and a wisteria-vine climbing up from the yard to hang its purple bunches of blossoms outside the windows. There is a suggestion of hospitality about the worn white steps, always scrubbed to an immaculate purity, the large old-fashioned silver door-knob, and the white door itself, from which the paint is slightly worn by the frequent application of soap and sand. So many guests have walked up those steps, rung that solid bell-pull, and passed through the carved door-way, to be received at so many dead-and-gone balls and dinner-parties, that the memory of those old festivities hangs about the house like a pleasant, lingering perfume. These suggestions occur to the

chance visitor who finds himself for the first time in one of these pleasant houses; but the people who live in them are probably too much engrossed in the daily events occurring within those solidly-built walls to occupy themselves with useless conjectures as to the lives and habits of their predecessors. It is certain that Mr. John Greyerstone's thoughts were busy with the future rather than with the past as he came up the steps of his house at four o'clock one bright winter afternoon. He did not pause to look across the square, as was his custom, and took no note of the deepening sky, or of the lengthening shadows thrown by the towers of the grim gray old university, warning the nursery-maids assembled in the square that it was time to take their young charges home. Mr. Greyerstone drew out his latch-key and unlocked the door; and, having divested himself of his overcoat and gloves and hung up his shiny hat on its own particular peg, he joined his daughter in the drawing-room. The two exchanged an affectionate greeting, after which the master of the house drew out his watch and compared it with the clock on the chimney-piece. He then straightened the rug before the fire, put on a fresh log of wood, tore the date of the previous day from the calendar on the writing-table, and folded a sheet of music that had been left open on the piano. Mr. Greyerstone was a methodical man. Finding nothing more to set right in the large, luxurious room, he came and stood beside his daughter's chair.

"Well, Honor," he said, "have you been thinking over what I said this morning?"

"Yes, father," answered the young girl, "I have thought of what you said, and have come to the conclusion that, unless it should prove absolutely necessary, it would be very unwise for us to give up this house. In the first place, it would be equivalent to an announcement of the fact, which you think it so important to keep from the world, that we are not able to live as we always have done."

"Not if you all went to Europe."

"Mamma would not leave you, I could not leave you at this time. But do not think of giving up the house, dearest: no other house could ever be a home to us. Why, you and mamma came here when you were little young married people! All your children were born here. You *couldn't* be happy anywhere else! I have cut down the housekeeping expenses to half of what they used to be."

Mr. Greyerstone patted his daughter's shoulder.

"Where is your mother?" he asked, presently.

"In the nursery, dear, with the baby."

Mrs. Greyerstone was chronically in the nursery with the baby, one tiny despot having succeeded another in her beautiful arms at brief and regular intervals ever since her marriage.

There was little resemblance between the father and daughter. Mr. Greyerstone was a well-preserved gentleman on the wrong side of fifty, with a short stout figure and a kindly face. His clear blue eyes and his high color contrasted handsomely with his thick iron-gray hair and white moustache. He was not unlike many other gentlemen of his age and station, while his daughter Honor, besides being a very beautiful girl, possessed that rarest quality of beauty, individuality. Ad-



mirrors of beauty on seeing Honor Greystone for the first time were very sure to carry away with them, besides the impression of a certain subtle quality which we call charm, a distinct remembrance of her hair and her eyes. Such a one might easily forget whether she were tall or short, fair or dark-skinned, joyous or pensive, but he could hardly fail to remember the glorious crown of red-gold hair woven into shining loops and spraying into little tendrils against her white throat and brow, or the deep eyes which seemed to burn themselves into the memory of those who looked into them. Their color, which was assuredly dark, was the least important thing about Miss Greystone's eyes. In certain lights there were golden-yellow glints in them, and at other times the shadow of the heavy dark lashes seemed to make them deeply violet, while her eyelids were as smooth and white as the petals of a jasmine-flower. She was a little taller than the average of women, and her small head, with its weight of bright hair, was grandly set upon her shoulders, below which swelled the pure line of a small, classic bust. Her skin was of the color of ivory, her nose small and straight, and her curved mouth red as the heart of a ripe pomegranate.

"I received a letter from your old friend Harry Stuart this morning," said Mr. Greystone, crossing the room to straighten a portrait on the wall. "He writes me that things at the San Diabolo do not seem at all in so desperate a condition as I had been given to understand by the superintendent, and that as yet he sees no reason to doubt that the report he made a year ago was correct."

Honor's lovely face brightened at these words.

"I always said so, papa!" she exclaimed, triumphantly. "Harry is much too careful and reliable to make a mistake in such a vital matter. Have courage, dear: I am sure the dark days are almost over and everything will turn out all right. May I tell Hastings? he has been so anxious about your affairs,—even more so than I myself. Men realize these things so much better than we women."

"Yes, Honor," said Mr. Greystone, emphatically, with a grave glance at his daughter, "men *do* realize the value of money in the world more fully than women, and men like Hastings Delavale a thousand times more than women like your mother and you."

Honor flushed, and drew her brows together ominously, but she did not speak. At this moment the door opened, and a servant announced,—

"Mr. Hastings Delavale."

Before the visitor could enter the room, the master of the house left it by another door, and Honor was alone when Hastings Delavale pushed aside the tapestry hanging of the door-way and joined her.

"Such good news, Hastings!" she cried, joyously, giving him both her hands. "Papa has had a letter from Harry Stuart."

"It seems that news from that old lover of yours is always good news to you. I sometimes think you regret him, Honor. Let me see: how many years is it since you and he quarrelled, and decided not to go to housekeeping in your doll's house? Stuart has never quite recovered from the blow, I fancy. I remember he seemed quite cut up that day I met him in Paris and told him of our engagement. Those

early attachments sometimes mean so much to women. Are you quite sure you never regret him?"

The young man spoke in a tone of the lightest banter; but Honor, who jested with everybody else, always took her betrothed in the most serious earnest,—too seriously, Delavale sometimes thought. He missed the young girl's elastic contagious merriment and exquisite sense of humor which before their engagement had been one of her greatest charms in his eyes.

"Do you forget, Hastings, the errand on which Stuart has gone? Do you not know that it is for my father's sake,—for yours,—even more than for my own, that I am glad to hear good news from him?"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the lover, "I understand all that. I was not in earnest. What does Harry say?"

The girl told him what she had learned from her father, and when she had finished speaking Hastings Delavale kissed her firm white hand for the first time during the interview. She flushed like a lily in the sunrise light, and, throwing himself into a luxuriously comfortable chair, Hastings let his eyes feast on her beauty, as she took her place beside the low table and prepared to make him a cup of tea. He did not offer to help her, but let her cross the room to get a match, just for the pleasure of seeing her rise from her low chair and traverse the room with the swift, quiet movement which always seemed to him to be in some sense rhythmical. He had passed the morning in a close, ugly office, with a horde of coarse, struggling men all striving to get the better of him and of one another. It was an unmixed delight to him to sit in that still, beautiful room, fragrant with flowers, and with that subtler atmosphere which pervades the apartment where a refined and poetic woman spends the quiet hours of her life.

Hastings Delavale belonged to the highest order of sybarites, among whom are ranked very few men of his age and race. He was twenty-eight years old, and at the close of his first score of years had grasped the pleasures which most men do not expect to enjoy before they reach forty. Inheriting a large property from his father, he had grown to manhood under the sole guardianship of an adoring mother. A certain native refinement, joined to an intense distaste for anything vulgar or low, inherited from and inculcated by his mother, had saved him from the excesses of dissipation which too often mar the early lives of men of his position. He had used his money well and intelligently from the world's point of view, steering between ostentation and meanness, the Scylla and Charybdis of a rich man. His princely income had never been overdrawn, and he had been satisfied to let his property remain under the guidance of the trustees appointed by his father, troubling himself as little as possible with the details of his own affairs. When, in what is delicately called a financial crisis, his whole fortune was swept away, he was heard to say that his chief regret was that he had not had the amusement of losing it for himself. Having been educated in the belief that he was to live and die among the rich men of the earth, Hastings Delavale awoke one morning to find himself without a penny. His world-famous yacht, his horses, his house on Fifth Avenue, his place at Newport, his moor in Scotland, were all

gone; and nothing remained of the great Delavale fortune but the old family estate on the Hudson, which had been settled on his mother at her marriage and had remained her favorite home since her widowhood. Mrs. Delavale's small private fortune enabled her to keep the place up in fairly good style, and to offer a refuge to her son when the storm of disaster wrecked his and many another honestly-earned fortune, piling their shattered fragments into a triumphal mound on whose summit the king of the wreckers sits enthroned, under the title of the First Financier of the age.

Hastings Delavale had always been more or less in love with Honor Greystone from the day he had seen her first as a girl of seventeen. He had not been in a hurry to tell her so, because there had been an unspoken understanding between them, and he had waited until she had danced through two seasons and he had made a trip around the world before he asked her for the treasure of her love, which she had given him unasked on the first day they met. Six months later came the crash which ruined Delavale and somewhat embarrassed Mr. Greystone. Delavale had, at the suggestion of his mother, who had never been overpleased with the engagement, offered to release Honor from her promise. At the idea of losing his beautiful betrothed Hastings's love had been intensified a hundredfold, and he told her so in the same breath with which he offered to set her free. In the young girl's eyes their betrothal was too enduring and sacred a bond to be so lightly set aside, and in her resolute and hopeful answer Hastings Delavale felt an unspoken reproof for his own lack of faith and courage. It was now nearly a year since the loss of Delavale's property, and, though he was generally said to be on the lookout for something to do, those who knew him best were aware that the search was not a vigorous one. Honor had not pressed the matter. Her father had agreed to settle a handsome sum upon her at her marriage, on the income of which they could live comfortably enough. She believed her lover to be a man of genius, and dreamed of some great future for him, in which there should be a higher aim than the accumulation of shekels. She would have enough for both, she had told him, and it was her delight to conjure up roseate visions of a future which to him sometimes appeared of a too purely spiritual prosperity.

Nature had been very kind to Hastings Delavale. If he had been a prince in a fairy-tale a whole regiment of fairy godmothers could not have made him handsomer or more attractive. In stature he was taller than most of his fellows, with a strong light frame of admirable proportions. Family tradition averred that there was a strain of noble Saxon blood in him. This certainly seemed to be borne out by his appearance, and might account for his thick yellow hair, his arched eyebrows, his deep sapphire eyes, and his clear red-and-white complexion. Delavale had the kind of beauty which both men and women admire. There are three types of masculine beauty,—one which is adored by women, a second which is coveted by men, and a third which both men and women agree in admiring but which is the ideal of neither. Delavale's perfect health a savage might have envied. From his childhood he had been taught to look upon his own body as if it had been a

valuable thoroughbred race-horse, in the care and culture of which no pains nor money should be spared. Every part of his frame had been fully and equally developed. He had never sacrificed one set of muscles for another. He did not ride like a jockey, nor spar like a professional pugilist, nor fence as well as some of his friends; he was not a champion tennis-player, nor the first oarsman in his boating-club; there were a few men in his set who could beat him at billiards, and one or two who were accounted better shots than he; but "as an all-round athlete," his admirers were wont to boast, "he was not to be matched." He had the grace which comes with such rare physical development, and in Honor's eyes every attitude he took had the classic beauty of the Greek ideals. Honor believed her lover's moral nature to be in complete harmony with his remarkable beauty. There was sufficient sympathy between the two intellectually. They cared for the same poets and romancers; they were swayed by the same composers and painters. In music, Honor was the interpreter; in the other arts, Hastings led; but, while with the man the search for the beautiful in art was a highly-developed taste, with the woman music was a passion.

"Sing to me, Honor," murmured her lover, after one of those long, expressive silences which make spoken language seem so coarse a vehicle of feeling. She moved to the piano, touching the keys gently, and singing in a low voice which harmonized with the twilight and with his mood. Her music shaped itself to his changing thought. It was now full of light and hope and love, now springing into a passionate tumult of longing, and at last fading away into a deep harmony of peace. When her song was finished, there were tears in Honor's eyes, a prophetic pain in her heart. Her lover was by her side in an instant.

"What is it, sweetheart?" he whispered.

"I do not know, Hastings; but I almost wish that I might die to-night and dream that this hour would last forever."

"Why do you talk about such things, Honor? Do you not know that you have not begun to live yet?" His eager arms were about her, his beautiful face touched hers.

"Hastings, I love you so that it hurts me; that is all. Do you know what I mean?"

The lover's answer was breathed through a deep heart's kiss.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE PLOT.

SUNDAY was observed at Dog's Ear in one respect only, and that in accordance with a literal interpretation of the Mosaic commandment, "Thou shalt do no work." This injunction, if not obeyed to the extent seen to-day in a certain district of Scotland, where the cows are not milked from Saturday night till Monday morning, was rarely set aside at Dog's Ear. From Michael McFarren, superintendent of the San Diabolo gold-mine, to the least important hand among the miners, no work was done. McFarren might have had some excuse for working on the seventh day, for in his double capacity of superin-



tendent of the gold-mine and owner of the adjacent tailing-mill his duties were somewhat arduous. On the Sunday morning following Henry Stuart's arrival at Dog's Ear the whole town seemed to be taking a benefit-sleep, with the exception only of its latest arrival. Stuart passed the greater part of the day in the deserted mine. The afternoon was half gone when he left the dark under-world and strolled in the direction of McFarren's tailing-mill. The superintendent of the gold-mine was the sole proprietor of the mill. This fact, which Stuart had learned during his week's stay, dwelt persistently in his mind, and, taken in conjunction with the circumstance that the crushing of the ore and the subsequent washing were being carelessly done at the mine, seemed to him full of a significance which he was determined to understand thoroughly.

Something more than a year before, Henry Stuart, who was by profession a mining engineer, had been sent out by Mr. John Greystone, one of the largest stockholders, to make an investigation of the condition of the affairs of the San Diabolo mine. His report had been so satisfactory that Mr. Greystone was induced to buy more of the stock; but from that time its profits had become smaller and smaller, and the stock had fallen to half the price he had paid for it. By Stuart's advice, he had held on to his interests, and it was in pursuance of these that the young mining engineer had come to Dog's Ear in the guise of a common miner. His rough dress and full dark beard had been a sufficient disguise, and no one had recognized the particularly elegant young mining engineer Henry Meredith Stuart in the good-natured free-handed miner who on the first day of his arrival had been nicknamed Yankee Harry. Stuart found the tailing-mill as lifeless as the mine had been: there was no work going on. He remained on the premises till nightfall, and the result of his investigations did not seem to be altogether satisfactory to him.

As Stuart was about to leave the neighborhood of the mill, he noticed that some one was raising the window of the little shed which served as an office. Yankee Harry retreated behind a tree, and continued his observations from that vantage-ground. A head was cautiously protruded from the window. It proved to be the head of Mr. Elias Nelson, the assayer of the mine. It was an ugly head, thatched with coarse red hair, and furnished with a pair of oyster-like, watery blue eyes, which looked up and down the road, seeing no one. This appeared to be satisfactory to the owner of the eyes, whose long, lank body presently followed the head through the open window, which he immediately closed. This being done, Mr. Nelson started in the direction of Dog's Ear, stumping along at a good gait for a man with a game leg. Stuart had some knowledge of the assayer that was not greatly to his credit. Nelson had been involved in some doubtful mining transactions, and, though there had never been any specific charges brought against him, he was looked at askance by the profession. It had been thought that the salting of certain mines concerning which he had been called upon to pronounce an opinion had not been entirely unsuspected by him, and it was known that in his official report he had made no mention of any such suspicion. Stuart had known Nelson on his

former visit to Dog's Ear, and, fearing a recognition, he had thus far avoided meeting him face to face. McFarren had been absent at that time, and the dull-witted foreman, Dick Cole, had been during the entire time of Stuart's former stay in a state of being which his wife called, in her vigorous Celtic English, "boozy dthrunk."

That exemplary woman Mrs. Cole in her own person maintained the dignity of womanhood and of family life in Dog's Ear. She took in washing when she was not, to quote Elias Nelson's witticism, "actively engaged in adding more Coles to New Castle," and it was because she was such an honest, hearty soul, and such an admirable laundress, that the superintendent passed over so many of Dick Cole's shortcomings and let him stay on as foreman at the mine.

Stuart managed to avoid meeting Nelson, who indeed seemed too much occupied with his own reflections to notice him. The assayer was stumping along on his game leg, talking to himself as he went and referring to some bits of paper he carried in his hand. As he stuffed some of these small sheets into his pocket, he dropped one of them without noticing it. The wind carried the scrap of paper to Stuart's feet, who picked it up and was just starting to run after Nelson and restore it to him, when he remembered his incognito, than which nothing could have been more irksome to the frank, honest fellow.

As he made his way home to his miserable lodging in the corner of an attic over "The Emporium," Stuart thought over all that he had seen that day, ending with the singular behavior of Nelson the assayer. What business had he to be hanging about the tailing-mill in that sneaking fashion? If there was foul play going on, Nelson must at least suspect it. Stuart glanced at the bit of paper covered with notes and figures which referred to the assayer's work, and, with a sigh at his own action, folded it away in his own pocket for possible use in the future. The sun was setting by the time Stuart reached the little settlement. In the west the glorious cloud banners hung out, royal red and gold, flaunting across a sky of faintest emerald. The rude swart mountains were touched into a passing beauty by the purple haze that hung over them, and the ugly scar in the hill-side was almost lost in the shadows that the opposite hills flung over it. Poor squalid "Dog's Ear," clinging about the black mouth of the mine, was little enriched by the gold that came out of the mountain. Stuart looked up and down the straggling hamlet, with a feeling of profound pity for the joyless lives passed there. He paused before one house which showed some signs of civilization: a pot of geraniums stood in the window, and there was an attempt at order in the piles of ashes and tin cans scattered about the entrance. It was the cottage of Dick Cole, the foreman. In the door-way sat Mrs. Cole, with a clean white apron on, and her hair made very smooth. She was as plain a woman as Stuart ever remembered to have seen, but her pock-marked face, with its freckles and snub nose, wore an honest and kindly expression. He lifted his hat to her as courteously as if she had been the finest lady in the land. Remembering all that he had heard of her honest life, her kind heart, and her tender care of all sick and unhappy creatures at Dog's Ear, he was glad

of the good-evening she gave him as he stood for a moment between the ash-heap and the wood-pile before her door.

"Won't you come in?" the woman said, making room for him to pass her.

"Not to-night, thank you, Mrs. Cole." But he looked into the poor tenement, and noticed that an attempt at ornamentation had been made. The faces of half a dozen world-famous beauties, whose features serve to spread the virtues of some cosmetic or brand of liquor, were pasted up on the wall over the cracked mirror. A table, a cock-stove, half a dozen chairs, and a colored print of Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows, made up all that the room contained, save the working-clothes of the foreman hanging on a peg under a string of onions. While Stuart was looking into her dwelling, where half a dozen children were tumbling about on the floor with a cat, Mrs. Cole was looking at him. She was a shrewd woman, and noticed his long, handsome hands.

"What's brought you to Dog's Ear? 'Tis no place for a gentleman like yourself," she said, suddenly.

Stuart laughed uneasily. He had spoken with a not bad imitation of the rough talk of his mates in the mine. It had passed among the men, but the woman's subtler ear caught the difference in the voice. Fortunately, Mrs. Cole rarely waited for the answer to one question before asking another.

"You don't belong hereabouts, do you? You're not the first as I have seen come down in the wurruld,—and come up again too, moind that. I ha' seen a sight of byes workin' in the moine like so many black naygur slaves, as drives their own kerridge this blessed day—Hanner Mariar, drop that! My heart is broke with thim childer. Dick will be home soon. You moight loike to shtop and see him. You live over the Emporium, don't you?"

Stuart nodded.

"Then you 'ull get no supper this night: the folks is all away. You might as well shtop and take a bit and sup with us."

"Another time, Mrs. Cole, thank you kindly. I can't stop to-night." And, with another of his grand bows, Harry Stuart strode down the street, with a lighter heart in his breast than he had carried in many a day. It was a very tender heart, and the Irishwoman's friendliness had brought a warm feeling about it. He was nearer to thirty than to twenty years, but his heart was as easily touched as it had been in the old childish days when Honor Greystone and he first fell out and he had crept away to the old nursery and cried himself to sleep because she had stamped her small foot and said that she would "never, never, never be his little wife again." In after-years she had said very much the same thing, but he never quite believed her, though she was to-day the betrothed of Hastings Delavale. In love he was one-idead: he meant to have Honor for his heart's delight; he always had meant to have her, and have her he would. Nothing in the world was so strong as his love, he said, and nothing could overcome it.

The next morning the supposed miner had an interview with Superintendent McFarren, in which he asked to be transferred from the mine to the tailing-mill, on the plea that the underground work had

brought on rheumatism of the heart. Stuart knew that while work was languishing at the mine there was an overpress of it at the mill. He received his discharge from the former by the superintendent only to be engaged a minute later for work in the latter by its proprietor.

Though Stuart was a man of the keenest intuitive sense, he belonged to a scientific profession; and science will not accept hints or guesses from its followers, but demands proof, test, and analysis. He had seen in one lightning-flash of quickened intelligence the damnable plot which was going forward, and on the strength of that inspiration he had telegraphed to his chief to delay all action until he could send in the result of a careful investigation of the facts. In the first days of his new work at the mill he found the clue, which he had already suspected, of the scanty yield of the San Diabolo and of the slovenly work permitted in the milling of the ore at the mine. After the ore was crushed and the metal extracted, the refuse was sold, as is customary, to the tailing-mill, where the remnants of metal, or tailings, which could not be utilized at the mine, were made use of. In the case of the San Diabolo, McFarren, superintendent of the mine, had made a contract with McFarren, owner of the mill, for the sale and purchase of the tailings, or waste. But, while McFarren the master of the mill proved a shrewd and sharp manager, McFarren the superintendent of the mine was a swindler and a thief. The owners of the San Diabolo grew poorer and poorer, while the proprietor of the mill was amassing a vast fortune. But a quarter of the gold yielded by the mine was put to its credit, while three-fourths of the precious metal remained in the tailings which were sold as refuse to the owner of the mill. It was the discovery by the foreman, Cole, of his superior's dishonesty that had led to the partnership which Stuart had heard agreed upon between the two men the night after his arrival on the ground. At the end of another week Stuart had his facts and his figures at his fingers' ends, and was ready to leave Dog's Ear for the neighboring town, whence he could communicate with greater freedom with his principal in New York. He had put together the few possessions he had brought with him to Dog's Ear, and went in search of the superintendent to claim his wages, in order that no suspicion of his true character should be aroused by his sudden departure. McFarren was in the mine, and Stuart took his place in the bucket with a silent thanksgiving that it was for the last time.

As he stepped out of the kibble at the shaft of the lowest level, he saw in the distance the glimmering points of lights of a score of lamps. He missed the sharp sound of the steam drill eating its way into the solid rock, and heard only the dull groaning of the great pump sucking the water from the mine. The morning's blast must have been made, and yet they were not at work loading the car with the ore. It seemed to him as if something unusual must have happened, and he hurried towards the group of lamps which flitted about like so many glow-worms. A great splash of water falling on him quenched the flame in his own lamp, and he did not relight it, hurrying on as best he could through the darkness, stumbling to his knees a dozen times, falling against the damp foot-wall, and saving himself by grasping the long



black grasses that broke and came away in his hands. When he was near enough to distinguish the faces of the men by the weird, fantastic light thrown on each by the flame in his own cap, he paused, to gain some knowledge of what was going on in the excited group before he became a part of it. In the centre stood McFarren and Cole. The superintendent wore two lights flaming from his head like a pair of devil's horns. His pale, eager face was distorted by the shadows of the flaring wicks into an almost satanic ugliness. He held in his hand a lump of ore glittering with the particles of gold embedded in it. Richard Cole was stooping over an opening in the side, stroking the rough, rich quartz, and giving vent to inarticulate cries of an almost bestial joy. Stuart forced his way through the crowd to McFarren's side. A new body of ore had been discovered, which to the practised eyes of the three experts contained an enormous deposit of gold. Stuart's heart leaped at the sight. The contagion of the gold-fever was all about him: the men were intoxicated, maddened almost, by the mere sight of the yellow metal. The faces of some were dark and flushed, as if with wine; others had grown white, and stood trembling and helpless, leaning against the side of the mine. McFarren turned the rude shining lump over and over speechlessly, like a child struck dumb with delight by some new and beautiful toy. One of the half-dozen men who were at work clearing away the rock stopping to wipe his forehead, Stuart stepped forward and took his place: he felt the need of action, and, swinging his sledge with a strong, steady hand, with every blow he struck he felt that he was building up his own fortune and that of another, whose prosperity was as dear to him as his own. The sound of his hammer as it whistled through the air crashing down with an even stroke seemed to spell out Honor's name. The sight of the gold had quickened his pulse, but it had not unnerved him. He worked all that day with a few other of the skilled miners. Towards evening McFarren and Cole left the men, and soon after a very strange order was given; the new deposit was to be timbered over and concealed. Stuart threw down his sledge, and leaned against the wall. It was with a sense of helpless anger that he watched his mates as they brought the great logs of wood and laid them over the spot which he had worked with such glowing energy to uncover. He did not yet understand why this thing was being done, and why it was disastrous to him and to those whose interests he was here to represent. He only felt that here was more villany to contend with. He struck his clinched hand, grimy with the day's labor, against the jagged wall. The sharp rock cut him, and the moment's pain steadied his nerves.

Meanwhile, Richard Cole exhorted the men to hasten their work, with prayers, threats, and promises.

"Timber it down, boys! timber it down!" he cried. "Double wages for double work! None of you shall ever forget this day!" Then, with a sudden change of voice, he fell upon his knees, and, clasping his rough, earth-stained hands, he raised them above his head and prayed with a frightful earnestness for gold, and gold, and more gold. The tears poured down his face, which a moment before had worn the grin of a drunken satyr. At this juncture McFarren appeared out of the

darkness by his side, and the foreman, rising from his knees, threw his arms about his partner's neck, blessing him by the saints and angels, and calling him by every endearing name his rough vocabulary contained. It was the sight of this delirium of joy that brought Stuart to a sober realization of the situation and of the action it necessitated. A small mountain of waste rock had by this time been piled over the new deposit, and, turning from the place, Stuart made his way to the shaft and gave the signal for the kibble to be let down. After waiting for some time, he pulled the wire a second time, but no notice was taken of the signal. Fancying that the running-gear must have got out of order, he made his way to the ladder connecting the lowest level to the one above, meaning to leave the mine by the rough ladders which run from level to level.

The ladder was gone!

His only means of escape was cut off. He turned back to retrace his way, and came upon half a dozen of the men talking together. They stood close to each other, and from the quick flashing movement of the flames, which betrayed their whereabouts, Stuart saw that they were earnestly discussing the situation.

"What's up?" he asked, as he joined them.

They all answered at once, explaining in vigorous language that orders had been given that they were to sleep underground, and that no one but McFarren, the superintendent, would leave the mine that night. Food and blankets would be brought to them, and in the morning each man would receive three months' wages for that one night passed in the mine. Without a moment's hesitation, Stuart pushed on to the place where McFarren and Cole were superintending the men who were still at work.

"I would like to speak with you, sir," Stuart began.

"Speak ahead," answered the superintendent, "only be quick about it."

"I want to leave the mine."

"Well, you can't. Anything else?"

"Yes: I *mean* to leave it, with you."

"Oh, you do, do you? We will see about that." As he spoke, the superintendent put his hand behind him, giving a sign at the same time to Cole.

"You want to make a row, do you? We treat mutiny here as it deserves," continued McFarren, drawing a revolver from his pocket. At that moment Stuart was seized from behind by the foreman, his arms pinioned to his side, and his pockets, belt, and boots searched. Nothing more suspicious than a fine linen pocket-handkerchief and a cigarette-case was found. McFarren's face grew grave at this discovery. Stuart had not submitted quietly to the indignity, and the moment that he found himself free struck the foreman a ringing blow which sent him staggering back against the wall. With an oath Cole recovered himself and sprang towards Stuart, but McFarren interposed between the two and hustled the foreman out of the way, saying, in an undertone,—

"Let that fellow alone, do you hear? He is a tiger without claws."

The foreman struggled with his superior, but McFarren dragged him away, talking earnestly to him. The words "spy," "information," "too late," reached Stuart's ears. He was suspected! He thought for one moment of acknowledging his disguise and demanding his liberty and an explanation of the extraordinary proceedings. His position as the representative of one of the largest stock-owners should give him sufficient authority; but he knew the character of the men he was dealing with, and how easily an accident—even a death—in a mine can be accounted for. A premature blast, the caving of a wall, the falling of a rock, a dozen other equally plausible means of accounting for a sudden death, offered themselves. Alone, unarmed, there was nothing for him to do but to submit to the villany and to accept his share of the very liberal supper served out to the men. The bucket which was let down to take McFarren up was filled with half the stock of canned food the Emporium contained, together with many cases of wine and liquor. The men, entering into the spirit of the thing, carried the provisions to a dry part of the level, and, spreading their blankets upon the ground, sat down to the banquet of tinned meats and fruits. A cluster of the lamps were hung from a cranny in the low roof, and their flaring light fell upon the strangest feast at which Harry Stuart ever sat. The rough walls of the low chamber supported the timbered roof, whose slimy black surface was broken here and there with delicate white fungus-flowers, like so many pallid tropical leaves. The grimy faces of the guests grew wilder, their rough jests more and more coarse, as the tin drinking-cups were filled and refilled, until at last the clamor was quieted by the drunken stupor which fell upon the rioters. For forty-eight hours this orgy continued; for two days and nights these men were imprisoned in the bowels of the earth. At the end of that time Harry Stuart was set free. What he had endured during that imprisonment among a body of men who for the most part were robbed of their humanity by the liquor that was freely circulated among them seemed to have aged the man. He had entered the mine with a light, quick step, flushed with the triumph of his discovery, proud of the victory over the pair of rascals which seemed just within his grasp; he left it pale, weary, and heart-sick with the foreboding of defeat. Instinctively he made his way to the telegraph-office, where he found half a dozen despatches awaiting him. One was from Mr. Greystone, asking the truth about affairs at the San Diabolo, and if it was a fact that the mine had petered out. A later one told him that the stock was falling rapidly, and asked whether it were best to sell out at a ruinous loss or wait till it dropped to nothing. Stuart was dazed. The magnitude of the swindling operation was such that he could not at first grasp it. Two days since, a deposit of gold had been discovered which was almost without a parallel in the history of gold-mining, and the stock—a large quantity of which his friend and employer Mr. Greystone held—had dropped to zero! He sent a message stating the matter, and, without even returning to his lodgings, took a place in the stage and started for New York. He was too much dazed to understand what had happened or to realize what the consequences would be.

## CHAPTER IV.

## FAILURE.

It had been what is called a panicky day in Wall Street. From the hour of the opening of the Exchange, stocks and the men who gamble in them had been in a very feverish condition. In the solid plain offices of the banking-house of John Greyerstone there was perhaps less excitement than in any other house on the street. In all external matters an old-time flavor pervaded the management of this establishment, in which there was never any haste or confusion, no slamming of doors or loud talking. The red tape with which the founder of the house had tied up its employees and their duties had been respectfully preserved. Nothing had been changed; and when a piece of furniture became superannuated, or a carpet worn out, they were replaced by furniture and carpet varying as little as possible from the original patterns. Quill pens and sand-boxes were still furnished by the aged clerk who had charge of the office, but he was the only person who ever made use of these articles, the younger men openly employing stylographic pens and blotting-paper under his very spectacles.

Mr. Greyerstone walked down-town on fine mornings, as his father and his grandfather had done before him, and always reached his office as the clock on Trinity Church steeple was striking nine. On the morning of which we are speaking, every clerk was at his post, and, after saying a word to each concerning the business of the day, he walked into his private office and sat down to wait. That hour of suspense was harder to bear than all that had gone before or was to follow. He glanced at the letters and telegrams laid out on his desk, and then, with folded hands and a flushed, anxious face, began pacing up and down the room. Surely minutes were never before so cruelly slow in passing. The wheels of the clock seemed to him to have some electric connection with the action of his heart, so painfully did its pulses throb at every advance of the minute-hand. At precisely ten minutes before ten o'clock a neat brougham drew up before the side door of the private office. The gentleman who descended from the carriage and immediately after entered Mr. Greyerstone's private room would have been recognized by any person familiar with the type as belonging to that singular product of American civilization, the Wall Street stock-broker. He was of medium height, with a broad, stocky figure, and a face expressive of a remarkable astuteness. His bold black eyes looked as if they never needed sleep; every line of his face and figure indicated a mind at once alert and concentrated, quick powers of reasoning and of observation, and a nervous force that never flinched. His handsome head was well set upon his shoulders, and he held himself so erect as to pass for a man taller by an inch or two than he was in reality. His complexion was at once pale and opaque, and there were dark circles beneath his eyes, while his hands were as white and well cared for as those of a fashionable belle. His dress gave every evidence of a tender consideration: his linen was of the finest, his boots the most glossy, his hat the shiniest, his coat the best cut, his scarf the gayest, his jewelled pin the smartest, the lily of the valley in his button-hole the



freshest, of any similar adornments to be met with in the city of New York. There was, however, little of the dandy about this gorgeously attired gentleman, whose movements were too quick and natural to be premeditated, and, though he gave his undivided attention to his toilet for an hour in the morning, it is but doing him justice to admit that he never gave the matter another thought from the time that he took that last look at the image in his cheval-glass before going down town, until such time in the afternoon as he put off his morning and donned his evening dress.

"Anything new, sir?" said the new-comer, shaking hands hurriedly with the banker, and, as he spoke, glancing at the printed tape which the ticker emitted with a sharp clicking sound.

"No, Archer," answered Mr. Greyerstone, moodily. "Nothing from Stuart yet. I fear he has met with foul play."

"Very likely," replied Mr. Archer, nonchalantly. "I have always heard they were a rough lot at Dog's Ear. I remember Harry's telling me that he had a narrow squeak for his life when he was there before."

Now, Mr. Oliver Archer was one of the Archers of Archerville, and was nearly related to Harry Stuart, of whom he was as fond as of any man alive; and yet he received Mr. Greyerstone's suggestion that the young man might have been foully dealt with without changing color or showing any sign of anxiety. He had feelings, sympathies, passions, this man of machinery, but they were all so held in check by the excitement in which his life was passed as rarely to give evidence of their existence.

"Have you any orders this morning, sir?" he asked, letting the little strip of paper which gave the last quotations from London slip through his fingers.

A five-minutes consultation followed, and at three minutes before ten o'clock Mr. Archer stepped into his carriage and was driven to the Stock Exchange, three blocks distant, and at two seconds before the opening of the game was declared he took his place in the greatest gambling-hall that the world has ever seen.

Meanwhile, John Greyerstone sat alone in his office, waiting for the crash to come. He knew that the old firm of John Greyerstone & Son, which had been looked upon by three generations of New-Yorkers as the safest, soundest, most reliable house in the city, was insolvent, that the business his grandfather had built up and his father so successfully carried on was now wrecked, and that he, his wife, and his children, were beggared. His confidential clerk and his broker, Oliver Archer, were as yet the only persons who shared the painful knowledge; but before night, unless some miracle happened, it would be published to the street; the whole business world would know that John Greyerstone was a bankrupt. No miracle happened, and the last blow came when the San Diabolo stock dropped out of sight on a rumor that work had been stopped at the mine. It was with a feeling of positive relief that the banker learned that his inability to fulfil his contracts had been announced at the Stock Exchange and that all concealment and compromise were at an end.

Mr. Archer, having heard the announcement, hastened back to the

office, where he found Mr. Greyerstone sitting alone as he had left him. In the outer room there was a sound of loud talking and altercation, but for a few minutes the unfortunate head of the house was allowed to remain undisturbed. The two men looked at each other silently, the younger first speaking in an awkward attempt at consolation.

"Well, sir," he said, "it won't do to be too much down in the mouth. It ain't a bad failure: it might have been a great deal worse. Nobody can blame you. An honorable failure is a rarer thing on the street than it used to be, and no one can say that you have not done all you could to avert it."

Mr. Greyerstone brought his clinched hand down upon his desk with a blow that shook the room.

"It is those cursed mining-stocks that have ruined me, Archer! I could have stood all the other losses. Fool that I was to speculate in them! Why, man, think of my wife and children ruined and disgraced! My God! I can't face them!"

"Not disgraced, sir," said Mr. Archer, very gravely, and with a gentleness which would have hardly been expected from him: "don't make matters out any worse than they are. Every cent of your property stands in your own name, and will go to your creditors. I only wish you had followed the advice I gave you when you first went into this speculation business, and had settled something handsome on your wife or Miss Honor."

"It would have made no difference, sir," said the elder: "they would not have kept a penny of it. You don't know those women." And the elder man's head went down in his clasped hands, and was hidden on the desk where he had worked out so many schemes for the making of that gigantic fortune which those two women were to enjoy.

Mr. Archer was more affected by the spectacle of John Greyerstone's grief and mortification than he knew how to express. The failure of one of his best clients was a disagreeable item, to be set down on the debit side of his account with fortune at the end of the year. He himself lost nothing by the disaster, for, like the croupier at a gambling-hell, he never played at the devil's game going on at the table where he presides. Whether his clients won or lost, his percentage was regularly paid him, and as long as the ball was kept rolling it mattered little to him whether men were made millionaires or bankrupts as stocks rose or fell. While money was changing hands, it must pass through his fingers, and some of it must stick to them. He had become a good deal hardened by the often-repeated spectacle of men who are courted as "prominent financiers" on Monday and shunned as "bankrupts" on Saturday; but there was something particularly affecting to him in the case of John Greyerstone, that courtly and precise elderly gentleman, whose grave polished manners and careful speech were in such strong contrast to his own restless personality and slangy shop-talk.

There was an awkward pause, during which the voices in the outer room grew loud and angry. One impatient person was heard demanding instant speech with Mr. Greyerstone. Archer had been fidgeting

uneasily in his chair, he had wound his watch, smoothed his shiny hat, buttoned and unbuttoned his gloves six times at least. To be doing nothing during business-hours was a trying thing to him: he could not have borne the situation five minutes longer. An opportunity for action now presented itself, and he was in his element once more.

"You can't meet those people, sir," he said; "and if you stay here you will be forced to see them. Let me drive you to your house. My carriage is at the door."

Before Mr. Greyerstone well understood the proposition, he found himself seated beside Oliver Archer in a smart brougham, driving up-town as fast as the handsome dapple grays could carry them. Mr. Archer never walked: he made it a matter of principle to drive wherever he went. Mr. Greyerstone never drove, except after nightfall or on very stormy days. It had always been his habit, and the habit of his father and his grandfather before him, to walk to and from his office. This and many other traditions he had inherited along with the honest name and honest fortune of the founder of the house that was to-day declared bankrupt.

At sixty, John Greyerstone was still possessed of a thick head of iron-gray hair, a clear, ruddy complexion, and a pair of unclouded blue eyes. At forty, Oliver Archer had lost his color, and was beginning to lose his hair.

"Does Mrs. Greyerstone know anything about the trouble, sir?" Archer asked, as the carriage turned into Washington Square. His hand was on the handle of the door, ready to throw it open the moment the horses should stop.

"No."

"Nor Miss Honor?"

"I have told her something of my embarrassments, but she does not dream of this," answered the unhappy man. Mr. Archer was out of the carriage, had rung the door-bell, and was ready to offer his arm to the elder man to support him up the steps, before the coachman had time to catch the lash of his whip into a number eight about its stick.

"Is there anything more I can do for you, sir?" asked the broker. They were at the threshold of the house. John Greyerstone clung for a moment to Oliver's Archer's arm, as if unwilling to relinquish whatever support the man's shallow nature could afford him; but with an effort he straightened his bent shoulders, and, after shaking hands with his companion and thanking him for his kindness, he entered the house that was his no longer, the house to which he had brought his lovely Irish bride, where all his children had been born, where his eldest son had died, the house that for more than twenty years had been his home. In the drawing-room he found his daughter Honor, who greeted him with an exclamation of pleasure and surprise, wondering at his appearance at that early hour of the day.

She put up her sweet young face to his, and kissed the wrinkles on his forehead, to drive dull care away, as she was wont to say; but when she saw that the frown was not to be thus easily got rid of, her own face grew very serious, and she asked, in her low, grave voice,—

"What has happened, father? Is it anything about Hastings?"

"No, Honor; Hastings is all right, for anything I know to the contrary. The trouble is nearer home."

The fierce look of terror melted from her face: there could not be any very bad news for her, if *he* were well.

"What is it, dear? Tell me."

"The crash has come, Honor, and I am a ruined man."

"Ruined!" She repeated the word after him, trying to realize its full meaning.

"Ruined! Must we tell mamma?" There was something so pathetic to him in her ignorance of the disaster that had shipwrecked him, that the tears rushed to his eyes, and he sobbed like a child.

The tall girl put her arms protectingly about him, and comforted him as best she could. He told her briefly of the circumstances which had led up to the final crisis, but not even to her could he pour out the bitterness of his heart, his remorse at the folly that had ruined them. The ambition and covetousness which had led him on to jeopardize his honest fortune and to ruin his family were feelings into which she could no more enter than she could foretell what the morrow held for her. The love of power, the desire of setting his wits to work against those of other men, the hunger and thirst for money, money, more and more and more money, the gambling passion to which he had yielded, were as incomprehensible to her as to the youngest child in the nursery up-stairs, who had laid its little chubby cheek against the window-pane and rapped a welcome with its tender hands to the father who was too much preoccupied to heed the pretty greeting.

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## CHAPTER V.

### FAITHLESS.

MRS. HASTINGS DELAVALLE was an early riser. She liked to walk abroad before the dew was dried on the flowers and shrubs of the formal old garden, and to begin the day with long draughts of its morning freshness. From her favorite walk beneath the lime-trees of the Poet's Path she could see the Hudson curving gracefully between its green banks, and, beyond, the blue Kaaterskill Mountains rising range behind range unto the number of seven.

Mrs. Delavale was a pretty old lady, with a fine profile, of which she was very proud, thick white hair always arranged in the latest fashion, and a slim straight figure very delicately modelled and advantageously displayed by her well-fitting dress. She was small of stature, but possessed of an invincible spirit and an iron will. She had had many a bout with Fate, but, though the inscrutable goddess had always got the best of the battle, the defiant little creature was ready to spring up again and fight every new adversity until the last gun fired. There was a deal of courage in those clear cold eyes of hers, which to those who opposed her will wore such a steely and determined expression. Her long fair hands sparkled with diamonds as she walked daintily about the grounds in her dazzling white morning dress, screening with a parasol lined with rose-colored silk her complexion, of which she took



as much care as she had done when her age was sixteen and not sixty. She carried a basket in one hand, into which she put bunches of flowers from the lilac- and snowball-bushes just bursting into bloom. It was mid-May, the pleasantest season of the year in this neighborhood, and the head-gardener and his men were busy transplanting the flowers and plants from the greenhouses to the beds. Mrs. Delavale watched them at their work for a few minutes, and exchanged some remarks with Duncan, the old Scotchman who for fifty years had ruled over the gardens of Heartsease; and as the clock on the octagonal tower struck eight she retraced her steps to the large old house, which was in a measure redeemed from its original ugliness by an old-time flavor of stately grandeur. The wide high veranda, approached by an ample double flight of steps, was flagged with black and white marble, its roof supported by Corinthian columns of the very best stucco, painted and sanded into a faint resemblance of old red sandstone. The library in the octagonal clock-tower was Mrs. Delavale's favorite room, and here she sat and read the New York morning newspapers until such time as her son and heir should make his late appearance. An inflexible autocrat to all of her small world, over which she ruled with an imperial authority, she showed a most inconsistent indulgence towards her son; and when he was with her the clock-like punctuality of the hours at Heartsease was ruthlessly set aside: breakfast, which should have been served at eight, waited till nine. As the hour struck from the deep-toned old bell in the tower, the sound of a horse's hoofs on the gravel mingled themselves with the brazen reverberations, and far down the avenue shaded by the famous lime-trees of Heartsease Hastings Delavale was seen riding leisurely towards the house on a tall chestnut horse. The young man was flushed with exercise, and looked handsome enough to justify the glance of tender pride that shone in his mother's eyes as she came out to meet him. He dismounted with the easy strength which made all his movements graceful, and, throwing the rein on his horse's neck, struck him lightly on the flank. The animal trotted off to the stable, and the mother and son went to breakfast.

Hastings was too much absorbed by his eggs and bacon to notice at first his mother's anxious expression. When he saw the trouble in her face he put down his coffee-cup, and, coming to her side, kissed her delicate hand and asked her tenderly if anything had gone wrong.

"Yes," she answered, "something has troubled me; but we will not speak about it till after breakfast." She was a woman not given to small deceptions. If bad news was to be told, she did not believe in breaking it gently, as the phrase goes: she held that to put the victim on the rack of suspense is but to enfeeble his power of resistance to the final blow which falls none the less heavily for it.

"Some of my creditors have been worrying her,—curse them!" he muttered, under his breath, as he took his place again. He was silent during the rest of the meal, though he made an excellent breakfast: his vigorous appetite and sound digestion were not to be upset by such small annoyances as a clamorous tailor or a persistent wine-merchant. He thought the matter over very carefully as he buttered his toast, and came to the conclusion that his long-standing account with Tiffany

must have been presented to his mother. He knew that there were several items in that bill which would be very annoying to Mrs. Hastings Delavale. She would easily pardon the set of pearl studs, the diamond scarf-spin, and the gold cigarette-case; but a certain robin's-blood ruby which at that moment burned on the white finger of his *fiancée*, and a diamond true-lover's knot which she wore at her lovely throat, would not be so readily forgiven.

When they were seated in the cool, wide hall, the mother sewing upon some hideous flannel garments which bore the unmistakable brand of charity, the son smoking his cigar, Hastings broached the subject of his mother's evident anxiety a second time.

"Come, mother," he said, coaxingly, "the inner man is well fortified by your excellent breakfast: let us get the worry over and come back again to this beautiful morning. You are really right to live in the country. I shall end by following your example: it is the only respectable place for a gentleman to live in."

"Provided he is always sure of a room at his club in town. You are too much a man of the world to be happy in the country, if you were obliged to stay here," said Mrs. Delavale, absently. Her white hand plied her needle faster and faster as she spoke; the jewels in her rings sparkled against the coarse flannel of the child's frock she was at work upon.

"You have not seen the papers this morning?" she continued, without lifting her eyes from her sewing.

"No. Is there anything new in them by any chance?"

"There is a piece of very bad news for you: John Greyerstone has failed, and all his property has been put in the hands of a receiver."

Hastings drew a long breath, and, though he changed color, neither spoke nor stirred. He had lived too long in expectation of this blow to be much startled when it fell. There was a long silence, during which the little shining bar of steel stitched and stitched as evenly as if the hand that held it had not been balancing the fate of two human hearts in its steady palm. Finally, Hastings looked at his watch, and, glancing at his mother to see the effect of his words, said,—

"I must take the next train to New York."

She did not stop her sewing, but turned the little charity frock and began stitching a new seam, as she asked,—

"And why must you go to New York, pray?"

"Why, mother, to see Honor, of course."

"What have you to say to Honor that cannot be better written?"

The young man threw away his half-smoked cigar, and began to pace restlessly up and down the hall, whose sombre quiet fretted him, so cruel was its contrast with the tumult in his breast.

"I don't know, mother, why you think it necessary to ask such a question. I *must* go to her. Please let that make an end of the matter."

"No, Hastings, that cannot be the end of the matter. You must not see Honor at present."

"What do you mean?"

He turned upon her savagely, pausing in his walk and looking at her as she sat stitching, stitching, in her low easy-chair, a small delicate

old figure, but able to rule the young Hercules at her side, as she had ruled his father before him, with one finger of her slender hand.

"I mean that everything must be broken off between you and Mr. Greystone's daughter, and that under the circumstances it will be fairer and more honorable to her not to see her again."

"Mother, you are going too far. You persuaded me that it was my duty to offer to release Honor when I lost my money, and you know how she took it. Do you mean to ask me again to give her up? It can't be. I am not so sordid and mean as you suppose. Besides, I love her too much. I won't give her up, no matter what happens."

"Think a moment what that means, my son. When you have married this girl who has been brought up like an heiress and is to-day without a penny, how will you support her? You are twenty-eight years old; you have no profession; you have never earned a dollar in your life. You would be *sans le sou* to-morrow, if I did not give you half of my income. I cannot give you more. You know how hard it has been for you to live on this allowance, which seems to you a mere pittance: it has barely sufficed to pay the actual expenses of your living: how, then, with your tastes and habits, do you propose to support a wife and family on what scarcely pays your tailor and your club-dues?"

Hastings remembered with a pang certain bills which his mother's allowance had failed to cover, but he answered, defiantly,—

"We can do as other poor people do, and I can find some way of earning my own living, I fancy, if it is nothing better than breaking horses. We could live in the country: Honor would be happy anywhere with me."

"Naturally; but it is not of the happiness of John Greystone's daughter that I am bound to think, but of my son's future."

"How about your son's honor? how about his reputation? You seem to value those at rather a low figure."

"I think it is more honorable to break everything off definitely now, than to let matters drag along as they have been doing."

"Of that you must let me judge for myself, mother. I must be off now. Is there anything I can do for you in New York?" The young man was impatient to be away. He was growing more and more excited, and was quite aware that if the conversation continued he should lose his temper.

"Can you do anything for me in New York?" repeated Mrs. Delavale, with a provoking deliberation: "let me see. Yes, you may buy for me the very best sewing-machine to be had, and, now that I think of it, one of those portable ranges of which I received an advertisement to-day. These two useful articles you may present, in my name, to the young lady you propose to marry: the sooner she learns how to use them, the better my son's wife will be able to cook and sew for him and his children."

The angry retort that sprang to his lips he was strong enough to keep back,—the habitual obedience and respect which the firm positive character of his mother had always exacted from him kept him from uttering the rude words,—but the hot color leaped to his face, and his

eyes looked dark and dangerous. Without lifting her head, his mother glanced at him, and when she saw that he was angry she gave an approving little nod: she knew now that the day was hers. There was a brief pause, and then the storm of words broke out afresh. All that day the mother and son were closeted together. His mother, who had been his most intimate friend and confidante all his life through, who had guided him from the day when the child took his first trembling footsteps, to the hour when the youth received the holy sacrament and became a member of the church of Christ, through the vivid years of adolescence and early manhood, until the day when, with her blessing and consent, he asked the daughter of her old friend John Greystone (he had been something nearer than a friend in her youth, their contemporaries remembered) to be his wife,—that mother now urged him, with all the love and authority of that long, close, sacred intimacy, to put aside in the hour of adversity the girl he had promised to love and protect all his life. At first she pleaded and he stormed; but later, when the invincible power of the iron will against which he was contending made itself more and more felt, their parts were changed, and it was the son who knelt beside her and pleaded with his mother earnestly, passionately, with a growing heart-breaking conviction that his prayer was all in vain. He knew that along with the woman argued his own stronger selfish nature, which, when his better self was not strengthened by the influence of the girl he loved, was likely to win the victory. At the knee where he had lisped his first prayer, that better, more generous self seemed to him to-day to be making its death-struggle.

Geraldine Delavale's life was in all human probability nearly over. She came of a short-lived race, and was well past fifty years of age. When she should die she knew that her friend the bishop, should he survive her, would preach a sermon in which the benevolence and sanctity of her life would be dwelt upon and held up as an example to his hearers. She had visited the sick and poor of the parish, she had established an industrial school in the village, she had during her husband's lifetime persuaded him to rebuild the church, establish a good system of drainage in the village, and confer many another benefit upon the people among whom they lived. She had educated her son to follow in his father's footsteps; she was a devout churchwoman, and never missed a service, except through illness or absence; and yet the Deity which she worshipped in secret was not the God of Christians, but the mighty god of Mammon. She had lived well-nigh threescore years, and during that period she had bent the knee night and morning before the image of the Crucified, while in all that time she had but twice propitiated the real divinity of her life,—once when in her radiant girlhood she had broken her troth with the man she loved and wedded the heir of the great Delavale property, laying her virgin heart with its glorious possibilities as an offering on the brazen altar of her idol, and again, twoscore years later, when she sacrificed to Mammon the heart of the one creature she loved on earth, the manhood, the honor, the very soul, of her only son.

Midnight found them still together in the quaint old library which



the founder of the house had built. Never again after that night could Hastings Delavale bear to sit alone in that pleasant room, with its high vaulted ceiling and oaken beams, from whose eight sides rows upon rows of books looked down upon him,—volumes which he had studied faithfully, from the beautiful old Homer annotated by his father to the last bilious novel from the press of Paris. And all these books had failed to teach him the one and only lesson of life,—the lesson that love is enough.

The little charity frock was almost finished ; Mrs. Hastings Delavale's deft fingers were giving the last touches to the tiny sleeve. The lady sat beside a low table on which were placed a lamp, her work-basket, her silver vinaigrette, and a vase of white roses. She had changed her morning gown for an evening dress of rich gray satin. Every detail of her toilet and *entourage* expressed the luxurious elegance which was so necessary to her, and without which she believed existence would be unendurable,—those etceteras of life which women of her class so often mistake for its essentials. Opposite to her sat her son, gaunt, haggard, unshaven, wearing the tumbled linen of the morning, his head bowed upon his hands, his whole attitude expressive of defeat and despair. Both were silent ; the house was deadly still ; only the ticking of the clock was heard in-doors, and the slight sound the needle made as it passed through and through the rough flannel. Outside there was a faint hum of insects, and now and again the flapping of a bat's wings against the closed windows. The last stitch had been set in the little garment, which was neatly folded and laid in the basket. The mother rose, and, touching her son on the shoulder, said softly (the battle being won, she could afford to be magnanimous with him),—

"It is very late, dear : you must get some sleep to-night, for you will have a hard day to-morrow. The letter—you must write it to-night."

She laid pen, ink, and paper beside him.

Hastings groaned, and shook her hand from his shoulder, as he sat up, showing a white, worn face set in lines wonderfully like those of the hard, composed countenance that met his eyes.

"I can't write that letter," he said, roughly. "Write it yourself : it is all your doing."

"For Honor's sake you must write it : she would never believe it if it came from me. You must be cruel to be kind. The letter must be final, without a glimmer of hope : you must cut this entanglement short with one quick blow. It will be best and easiest for her. Dull wounds mend slowly ; sharp cuts heal up and leave no scar."

"What do you want me to say ?" he asked, sullenly.

"Take the pen and write as I dictate."

He did as he was bidden, with a resentful compliance very unlike the ready obedience he had always shown his mother heretofore. She stood behind him as he wrote the cruel words, handed him the envelope, and sealed the letter with his signet-ring ; then, without a word to her, her son staggered out of the library like a drunken man and left his mother with the fatal letter in her keeping. He made his way to his room and threw himself upon his bed, where he tossed

sleepless and wretched till daylight, when he rose unrefreshed and even more miserable than when he lay down. After his bath and cup of black coffee, Hastings walked to the stables and saddled his own horse. While he was buckling the girths, his mother's carriage came up the avenue.

"Where have you been?" he asked of the coachman.

"To the station, sir. Mrs. Delavale has gone by the early train to the city."

With a muttered oath, the young man mounted his horse, and, striking the animal with his spurs, dashed down the avenue at a terrible pace. He heard the shriek of the down train as he urged the chestnut on to its utmost speed. When he reached a curve in the road from which he could see the railroad-track, he drew rein. The train had just left the station, and was bearing down towards him, as remorseless and inevitable as Fate.

"Curse you!" he cried, lifting his clinched hand in an impotent rage. The shriek of the engine seemed to echo his words with a burst of derisive laughter as it swept down the shining steel rails, carrying with it the death-warrant of his love and the executioner who was to serve it.

## CHAPTER VI.

### HONOR AND DISHONOR.

THE morning following the announcement of John Greystone's failure found the man whom the daily papers dubbed a bankrupt in a much more peaceful frame of mind than he had known for many days previous to the event. The painful strain of anticipation was over at last, and the ugly fact, now that he was face to face with it, did not look nearly as frightful as his imagination had pictured it. He was a ruined man, but in his downfall he was not covered with this world's disgrace; he had dragged no others down with him into the mire of poverty, saving his wife and their children. His own estate and his wife's property, freely given him before it was asked for, covered his liabilities,—a fact which, thanks to Oliver Archer, had been made known from the first and had saved the ruined banker from the abuse and obloquy too often lavished by an enterprising press upon those who have been worsted in the financial contest. Of the deeper soul's disgrace, of the sin of greed, with which his conscience reproached him, he might not account himself guiltless; but that accusation, that humiliation, were known to him and borne by him alone. He who had been so richly dowered with this world's goods had still been discontented and covetous. He had striven for more and more money; he had yielded to the curse of gold-drunkennes which lies heavy upon the land; he had risked and lost the ample fortune which he should have guarded for his children; he had betted upon the red, and the black had won. He was a ruined gambler, and deserved no more pity nor sympathy than we give the spendthrift who stakes and loses his all on the turn of the dice. The gold-passion, which every day claims some new victim among those who have stood well in the public esteem, seems to have

first fastened itself upon our country when its honest earth was found to yield the shining particles of gold-dust; it has grown and strengthened until it sometimes seems to have become the awful deity of the land. In the days of '49 in the Californian gold-diggings man took his brother man by the throat for a handkerchief-full of yellow dirt. To-day we have the oft-repeated spectacle of men who grasp a whole class by the throat, who strangle with eager, covetous hands a race, an industry, a nation,—ay, if they might, Liberty herself,—that they may plunge their hands deeper and deeper into the gold of the earth.

John Greystone fought out his battle alone, and when his wife and children came about him, eager to help him bear his trouble, he met them with a cheerful face, and as the day wore on it was he who was the comforter and they who were the comforted.

It was still early when Mrs. Delavale arrived at Washington Square. She was shown directly to Honor's boudoir, where the two women remained closeted together for an hour. When the elder left the room she looked five years older than when she had entered it. In the hall she met John Greystone, and held out her hand to him.

"I am very sorry for what has happened," she said, in a voice which had lost something of its decision. She had been a good deal agitated by her interview with the young girl whom Hastings had jilted. She even questioned the wisdom of the step she had compelled her son to take. A sentence from the petition in which she joined with great fervor every Sunday morning had recurred more than once to her mind: "From all false doctrine, heresy, and schism; from hardness of heart, good Lord, deliver us."

John Greystone had divined the nature of the errand which had brought Mrs. Delavale for the first time inside his house. He received her greeting with so low and ceremonious a bow that it was quite possible in the dimness of the hall that he did not see the hand she held out to him and which he failed to take in his. Mrs. Delavale preferred to think so. After the visitor had gone, Mr. Greystone went into the dining-room and poured out a glass of brandy from the decanter on the sideboard. He tossed off the brandy in one draught, and then marched straight to the other end of the room and looked at the reflection of his face in the mirror that hung over the mantel, and this is the question that he asked himself as his eyes met the eyes in the looking-glass:

"Am I as much changed as Geraldine Hastings?"

At very nearly the same moment Geraldine Delavale uncovered the little plate of looking-glass let into the side of her cab, and, surveying her blanched face, sighed between the faded rose-leaves of her lips,—

"Is it possible that I am as old as John Greystone?"

They had not met in thirty years. When they last looked into each other's eyes her mouth had been as fresh as a wild rose newly blown, and he had kissed her, and they had dreamed the sweet love-dream which was never to be made a reality. She had thrown him over and married the stupid, boorish heir of the great Delavale property. She had never loved her husband, but after many years John Greystone had fallen in love again, and had married the beautiful wife to whom he was tenderly attached. His first love never forgave him that. The

thought had rankled in Geraldine Delavale's breast through all the years of her own loveless marriage. It seemed to her like a poetical justice that his daughter should suffer for her son's sake the sorrows and regrets which had caused her so many sleepless nights. "Women cannot love a second time so easily as men," she said to herself, ignoring the circumstance that for whatever pain had been her portion she had only herself to thank.

After that sudden rolling up of the curtain of the years and the brief retrospective glance that went with it, both of these gray-haired elderly people came back to the practical present, the lady submitting to the inquisitorial torments of an intelligence-office, whither she went in search of a person with culinary gifts and calling, and the gentleman going in search of his daughter.

He found Honor alone in her boudoir. As he took his seat beside her, his quick eyes noted every appointment of the beautiful room, each detail of her rich dress. All that was most rare or precious in the household possessions was collected here. The walls were panelled with small pictures, each one a gem from one of the masters of modern art. The floor was strewn with costly skins from Siberia, the windows shaded by embroidered hangings wrought for their convent's chapel by pious Spanish nuns dead and gone a hundred years ago. The bibelots on the shelves of the carved black-oak cabinet had cost a small fortune; the jewels on the girl's white hands, knitted so fiercely together, another. Their eldest daughter had been the idol of both father and mother. That she was a spoiled child was the natural result of this; but it is not easy to spoil utterly a really sweet nature, and, though wilful, Honor was not selfish, and if she was a trifle vain her vanity was of such a frank, simple kind that few people took offence at it.

And now she was as poor as the pale seamstress he had seen that morning sewing in his daughter's chamber,—a girl whom Honor had befriended and taken out of one of the great city shops, where she seemed to be fading out of life. He repeated this over to himself again and again, vainly trying to realize all that it meant. Beggared! that was hard enough to bear; but that was not all. Her pale, grave face wrung his heart as no outcry could have done.

"Well, papa, do you want me?" she asked, with a wan smile. He who has not seen the smile of a broken-hearted woman may count himself as having been spared one of the saddest sights the world can show. Mr. Greystone was not sure of enough of his voice to answer, and Honor took up their conversation where they had left it at breakfast, and continued to speak of their plans, ignoring all that had happened since the morning. John Greystone sat silently holding her hand in his, and let her go on for a few moments. As she talked, the hand, which had been quite cold when he first took it, grew hot and dry, and the color flamed up in her cheeks. Her eyes, which she kept turned away from his own, were bright and tearless, and her heart beat so fast that she could count its vibrations by the throbbing in her throat. When a pause came in their talk, her father put his arm about Honor, saying,—

"Honor, I think I know what has happened. You must tell me all about it."



"All about what, papa?"

"My dear, you have been my confidante in all this bad business, and it is now my turn to be yours. What did Mrs. Delavale say to you?"

She sank down upon her knees, and begged him, with clasped hands, to ask her nothing, but to let her bear the grief by herself.

"It is too great for you to bear alone, Honor: you must let me have my share of it. The only way to help a trouble is to share it with somebody we love."

Tears began to gather in her dry eyes; her whole frame trembled like a flower in a strong wind, and as she laid her head upon her father's knee the hard silence fell from her, and her tears and words burst forth together in a passionate flood. That hour was the darkest in all Honor Greystone's life. Poor child! poor children of men! With the first grief we have to meet, comes an impotent and senseless rebellion, a desperate breaking of ourselves against the inevitable, which—heaven be praised!—never comes a second time. Until now, Grief has been a veiled figure of which we have from our earliest remembrance caught occasional glimpses. We have seen her first the companion of one and then of another of our acquaintances. She is always a shadowy, mysterious figure, whose face we vainly try to fancy. Finally our turn comes: we are singled out from our fellows; the veiled woman leans upon our arm and becomes our yokemate. She takes us apart; we feel her cold breath on our cheek; she throws back her veil, and alone we must meet her chilling glance.

When we have learned her sad features by heart, we can meet her again, and yet again, without the mad rebellion, the cowardly panic, which overtook us at first; for it is the unknown that is the most terrible.

It was late in the afternoon of a day not long after the events above related that a messenger was despatched from Mr. Greystone's house in Washington Square to that gentleman's club on Fifth Avenue.

The Raleigh is one of the oldest and most exclusive clubs in New York. John Greystone's grandfather had been one of its founders, and its first president. Its members are rather a conservative body of men, more given to whist than to poker, and, judging by the accounts of the steward, more partial to burgundy than to champagne. In the first years of its existence the Raleigh had occupied one of the finest buildings on the Battery, but it has been swept up-town on the tide of fashion, and, after several pauses by the way, is now firmly established at the corner of Fifth Avenue and one of the most important of the cross-streets which traverse that main artery of the city's fashion. The club-house is a very ponderous, very ugly, and very expensive-looking edifice, whose window-seats are, of an afternoon very sure to be well filled by such of its *habitues* as find instruction or amusement in watching the human current sweeping up and down the wide thoroughfare. Among the gentlemen thus engaged on this particular afternoon was Mr. Oliver Archer. During the last hour, seven horses had fallen down on the glare of ice directly in front of the club; an animated discussion had taken place between a stout matron and an extortionate cabman;

A.'s carriage had passed by with a red bonnet in it that could not have belonged to Mrs. A., who, everybody knows, is in mourning for her brother; Avis Fabens, the pretty widow, had given the little boy who sells wax matches at the corner ten cents, and the Earl of Blankshire, hastening to catch up with her, had soundly cursed the young rascal for begging of him.

As Mr. Greystone's messenger came up the steps he was recognized by Mr. Archer. Leaving his seat in the window, the broker met the servant in the hall.

"For me?" he asked, putting out his hand for the letter.

"For Mr. Von Shack, sir," said the man.

"You may give the note to me. I will see that he gets it directly. How is Mr. Greystone? how are they all to-day?"

"All well but Miss Honor, sir. She have took to her bed."

"Poor thing!" said the broker to himself as he went in search of Mr. Von Shack, the president of the club. "What the d—— was the old man thinking about when he loaded himself down with San Diabolo! It's the women who have to suffer for it every time."

He found Mr. Von Shack alone in the reading-room, dozing over the *Evening Telegram*, and handed him the note. Mr. George Von Shack was a small man, whose first object in life was to appear to be a little larger than Nature had made him. If she had stinted the quantity, the great mother had been very particular about the quality of the man, which was of an exceeding fineness. His skin was like that of a baby, his hair fine and soft like a woman's hair; his features were of a tiny classic mould, and his little hands and feet were too small to fill his wife's gloves or slippers. He was nearly fifty years old, and passed among strangers for twenty-five. Mr. Von Shack's manners were so exquisite, his voice so gentle and flute-like, his position in the business as well as the social world of New York so honorable, that it was not remarkable that society should have awarded him the important post of one of its arbitrators in all matters of etiquette. His advice was asked by anxious mammas desirous of procuring the distinction of belleship for their young daughters, by jealous husbands who wished to rid their wives' drawing-rooms of some persistent visitor without the scandal of a quarrel, by elderly people desirous to recall themselves, for their children's or grandchildren's sakes, to a society which had quite forgotten them, by foolish hot-headed young folks who had run away and married each other without rhyme or reason, dollars or cents, and were tremulously waiting at a neighboring hotel for the maternal blessing and the paternal allowance. Mr. Von Shack being related by blood to the Delavales and by marriage to the Greysterstones, he was on terms of intimacy with both families. He opened the letter which Mr. Archer gave him, while that gentleman took up the paper and waited to see whether the note contained anything of interest to him.

The envelope enclosed a note and a letter. The former was in Mr. Greystone's handwriting, and briefly stated that his daughter's engagement to Mr. Hastings Delavale was at an end. The writer added that the explanation of this would be found in the enclosed letter, which

his daughter had received from Mr. Delavale, and went on to request that his valued friend would make the fact known to such friends as felt an interest in Miss Greystone's affairs. When he had read the note, Von Shack took up the enclosed letter, which he perused silently. After a few moments of reflection, he handed both note and letter to Oliver Archer.

"What do you think of it?" asked the president, as Archer laid down Mr. Greystone's note.

"Can't tell till I have read Delavale's letter," answered the broker, unfolding a closely-written sheet and proceeding to read the following communication written in a tremulous hand:

"MY DEAR HONOR,—

"It has been some days since any letter has passed between us, and longer still since I have written to you. Since we parted you have had an experience which I need not dwell on. The losses experienced by your father I know must have been a great blow to your mother and yourself. I trust I may be allowed to express my sympathy and condolence.

"I think it is now apparent to you, as it is to me, that the hope which we have shared is no longer to be entertained. My position cannot change materially, and I cannot see in it either content for you or happiness for me. A humdrum existence would be most unsuitable for you, and such would necessarily be the life which my narrow circumstances would constrain us to lead for some years to come. The only home I could offer you would be at this place with my mother, where there is neither society nor companionship nor surroundings which could make you happy; and I do not believe that either of us is rash enough to enter upon a life presenting no more encouraging aspect. I see no other course open to me than to ask you to release me from my promise. I sincerely trust that you will be able to view me and my request not wholly from the light of an attachment which I know would have been terminated by yourself could you have foreseen the precise condition of affairs here; nor can I feel it honorable to you longer to postpone this step.

"With peace and my love,

"HASTINGS DELAVALA."

"What do you think about it?" asked Von Shack, whose troubled face expressed his own opinion.

"Well," replied Mr. Archer, returning both note and letter, "I should like to say some things about that young man which, though strictly in accordance with the truth, you might not like to hear said of your cousin. This much you will permit me to say: the writer of that letter is a weak man, and a cowardly one, and I for one am very glad for my young friend Miss Honor that she is quit of her bargain."

"I see his mother's hand in this business: it's her doing, I'll be bound. The old lady has all the money there is, and she holds on to it pretty sharply. He isn't a bad fellow, Hastings."

"He has acted like a bad-hearted one, though," grumbled Mr.

Archer. "By Jove! there he is now," he added, "coming into the club. The cold-blooded rascal! he had better keep out of my way, unless he wants to hear a piece of my mind."

At that moment Delavale entered the room, passing Archer, who in no way noticed his "How are you, old fellow?"

Hastings turned on his heel to look after the broker, and, nodding familiarly to Von Shack, asked,—

"What has happened to Archer? I thought he cut me just now."

"Possibly he did," said the elder man, drawing the new-comer aside. "I have just shown him your letter to Miss Greyerstone, and its contents are by this time being whispered through the whole club."

Delavale's pale face changed to a dull red, as he angrily demanded an explanation.

"Mr. Greyerstone enclosed the letter to me and asked me to announce its contents. I showed it to Archer, which amounted to the same thing."

"Is the old man mad?" cried Hastings, with a furious oath.

"No, sir, he is game. He pricks you with your own sword. He's right, too, though there is not one man in a thousand who would have had the nerve to do it. Don't you see that it is better for her, to tell people outright that you have jilted the girl, than to have it gradually leak out that she is left forlorn?"

Hastings flinched at the words.

"Everybody is sorry for the Greyerstones," Von Shack continued. "They are nice people, popular and kind and hospitable. Nobody has lost any money by the failure, and they are ruined. Pity, don't you see? Everybody likes to be able to pity their friends, and a little righteous indignation against you in their cause is a cheap way of showing them friendship. Not that I undertake to say whether you were right or wrong; you haven't asked me; and, besides, I know, what other people do not, that you could not act altogether as a free agent."

Delavale nodded a gloomy assent, and Von Shack, dropping his voice still lower, went on to say,—

"One thing is certain: you must get out of New York as soon as possible. You know better than I do how many men wanted to marry Miss Greyerstone during those years that you were making up your mind to propose to her. My wife tells me that she is a girl who makes friends of her lovers; and I should say that you ran the risk of being cut by a dozen men to-day who, if they did not see you till six months from now, would have forgotten the whole affair."

All these hard things were said in so gentle a voice and with so frank, good-natured a manner that, sore and angry as he was, Hastings took them without a word of expostulation. The very weakness of the little fair-faced man was his strength; for how could an athlete like Delavale take offence at the speech of so delicate and boyish-looking a creature as George Von Shack?

"My trap is at the door: drive home and dine with me," continued the arbiter. "You know I have taken my passage on the Scythia for day after to-morrow: you had better share my state-room and my holiday with me. Europe is the place for you for the next six months."



From the young man's answer, it was evident that another and a warmer climate was best suited to him in his own private judgment. On the steps of the club the two men encountered Mr. Henry Stuart, who had just arrived in New York.

"How are you, Delavale?" said the new-comer. "Can't you come in for five minutes? I was looking for you. I want to hear all about the Greyerstones."

"Very sorry I can't stop," replied Delavale, bitterly. "Archer is in the smoking-room: he can tell you more of them than I can."

Stuart watched the two men as they got into the smart dog-cart, and then entered the club, where the new turn in the affairs of the family in which he was so deeply interested were being discussed. When he had learned all that he could learn at the Raleigh, Harry made his way to Washington Square. He walked now with a joyous step, and there was a light in his eyes which had not been there an hour ago. "This an ill wind that blows nobody any good," the old saw says, and perhaps the homely proverb passed through his mind as he thought that Honor was free again and still to be won. He had never entirely given up the secret hope that the childish troth plighted so solemnly between them before he was breeched or she had put off pinafores would one day be redeemed.

Mr. Greyerstone was at home. Stuart dined with the family, but Honor did not appear. After Aileen Greyerstone and her pretty brood of children vanished into the upper regions, the two men went into the comfortable library, and, lighting their cigars, sat down to talk over the strange occurrences of the past month. Stuart learned the succession of disasters which had finally culminated in his friend's failure, and the fact that it might have been averted had it not been for the sudden and appalling drop of the San Diabolo stock, a large quantity of which he had been carrying. Mr. Greyerstone listened almost incredulously to Stuart's account of what had happened at Dog's Ear. Everybody knew that the San Diabolo stock had dropped out of sight on a rumored report from the superintendent that the ore had given out and that work had been stopped at the mine, and that within a week a second report announcing the discovery of a new and unprecedentedly rich body of ore had sent the stock booming up to two hundred and fifty. Somebody had bought up the stock at a mere nominal price, when it was all but given away, and foul play was suspected, rumor touching first one and then another of the great financiers as responsible for it. Fantastic as some of these vague surmises were, not the wildest of them compared with the actual facts of this gigantic swindle, which had robbed hundreds of people and placed two men among the richest capitalists in the country,—and these men, moreover, the hirelings of the company they had plundered.

On the discovery of the vast new deposit of gold, the superintendent had telegraphed to the directors in New York that the ore had petered out and that work was stopped at the mine. This news threw the stock on the market, where it was bought for a mere song by McFarren and Cole through the agency of certain New York brokers. Meanwhile, the newly-discovered treasure of the mine was kept a profound

secret: the very miners who had uncovered the level where it lay were made prisoners, lest they should spread the news, and not till he had secured for himself and his accomplice the control of the stock did Superintendent McFarren report the existence of the new and rich body of ore to the directors.

"There is a certain piquant novelty in this case," commented Stuart, "which will arouse an interest in the public which no embezzling treasurer or thieving directors could have commanded."

"If it ever gets to the public," Mr. Greystone objected.

"I will take care of that, sir, all in good time," Stuart responded, energetically. "If nothing more can be done, those two rascals shall be branded as thieves and swindlers. But I believe that I can send them both to prison. My evidence, taken with what Nelson, the assayer, can tell, ought to be enough to convict them, or, in any case, to force them to give up the greater part of what they have stolen."

"Nelson was of course in the conspiracy?" interrupted Mr. Greystone.

"I doubt it," replied Harry. "He received a large salary, and his chief duty was not to see too much of what was going on under his eyes. McFarren never trusted him. Nelson is a miserable fellow, half-seas-over most of the time, but this much I know: he kept a private record, and notes which were very different from those which McFarren returned to you and the other directors. If we could get hold of these they would prove the long-continued system of fraud by which the stockholders were cheated out of half the real yield of the mine."

"McFarren is sure to have bought up such dangerous documents," interposed the elder man, despondently.

"I doubt if he knows as yet of their existence. They are the weapons which Nelson will hold over him to extort blackmail. Nelson has a grudge against the superior blackleg, though, and could be made to speak for us, I think, if we made it worth his while."

John Greystone shook his head doubtfully: he had little confidence in the young man's theory.

"Where is this man Nelson?" he demanded, after a pause.

"I can't tell you now, but if he is above ground I will find him. I must be in Colorado before long, and I think I may hear of him at Denver."

It was long past midnight when Stuart took his leave, and it was in the dimly-lighted hall that he asked,—

"How is Miss Honor?"

Mr. Greystone gave him a hand with his great-coat, and answered, with a sigh,—

"Poor girl! poor child! it falls most heavily on her young shoulders, Harry, heaviest upon her. Good-night, my boy. You must come to us often in our new home; we shall need your good company to cheer us up. This house is to be sold next week,—knocked down to the highest bidder. Honor was born here, all the children were born here, and I hoped to live out the rest of my life here."

"And who knows that you may not still do so, sir? Keep up a good heart, Mr. Greystone. If I live, I will prove that in spite of

everything I was right when I told you that you couldn't lose by holding on to your San Diabolo stock. The game isn't played out, sir, and before it is finished Michael McFarren may find that it was not worth the candle." And with this comforting assurance the young man lighted his cigar and took his hat and his departure at the same time.

## CHAPTER VII.

### WHAT IT COSTS.

SOBLY after that day on which Michael McFarren awoke to find himself one of the richest men in the country, he deemed it advisable to resign his position as superintendent of the mine, and, for a time at least, to absent himself from Dog's Ear. His example was followed by Foreman Cole and his faithful wife the ex-laundress, and by Elias Nelson the assayer. There had been some talk of an investigating committee being sent out from New York, and of the bringing of a suit to recover damages. McFarren, being a domestic man, naturally returned to Denver, where his wife and family were living. He brought the news of his sudden acquisition of fortune with him. His wife was a quiet soul, devoted to the care of her house and children, and little given to reading any newspaper dealing with more serious matters than the latest fashions of bonnets or the best method of raising bread. She had little intercourse with such people in the city as could have informed her of the great operation which had so changed her fortunes and the future of her little flock of children.

McFarren's home-coming, though unexpected, was quite without disguise. He arrived early in the morning, and walked from the station to his house, carrying his heavy valise. The early habit of economy in small things clings long to a man, and the presents he brought to his wife and children were of about the same value as on other similar occasions: ten dollars would have covered the whole outlay.

The news that McFarren was in town spread like wild-fire over Denver. His return was discussed at the club, where half a dozen gentlemen were dining together, the guest of the evening being Mr. Harry Stuart, who chanced to be passing a few days at Denver. Though he had the reputation of telling as good a story and singing a better song than most men of his age, Stuart was very silent during the first half of the dinner, and it was only when Michael McFarren was mentioned that he shook off his quiet mood and related some of his recent experiences at Dog's Ear, in which that gentleman was concerned.

"The law won't touch him," said one of the group: "it all happened too far away from New York. Who would prosecute such a man? Nobody who had not a purse as deep as his gold-mine. It's not likely that the men who have lost by him have either the means or the pluck to fight him."

"He will be come up with some day," said Stuart, quietly.

"Don't you believe it! He will prosper like the scriptural bay-tree. Five years from now, I will wager that he will be able to buy his way into any society in the world," said the first speaker.

"Five years? five months," laughed another of the guests.

"Not only into any society, but into any family, sir," grumbled the inevitable pessimist of the party. "If he took it into his head to-morrow to divorce his second wife, as he did his first ten years ago, he could have his pick of the rosebuds, North, South, East, or West, whatever variety he might prefer."

"That's putting it a little strong, you know," remonstrated another: "besides, we must give the devil his due: McFarren is quite the model husband and father. His present wife is a very pretty and well-behaved little woman; the first one wasn't."

"He must be a cool hand, to come back to Denver so soon after the failure," said the host.

"What failure?" Stuart asked.

"The People's Bank stopped payment yesterday. The bank is known to have held a large amount of San Diabolo stock. Things looked pretty lively here last evening. I don't imagine the president and directors passed a very easy night. However, everything has been quiet to-day. Things have changed since I came to Denver. In those days, sir, these men would never have slept in their beds undisturbed by the vigilantes. Now they can gamble and steal and lose other people's money, and walk about as boldly and fearlessly as if they were in New York. Oh, we have learned to respect our rich criminal class here almost as well as you have in the East."

It was the pessimist who spoke, addressing himself to Stuart. He had hardly ceased speaking when a sound was heard resembling those noises which when heard at the theatre indicate either the approach of a storm or the gathering of a mob. The pessimist threw open the window and stepped out upon the balcony. In a few moments he returned, lighted a fresh cigarette, and, leaning back in his chair, casually remarked,—

"They're after somebody."

"I will bet you five to one that it's McFarren," cried the youngest member of the party, a Harvard senior home for vacation.

"Think likely," was the only answer he received. Nobody noticed his offer. The men sat grave and silent, listening to the distant voices of the mob, until some one proposed that they should go out and see what it all meant. The suggestion was made by the young collegian and seconded by Stuart, and the party all rose to go, leaving the pessimist alone with the last bottle of champagne.

Meanwhile, the man who had so suddenly become an object of popular interest was sitting in the neat dining-room of his modest house, enjoying his pipe and the society of his wife and children. He was lounging in an arm-chair, with a child on either knee, and, with his worsted slippers and old jacket, looked rather more like a humble mechanic than a great capitalist. McFarren's wife was a pretty young woman, as the men at the club had said. She had full, soft brown hair, a wide, low brow, and a pleasant, good-natured face. She sat beside him



suckling an infant of a few months, which the father had not seen until that morning. Her face, which was sometimes marred by a conscious vanity and a silly simper, was now dignified by the great mother-love which had made her forget herself in the holy passion of maternity. The wife was giving her husband an account of the happenings of her quiet life since his last visit,—how much the baby weighed when it was born; what a pretty christening-dress she had made for him; how the ex-baby had treated the new arrival; what good conduct-reports their eldest brought home from school; how she had made over the old blue silk so that it looked almost as well as if it were new, and, as she had been so very economical, thought she could at last afford a sealskin sacque,—that is, of course, if he could afford to make her the same allowance as last year. To these and many another detail McFarren listened with a quiet interest, asking a question now and then to show that he was paying attention, smiling to himself meanwhile over her little economies and hugging the secret of his riches closer and closer to his heart. He had put off telling her the great news, and she did not yet know that the costliest wish within the scope of her simple imagination could be gratified with an outlay far smaller in proportion than had been the purchase of the old blue silk. How many times he had pictured to himself her surprise and gloated over the thought of her delight in his triumph! but now that the moment to speak had come, it brought with it a new thought.

All through the years of toil and trickery, the crooked paths he had travelled to reach his end, and the lying, cheating, and stealing, the happy weeks passed with his wife and children had been his only pleasure or refreshment. He had led a dual life,—the one affectionate, faithful, and loyal, the other sordid, mean, and unprincipled. He had striven among other coarse grasping men, all of whom were straining to reach the goal of wealth, and, in doing so, to throw down and trample upon their competitors in the game. He had staggered to his knees a dozen times and stood in danger of being crushed, but his turn had come at last, and he had trampled over his fallen comrades and grasped the great prize in his two covetous hands. He had looked forward to this hour, when he should take his wife's warm hand in his and shut into its palm half of what he had stolen (he used another word for this, even in his thoughts); but now that the time had come, he hesitated to speak, and felt a strange chill doubt creeping over him. The whole business world knew by this time that the vast wealth he had come by was at the cost of his honesty and good name, but this bonnie little wife, with her careful economies and thrifts, still believed him an honest and a poor man. The cup with which he had toyed, as a gourmet lingers over a glass of rare old wine, inhaling its bouquet and admiring its color before he tastes the rich liquor, was suddenly suspected of holding a drop of gall. How could he tell her so much of the truth only as should hide what was already an open secret? A sudden fear turned him cold. In one moment he resolved never to let her know, to take her and his children to some place where they were not known, and never to let them learn that McFarren the great mining-king and their husband and father were one and the same. In the next instant the extravagant idea

was dismissed as altogether impracticable. He had not been afraid to steal and rob, to ruin hundreds of people whom he had never seen; he had not shrunk from the thought that he would be branded as a gambler, swindler, and thief; he had never even feared the majesty of the laws which he had outraged: he knew too well how to compound a poultice to soothe the wounds of justice. Did he not carry the bag? was he not the master of the situation? As he sat thinking of these things and hearing only the sound of his wife's voice as she went on with her domestic chronicle, the same noise fell upon his ear that had shortly before been heard by the party at the club. He recognized its import as quickly as they had done, but he was no more conscious than any one of them had been that there was any peculiar significance to him in those heavy feet tramping on the stone pavements or those angry shouts and cries that broke the quiet of the night. McFarren had been so much in the habit of dropping that other life at the threshold of his home that his senses were lulled into a quiet security. Had he been in any other place, his keen hearing would have caught at its first repetition the name those hoarse voices were roaring out:

"McFarren!"

The mob was only three blocks away when he realized whom they were after.

"McFarren! Mike McFarren!"

He was a plucky man, full of fight, and with plenty of nerve; but no man lives who does not blench at the sound of his own name roared out by an angry mob. His wife caught the name as quickly as he did, and looked at him, asking what it meant.

The moment in which he might have told her all was past; the time for action had come.

"Mollie, they are after me," he whispered: "if they find me I'm a dead man, and they will burn the house over your head. Tell them that I am not here. When they come, go down just as you are with the child, and do not use this unless you must." He thrust a revolver into her hand, and, without another word, rushed out of the room and up the stairs. He was all alive now; he had grasped the situation immediately and the only way to meet it. A minute later, and the house shook with the ringing blows that were showered on the street door.

"McFarren! Come out!"

The street was crowded with men and boys, some carrying torches, others armed with paving-stones, brickbats, billets of wood, harmless bits of the town's debris which in the hands of a mob become such terrible weapons of offence.

"McFarren, we want you!" yell the angry voices, and there is another assault on the door, which suddenly swings open. Fortunately, the door opens outward, or else the weapons clinched in the rude hands of those that knock so boisterously might have fallen on the breast of the young woman who stands in the full glare of the torches, two frightened children clinging to her skirts, her infant on her breast, a stronger defence than the triple shields of Greece. She stands facing the mob, her wide eyes startled but firm, her soft hair, which the children have been playing with, blown about her neck and bosom, that

in her terror she has forgotten to cover. She is a daughter of the wild Western country, and knows that she has nothing to fear from these rough men; she has never in her life been afraid of anything in the shape of a man, unless it be an Indian, and him she classes with rattlesnakes and moccasins, as vermin to be shot at sight.

The child in her arms cries as the cold night air strikes him, and the angry mob shrinks back from the door, while a murmur runs through it, which is less fierce than those cries had been which brought Mollie McFarren to the threshold in defence of her home, her children, and her flying husband.

A tall man, wearing a red silk handkerchief wound around his head, and carrying a blacksmith's sledge-hammer over his shoulder, is evidently the ringleader. He is pushed forward by his mates, and says, in a hoarse voice,—

"We're after McFarren, and we mean to have him. Where is he?"

"Ah—h—h! Where is he?" echoes the sullen chorus behind him. At that moment the woman's strained ear catches a slight sound: it is the closing of the skylight which leads to the roof.

The color comes back a little to her cheek, and she answers, boldly,—

"He is not in the house; nobody's here but us," with a splendid gesture which includes the children at her side. The crowd groans and hisses in derision, but not one of the men takes a step towards the group on the threshold.

"He is not here," repeats the woman, with a terrible earnestness.

"I seen him go into that thar door myself," says a voice from the mob.

"Ah! yah! the ——— is hiding. Stand back, and let us get at him." There is a surge towards the door.

"He was here, but he has gone," protests the woman.

"He war here n'more than quarter of an hour ago. I peeked through the blinds and seed him," cries another accuser.

"He was here then, but he heard you coming, and got away. I swear to God that he is not in the house."

"Ah, the ——— coward! where has he got to? Burn the house down! Kill him! kill him!" roars the awful voice of the mob.

"Kill him! kill him!" To his dying day Michael McFarren will remember that horrid clamor. Never, never can a man who has heard it roaring for his life, forget the awful voice of the mob. In the years to come, it will wake McFarren from his sleep when he is safe in his bed, and turn him cold, even as it does now as he creeps stealthily along the roofs of the houses, flat upon his belly, like some crawling thing. He dares not stand, lest they should see him from the street; and so he makes his way painfully behind chimneys and across the gutters towards the corner-house, where there is a fire-escape, by which he can let himself down and drop into the side street, if they do not see him.

Meanwhile, the woman in the door-way is gaining time for him by parleying with the tall fellow in the red handkerchief. His arms, which are bare to the shoulder, are smeared and blackened with soot; he wears his leather apron, the badge of his honest trade. He is one of

the few men in the crowd who have any real grievance against the man they are after: he has lost ten years' savings in the failure of "The People's Bank."

"Search the house if you like," says brave Mollie, speaking to the leader, "but don't let the crowd come in and wreck it. The house is mine, and I never did nothing to harm any of you; and, as I stand here, I don't know what he has done."

She is enlightened on this point by a dozen voices, and, no matter what explanation her husband may hereafter give her of his newly-attained wealth, she will never forget the accusations that are shrieked out in answer to her words.

"A cursed thief," "a d—— swindler," "a lying cheat," are the mildest of the appellations by which the fugitive is denominated.

"I dunno as ye are lyin' or not,"—it is the blacksmith who speaks,—"but we wull look for ourselves. Come you, Jake and Pete, and the rest on ye stay where ye are. We don't want no women nor children mixed up in this night's work." The sullen chorus assents, and the three men enter the house. Two more guard the door; but the woman still stands there, knowing that its best defence lies in the weakness of the babes that cling about her. Very soon—for men at such times are impatient of delay—the searchers return, the leader empty-handed, the two others carrying something heavy between them.

"She's told the truth," declares the blacksmith; "he's skipped, the ——; but we'll ketch him at the station, I reckon. I ax your parding, missis, for the slight refreshment as my mates have confiscated in the name of Judge Lynch. They knowed it warn't none of your property."

It is a keg of whiskey which Pete and Jake have "confiscated," and which is then and there broached and the liquor quickly circulated among the crowd. How Mollie blesses the keg, and only wishes that it had been a barrel, that it might keep them longer at her door and give McFarren time to make good his escape! He must have reached the ground by this time, she thinks.

The fugitive has met with an accident. He has wrenched his ankle so badly that he has to rest for a few minutes before he can go on again.

The group of gentlemen from the club are coming down the side street, and Harry Stuart sees a man drop from the fire-escape of the house at the corner into the street. He is without his hat; and they recognize that it is McFarren.

"It's the man they are after," whispers one.

"They are safe to catch him," says the collegian, carelessly. The boy's heart is beating as it never has beaten before in his life, but he has not been four years following the great university course of *sang-froid* for nothing.

"Not if he can run."

"Don't you see that he is lame? Where could he go? Who would take him in? He's a dead man."

Stuart has by this time reached the main street: he sees the open door of the house, and the woman who has defended it so well still standing on the threshold. The roughs, infuriated with the whiskey,



are now making ready to move on. The blacksmith swings his mighty sledge as lightly as if it were the wand of a drum-major, and with a savage yell the crowd takes up its march towards the station. They must turn the corner in a little more than a minute. The fugitive has lost his head, seemingly, for instead of flying from his pursuers he is running directly towards them. Some one rushes to meet him, and, grasping him by the arm, turns him in the other direction. Even in that breathless moment Michael McFarren recognizes Henry Stuart: he knows the man, but he mistakes his intention. He groans like a man who knows the game is up, and yet he makes one more desperate effort to save himself.

"Don't give me up to those brutes: I could have killed you once, and I let you go. Don't let them hang me before my own door." Before he has finished speaking, the others have joined them. Stuart gives the ex-superintendent his own hat, drawing a soft travelling-cap from his pocket for himself. He helps him on with the overcoat he has been carrying over his arm, saying,—

"Your best chance is to stand here with us.—Gentlemen, this is the man those wild beasts are after: if we don't want to see him strung up before the eyes of his wife and children, we must stand by him."

When the mob swarmed round the corner, a group of gentlemen were to be seen laughing and talking together on the steps of a house which they had evidently just left. They were all smoking, but every man of them held a revolver concealed in the pocket of his coat.

The tall fellow in the red cap asks if they have seen anything of the runaway, and one of the party suggests that he has probably made for the station.

"The Eastern train leaves in ten minutes." It is Stuart who says this, after consulting his watch. "You have just enough time to reach the dépôt before she starts."

With a roar as of a horde of savage animals who scent their prey, the mob sweep down the street and leave the man they are after trembling in the shadow of the door-way.

"We must get him to the jail," Stuart exclaims, drawing a long breath, "before they find that he has escaped them, and then we can wash our hands of the whole matter and let the police get him out of the city as best they can."

McFarren sees the wisdom of the suggestion; and his preservers escort him "to the caravansary of the malefactors,"—"where he surely should find himself thoroughly at home," as the Harvard man whispers to Stuart.

The next morning, when the turnkey made his first round of the jail he found one prisoner whose face and name were not familiar to him.

"Hullo! When was you run in, and what's the charge against you, my man?"

The prisoner, who was seated on the edge of a bed which had not been slept in, made no answer to these inquiries, and turned his haggard face away, as if he feared that he should be recognized.

"Some drunk or disorderly, brought in last night," was the jailer's

mental comment, as he set down a can of weak coffee and a hunch of coarse bread beside the prisoner. And so ended the first night that Michael McFarren passed under the shelter of the law.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

"I LOVE BUT ONCE—AS I LIVE BUT ONCE."

WHO was the heaviest loser by the San Diabolo mining swindle? (Those who had profited by it preferred to refer to the same by the less offensive title of "operation.")

The question is a difficult one to answer. Of the hundreds of people whose lives and fortunes were affected by this notorious transaction, of the moral effect of such a successful piece of rascality upon the whole community, this story does not attempt to treat. Even of the few persons with whom it deals it is impossible to speak with any certainty. John Greyerstone lost his fortune; Hastings Delavale lost his betrothed, and something of his own self-respect; Geraldine Delavale forfeited the unquestioning affection of her son; Michael McFarren lost his reputation, and the respect and veneration of his wife Mollie; Mrs. McFarren was robbed of her faith in her husband's integrity; the blacksmith of Denver lost ten years' savings, laid aside to make a lady of his little freckled lass Nance; and Honor Greyerstone lost, if we can take her word for it, her lover, her fortune, her religion, and her desire to live. If, then, we are to be guided by appearances, our heroine was the heaviest loser by the transaction. She certainly believed herself to be so; and should she not have known?

Honor was at this time twenty years old, and was considered by many competent judges the handsomest girl in New York society. She was nearly as much liked among women as she was admired among men. Is not the rule proved by its exceptions? She was sure of her own beauty, and grudged no other woman hers. She was so happy and contented with her own lot in life that she envied nobody. She was witty, but her wit had no sting of malice behind it; she was kind, because she could not be happy unless those around her were so; she was generous, because it was her nature to give rather than to receive. Perhaps the greatest charm about the girl was a certain primitive warmth and largeness of nature. Her mind was good and capable of great development, but her heart was better, and, when there came a question between the two, always carried the day with a rush. She was splendidly and emphatically feminine, and not, like so many of our girls, transparently and pallidly so. She had nothing of that delicate un-earthliness which we call "angelic" when it is combined with beauty and "magnificent" when the color and outline are faulty. Honor could love and hate with equal fervor, but the sin of indifference was unknown to her. She could forgive a grievance, and she never forgot a friend. She had besides these good qualities a fair endowment of faults and foibles, and perhaps the one of these through which she suffered most was her strong self-will.

John Greyerstone, after a certain youthful disappointment in love, had been sent to Europe, a trip on the Continent having been accounted then, as now, a panacea for all earthly, and especially all sentimental, ills. He had remained away from America for several years, and on his way home had made a tour through Ireland, carrying with him letters of introduction, one of which secured him a kind reception at the house of Mr. Miles O'Grady, an Irish gentleman possessed of a great name, an old family estate, and a very little money to maintain either. He was an Irishman in heart and soul, as well as in name and blood. He had never forsaken his forlorn country, but had shared the fortunes of his mother-land and shared his own small revenue with his tenants. The money that came out of the ground was paid back to it, and the good man was not afraid to walk alone, after dark, in the loneliest parts of his property, or into the cottage of the most unprofitable of his tenants. His home was in the wildest and most beautiful part of that wild and beautiful island, and here he lived and brought up his children in a well-nigh Arcadian simplicity. His eldest daughter, Aileen, was seventeen years old, and had never seen a paved street, or driven in any more ambitious vehicle than a jaunting-car, when the American gentleman came to visit at the house. Though O'Grady had educated his children at home, he himself was a university man, and something of a student. His wife was an accomplished and cultivated woman, and John Greyerstone found in the atmosphere of the household a fascinating blending of refinement and rusticity. The young Irish maiden had never worn a corset or a high-heeled shoe; she had never needed the services of a dentist or seen a man milliner. Their guest thought her the most beautiful creature he had ever seen in his life: perhaps he was not an impartial judge, after the first glimpse he had of her tall, grandly-proportioned figure, her rose-and-white skin, her crisp black hair, rippling back from her smooth brow, beneath which shone the clear gray eyes which were henceforward to be the guiding stars of his life. She spoke, and he thought he had never heard true music before; she laughed, and showed him two rows of small, milk-white teeth, which he with a certain lack of originality pronounced to be "pearls of the Orient." The above description of Aileen is taken from a letter of Greyerstone's written to his mother. The letter is still in existence. Her son found it after the good woman's death, and keeps it locked up in an iron box, along with the first flower Aileen gave him, a ribbon from the dress in which she was wedded, her letters, his marriage-certificate, and one of Honor's baby curls. This box and the treasure it contained were the only valuable matters which the head of the firm of John Greyerstone & Son claimed as his own personal property when he made over the contents of the great vaults beneath the counting-house to the receiver. But this all happened twenty years and more after the time when John Greyerstone returned to New York with his lovely Irish bride and his friends all learned that he had married for love and not out of pique. Some of them even said that "it was the luckiest day in his life when that cold, haughty Geraldine Hastings threw him over and married plain, dull, rich Mr. Delavale."

Honor Greyerstone was born at the end of the first year of what

proved a very happy marriage. To Aileen her eldest daughter was always held in her secret heart as the dearest of all earthly treasures. This child had been the crowning wonder and delight of that year of wonderful experience,—a year which had found her a light-hearted Irish girl romping with her young brothers and riding the wild, unbroken ponies bareback over her father's acres, and left her a joyous wife, a happy mother, the head of a household, and a denizen of that great city of New York, pictures of which she had cut out of the illustrated newspaper for her childish scrap-book not so very long since. Honor's nature bore the joyous imprint of that first year of love: her character showed traits inherited from both parents, but the mother element predominated. Aileen Gréystone was as primitive and pure a woman as was the Eve (the breath, as the Orientals put it) of the first Adam. That truest and best type of woman always remains in the world, and happy is the man who finds such a one for his wife, and thrice fortunate are the children who have called one of those rare women of Eden mother. It seemed to Honor that her life for its first score of years had been one of an unbroken happiness, as she looked back over the time from the other side of the calamity which separated her from that happy youth. But those years had brought their childish troubles, which, though they seemed trifles now, had once been very real. The winters had all been passed in Washington Square, but the delightful summers at Archerville, where she had been the spoiled darling of half the village, were the seasons she remembered with the greatest pleasure. Her playfellow, Harry Stuart, was the hero of her early years, and the Prince Charming was his cousin, Mr. Oliver Archer, a great personage in the little town named for his family, a young man who used to arrive from New York on periodical visits, always glorified by a halo of bonbons, fire-crackers, toys, and bright pennies. The saddest day she remembered was the Sunday on which she had quarrelled with Harry and refused positively ever to be his wife, and he had gone away to school the next morning and had never seen her "to make it up." They had not met again until her frocks had begun to lengthen, and he was a Freshman at college, too old to think of playing at sweet-hearts. Again there was a separation of some years, and when Harry came to woo Honor in earnest he was too late: her heart, she told him quite frankly, was already given to another.

Now that the preferred lover had proved unworthy, it seemed to Aileen that her child's heart would naturally turn to her faithful child-love Harry Stuart; nor was she alone in this hope. She did not, however, understand her daughter's more complex nature. Honor, like many another girl or youth who loves passionately for the first time, was convinced that she could never love again. This belief makes the struggle for the attainment of the beloved object the more desperate, and the bitterness of defeat the more cruel.

"Only one chance of happiness in all my life, and that is lost, lost, lost!" sobbed Honor, on that day when her father had taken her in his arms and she had poured out to him the first bitterness of her disappointment.

"It seems so to you now, dear," said her father. "I think we most



of us have felt as you do. Why, Honor, I once said almost those very words about a woman in whom—in whom I was once interested; but you know if I have loved your mother or not; you know if we have been happy together!"

"But you are a man, and men are so different. Mamma never cared for anybody else," she answers, between her sobs. "My heart is quite dead. I can never love anybody again,—no, not even you, papa, not as I used to."

"My Honor," murmurs her father, "you do not know what you are talking about. A strong, sound heart like yours is not broken because one man turns out to be unworthy of it. Where is your pride? Don't let that fellow have the satisfaction of thinking that you are wearing the willow for him."

"I hate him?" she cried, clinching her small fist. "It is not for Hastings Delavale I am grieving, but for my own dead youth and wasted love."

"It is not often, my child, even with women, that the first feeling is the strongest. Why, at ten you were going to marry Harry Stuart; at thirteen you cried bitterly because you found that Oliver Archer was not in earnest when he told you he would wait for you. You will forget this affair as you forgot the child-affairs. Never love again? A girl with your intelligence, with your knowledge of human nature, ought to know that it is only a pitiful weak little heart that is so easily broken. A great, powerful muscle like this that is hammering away at your left side will not be let off so easily, let me tell you."

She tried to smile, to please her father, but regarded in the light of an expression of merriment the smile was not a success. He had learned the lesson that to a strong tender nature love is a necessity, and that such a one must love again, and, if it be again disappointed, yet once again, until it has found the heart which feels and echoes its passion, that is to be its steadfast counterpart through all time, and, he devoutly believed, through all eternity. This was an article of his creed derived from experience. He was now to learn that love is deaf as well as blind, and that all his past suffering and experience were of no avail to help his grievously-smitten child to live out her hour of agony. She listened to him with a patient smile, and believed not one word of all he said. This was the only conversation on the subject that ever occurred between them. The girl was very badly hurt: her strong will had been thwarted, her strong heart had been wounded; she grew thin and pale and silent, and thought she was ready to die.

The pleasant old house in Washington Square, with all its accumulated treasures of a lifetime, furniture, silver, books, pictures, and bric-à-brac, was sold under the hammer, together with the horses, carriages, and the more valuable of Aileen's and Honor's jewels and laces. Everything was given over to the creditors; and when all the debts were paid, enough money remained for the purchase of the old Greystone manor-house at Archerville, where Honor's grandfather had been born. Oliver Archer bought the Grange when it was offered for sale, and, when Mr. Greystone's affairs were settled, resold it to him for the price which he had paid for it. This, and many an-

other act of kindness, the Prince Charming of Honor's childhood did for his old friends, and, thanks to his and Harry Stuart's friendly assistance, the Greyerstone family found themselves soon settled in the pleasant old farm-house, which was embellished by some few of the treasures from Washington Square. Honor found the furniture of her bedroom, her piano, her music, and a bookcase containing her own small library, at the Grange when she arrived there. Many years afterwards she learned that Stuart had bought these at the auction.

They were very comfortable in their new home. Aileen's two faithful Irish girls, who had been born and bred on her father's estate, and who had served in the great town-house as lady's-maid and nurse, stood by their mistress faithfully and accompanied her into exile. They formed the whole retinue now, and Bridget's dinners, if not equal to what the *chef's* had been, were a great deal more wholesome, while Mary Anne's pretty face, with her neat print dress and white cap, was much more appetizing to contemplate during dinner than the purple countenance of Stobbs, the butler. The younger children were delighted at finding themselves in the country while the snow was still on the ground, and Aileen was happy in the fact that the more intimate family life of the country made her her husband's constant companion. Honor's desperate face and grieved eyes seemed to accuse her father of being the source of all her trouble, and he avoided the long, intimate talks which they had both so much enjoyed in other days. In his trouble John Greyerstone turned to the companionship of his wife, and poor Honor, who needed love and sympathy more than ever in her life before, was left very much to herself.

During the first months of their new life Honor went about her self-appointed tasks dully and mechanically. She dusted the parlor every morning, taught the children their music and French, mended the little girls' frocks, darned the great holes which the boys' knees wore in stockings and knickerbockers, and, rolling up her sleeves, went into the kitchen to make whatever dainties appeared upon the simple table. Six months passed before she thought about anything save her own trouble and the blank life before her. Then she began to think about her brothers and sisters,—the twin boys who were to have gone to college that year, and the little sister who was already thinking about her entrance into society.

"What is needed to carry on these young lives, which still have every possibility before them?" she asked herself.

"Money," was the evident answer.

"How to get it for them?" persisted awakened conscience.

"Earn it."

Honor was a good musician, and her voice, a strong, rich contralto, was admirably trained and developed. She had always studied as seriously as if she had meant to be an artist. She found a position to sing in the village church, and as many scholars as she had leisure to teach. At the end of six months of hard labor she found that by working at this rate she could send one boy to college. And what of the others? While she was facing this problem, Harry Stuart came to Archerville, for the first time since the Greyerstones were settled at the Grange. He

had not forgotten them in all this time, as his many kind attentions showed. Now a hamper of game arrived for Mr. Greyerstone, now a box of fruit for Aileen, who had always secretly wanted him for a son-in-law. He invited the boys to New York, and took them to the theatre; and his very first act on his arrival in the village was to take all the children, with the nurse and the four-year-old baby, to the circus. Only once did he directly remind Honor of his existence. On the Maydays of their childhood the two had always gone a-maying together, and on the 1st of May the whole house was transformed into a hanging-garden by the beautiful flowers which came to Honor anonymously from New York. There was no card: they both remembered that happy childhood time.

Harry's arrival was made a little festival by the whole family. "He must stay longer than over Sunday: he must come and pass months and months at Archerville."

Only Honor's voice was silent in the chorus of welcome, and she gave him her hand, as he took leave that night, with a look that said, as plainly as any words could have done, "Do not stay: it is of no use."

But he stayed on with his grandfather and sisters at the old house on the hill, from which he could see the lights at the Grange, and he came again and again to see his friends. And, as he never in any way singled out Honor in his visits, she grew to feel more at home with him, and consulted him about the future of the children, whose interests seemed to have become the sole object of her life.

It was at the end of one of these consultations about the future of the cleverer twin that something was said between these two young people that altered all their subsequent lives. It was a bright moonlight night, and so warm within the house that Harry proposed that they should walk together in the pleasant old garden, where the ripe June roses were all ablow. Honor had grown to feel quite at home with Stuart now; he seemed to have forgotten that he had ever wanted her to be his wife; the constraint of the last years had entirely disappeared, and the pleasant old intimacy had sprung up again between them. She looked forward to his visits as the pleasantest events in her quiet, laborious life; and Aileen took courage and began to hope that the coveted son-in-law might be hers after all. Everything was going on just as it should, and our story might have ended, as far as these two are concerned, in the next chapter, had it not been for the stupid, headlong impetuosity of our fiery young lover.

Harry never forgot how Honor looked that night. She was dressed in a soft, golden-colored, silken fabric, which clung about the grand lines of her figure like a sunlit cloud. Her beautiful throat and arms were bare. As she stooped to gather a deep-hearted rose, the moonlight shone on her ivory shoulders and grew pale as it touched her sunny hair. As he looked at her, Stuart locked his hands together and set his teeth: the calm, abiding love that he held in the deepest chamber of his heart for this fair girl seemed to be suddenly troubled and like to burst the bonds he had set upon it. He had told himself a thousand times that he must serve long and patiently for Honor, that the winning of the treasure of her love must be accomplished step by

step. He knew all this; but to-night the madness of the moonlight, the smell of the roses, the subtler perfume of her presence, the passion of the perfect summer night, when all things blended in a sublime harmony, all save his soul and her, overmastered him, and the great calm of a lifetime's love was stirred by the moment's passion, and, rising like a mighty flood, swept away the barriers he had set upon it, and went out to Honor with a force which startled her, and left him faint and trembling on his knees beside her, his pleading hands clasping hers, his eyes brimming with hot tears raised imploringly to hers. She was silent for a moment, overcome by the earnest words he had spoken.

"Love me, love me, Honor," he murmured, pressing her cold hands to his passionate lips. "I can wait no longer: you have been too cruel to me. You are mine: you always have been mine; you always must be my very own. Never dare to think that any other man has ever loved you as I love you."

"No, nor ever will," she whispered, gently, freeing herself from his clinging hands and moving just beyond his reach. He knew by her kindled eyes and pulsing breast that she was swayed by his passion, even if she did not feel it.

"Oh, Harry, why could I not have loved you as you love me? How cruel it is! I loved once as you love me, and my love was thrown away, despised. My heart is dead: did you not know it? I shall never love again,—never, never! If I thought I could, I should pray to die; but heaven is not so cruel: women like me can no more love a second time than be born again or die twice."

"That which is of the spirit is born of the spirit." The words passed through his mind as he answered her.

"I should not have spoken so soon," he murmured. Her words had sobered him, and he had recovered his self-command. "But, now that I have said what I did not mean to say for months, or even years, I will abide by it. I love you. I believe that you will be my wife. Don't answer me now. I do not ask for a word of hope; but I shall wait."

Honor shook her head: she did not want to be consoled; she hugged her misery, and was half angry that any one should try to take it away from her. She thought that she was pining from an outraged affection, and did not dream that a wounded pride was responsible for a large share of the anguish and suffering she had endured.

"You cannot take away my hope," Harry said, gently, again taking her hand in both of his.

"Dear, all in good time you will love me," he continued. "I am sure of it."

She resented his quiet security, and responded, fiercely,—

"I would not if I could. I would not love again. I would not have my heart the hell that it has been for all that earth and heaven contain."

At twenty, how easily we dispose of life and the eternities!—how lightly we discourse of heaven and of hell!

It was Honor who was impassioned now: her lover stood calmly listening to her words, every one of which fell upon his heart as the



clouds of earth drop one by one upon the coffin where one we loved lies shrouded :

"I shall never marry you. I care too much for you to do you that wrong. I would rather be dead than be your wife!"

There was a stifled cry. At this sound of pain, the girl who had spoken the cruel, stabbing words laid her white hand on the young man's brow for an instant, touched his forehead lightly with her lips, and, with a weeping "Forgive me," was gone. Stuart was left alone in the moonlit garden, with Honor's last harsh words ringing in his ears, Honor's first kiss burning on his brow. "What did she mean?" he asked, of the stars, and of the rose she had dropped in her hurried flight. He picked up the half-opened flower; it was crushed by the print of her light foot, and its outer petals were torn and defaced, but he kissed it tenderly, put it in his breast, and took it home with him. The next morning when he opened his eyes the first thing they fell upon was Honor's rose, blooming freshly in the glass of water on his dressing-table.

## CHAPTER IX.

### IN PARIS.

MICHAEL MCFARREN, rescued from the fury of the Denver mob, was smuggled out of that city by the police, and made his escape to New York, sailing on the day of his arrival in that port for Europe, where he was soon after joined by his wife and children. When he went to meet them at the steamer in Liverpool he was full of memories of their parting, of the night when he had fled from his house like a hunted beast and left his wife and her babes to face some of his creditors, — a few of the people who had suffered by his great *coup*. It was not easy for him to meet his wife's eyes, and he devoted the first few minutes to the children, who rushed boisterously to his embrace. When he finally got a good look at Mollie he could hardly recognize the simple, smooth-haired little woman whom he had left in Denver only a few weeks ago, in the ultra-fashionable, overdressed lady who stepped over the gang-plank leading little Tommy (whom he had last seen wearing a patched pinafore) attired in gorgeous raiment suitable to a young prince on a state occasion. Mollie's lovely hair, whose loose waves rippling back from her white forehead had always made him think of the dark waves that ripple and break on a certain white beach where he had played as a child, had been cut short across her brow, and curled in crisp, flippant rings.

He remembered, with a sudden pang of regret, the letter he had written, telling her to buy everything that she needed for herself and the children, and to bear in mind that they must now be dressed as the wife and children of a rich man should be. If this transformation was the result of a fortnight's shopping in New York, what would a month in Paris accomplish?

Notwithstanding these secret misgivings, he took his family directly to Paris, that forcing-house of civilization, where new people suddenly raised from poverty to the American plutocracy may quickly acquire a

thin varnish of good taste and good manners and a very solid training in the spending of their money. One of the finest hôtels in the Champs-Élysées being offered for rent, McFarren took immediate possession of it, and, with the celerity with which such things can be accomplished in this city, the family soon found themselves thoroughly at home in their sumptuous quarters. The new knight of the court of Mammon soon grew horribly bored with Paris and with idleness. Never since his father died, and he himself had left the district school at the age of twelve to seek his fortunes in the streets of New York as a telegraph-messenger, had he known what it was to lie down at night without a brain and body too tired to accomplish anything more. Now that the time had come for him to enjoy himself, he had no power of enjoyment left: he had devoted every faculty, every hour, to the winning of his money, and now he had no pleasure in spending it. A lifetime of parsimonious economy made it impossible for him to part with a napoleon without a certain pang in the pocket, that most sensitive organ in the rich man's body.

Mistress Mollie, however, quickly grasped the altered situation, and was working with might and main to fit herself and her children for their new position in the world. One of her first acts was to engage the services of a foster-mother for her little nursling. "She was informed on the best authority," she told her husband, who objected to this new departure, "that in Europe none but peasant women and the poorer *bourgeoisie* ever discharge this maternal function." The hôtel was invaded by a perfect army of dancing-masters, fencing-masters, governesses and professors, teachers of deportment and of music, hat-makers, boot-makers, and dress-makers, coiffeurs, masseuses, and manicures, all of whom deemed it a part of their duty to administer large doses of flattery and adulation to its mistress, who had been lovely and young, without thinking much about it, in Denver, but who began to grow very vain and foolish in the new atmosphere of Paris. She shared all her children's lessons, and took not a few courses of study on her own account,—practising the latest waltz-step until her husband grew giddy in watching her gyrations. Her head was completely turned by her husband's money, which she set about spending in a frenzied manner. To buy, buy, buy, jewels, laces, dresses, pictures, bric-à-brac, acquaintances, friends, and admirers, became her chief occupation. Her entertainments were soon talked about as the most costly in Paris. In the beginning, her guests were of that order of men and women who prey upon the rich, open-handed strangers who come to Paris bent on enjoying themselves and needing some society to make merry withal. But as the noise of her dinner-parties spread through that great caravansary of Europe, millionairess McFarren was courted by many well-known people, from curiosity, cupidity, and a hundred other motives. She was at first the laughing-stock of Paris, and she then grew to be the fashion, through the attentions of a leading novelist, M. B——, the idol of the hour, who desired to make careful studies of the types she and her husband represented. M. B—— dined with the McFarrens twice a week for six months, sat in their box at the opera night after night, drove in their carriages, rode their horses, drank their wines,

smoked their cigars, and amused his acquaintances with anecdotes of Mrs. McFarren's blunders in the new part she felt herself called upon to play in the social world. One *mot* of hers that became famous the novelist gave to the world. Speaking of her circle of acquaintances, she once said, with the most perfect *naïveté*,—

"You know, of course, that I cannot entertain *tout le monde*, and so I entertain the *demi-monde*."

Her drawing-room contained some royal furniture, bought at a famous sale at the Hôtel Drouot, and the throne of an ill-fated queen now served this princess of Mammon.

Michael McFarren's own sanctum was in striking contrast to the rest of the horribly ornate house. It contained nothing but a few rocking-chairs and a plain desk. In the corner stood a table with a telegraphic apparatus, and here it was that the master of the house passed many lonely hours, smoking his pipe, which was banished from all the other apartments. Mollie, who in other days had been proud to fill his pipe for him and to pack the tobacco tight with her little fingers, now declared "that a pipe was *too* insufferably vulgar," and presented him with a diamond-and-amber cigarette-holder, and a gold case filled with Turkish cigarettes, begging him to accept them in lieu of the well-colored meerschaum she had given him as a wedding-present.

McFarren was at first sorely puzzled by the transformation wrought in his wife by the change in their fortunes; but he grew to realize more clearly day by day that she was going farther and farther away from him into a world where he had neither the desire nor the power to penetrate. Every day her fine clothes and her fine manners seemed to become less and less of a mask that might be thrown off at any moment, and more and more a part of her real self. This was something he had not foreseen; but whatever he suffered during those long, lonely hours spent in his own room he suffered alone. He took to gambling at the Bourse, in addition to the speculations carried on in New York by letter and telegraph; and it chanced that the man who became his right hand in all his European business affairs was none other than Hastings Delavale, who had come to Paris shortly after the McFarrens were established there. The two men first met at a banking-house, and, the interpreter being absent, Delavale had acted in this capacity for his countryman. Neither man knew the other's face, but an acquaintance ensued which soon ripened into an intimacy. Hastings was bored with Paris, and out of humor with himself and Fate. The McFarren household, to which he was cordially welcomed the very day the acquaintance began, amused and interested him not a little. Mollie was pretty, *naïve*, and thirsty and hungry for pleasure: her delight in all that was already stale to him was pleasant and stimulating to witness. The quiet, shrewd observations which her husband made on the new world in which he found himself were hardly less diverting than Mollie's enthusiasm. Hastings soon found that the intimacy would prove a lucrative as well as an agreeable one; but it is only doing him justice to say that he did not learn that McFarren had been the cause of John Greystone's failure, and consequently of

the breaking of his engagement with Honor, until things had gone too far for him to draw back easily.

Michael McFarren seemed to be endowed with the touch of Midas. Everything he handled turned to gold. He enriched his associates without losing by it himself, and he had as many clients as the richest Roman of them all; he owned as so many henchmen, body and soul of them, scores of men who did his bidding as unquestioningly as soldiers obey a general's orders. McFarren had never heard of Midas, and yet he could have understood the grief of that wretched monarch when he beheld his little daughter transformed by his touch into a cold golden image. Something very like this transformation had come over his wife Mollie,—the thing he loved best on earth, whose love he had valued more than gold or silver.

"What does it all mean?" he asked himself a thousand times a day; but he could never answer his own question, he could never understand the change in his wife's feelings towards him; neither could M. B——, the famous novelist, though he had pried and peered deeply into the mind and heart of his new subject. When his new book, of which she was confessedly the heroine, appeared, it reached a sale which none of his works had ever before touched. He told her story and drew her portrait with all the cold acumen and realistic pessimism which had made his wide reputation; but his portrait of this little, pretty, modern woman was as mysterious and impenetrable as Lionardo's Mona Lisa. What the moral process of this transformation was, he as little knew as Michael McFarren himself. He gave the cause and the result in his story of "La Parvenue;" but he did not even hazard an analysis of the gossamer links in the chain which bound together the result and the cause.

After more than a year's absence, McFarren decided to return to America. A combination of financial affairs was opening up to his acute vision which would give him a chance to use his power so that it should be recognized as one of the great forces which are making the history of the country. When he told his wife that he must leave Paris for New York, she showed more of her old affection for him than he had seen since that last night in their old home at Denver, the memory of which was so galling to him. She tried to dissuade him from his plan, but he was determined to go. He was heartily tired of Paris; its arts, its industries, its pleasures, were nothing to him; its complex, wonderful life held no place for him. The new world of society which had opened to his wife was closed to him, and there was nothing for him to do but to go back to the work of accumulating money. Certain schemes which had once seemed to him like gigantic chimeras of his imagination were now actually within his reach. His exploits of the past looked like the merest child's play compared with those contemplated in the future by his active, far-seeing mind.

It had never occurred to him that he should be obliged to return to New York alone; but he soon saw that his wife took it for granted that he would do so. The realization of this was perhaps the bitterest of all the disappointments the last year had held for him; but he was too proud to let her see it, and so allowed her assumption that she and



the children were to remain at their home in the Champs-Élysées to pass unquestioned. Mollie cried when her husband kissed her for good-by, and, clinging about his neck, whispered to him,—

"Come back soon. We shall all miss you dreadfully."

"Would she really miss him?" he asked himself, with a dull pain at his heart. And so began that cruellest of divorces,—the estrangement of two human hearts that have once been united.

Hastings Delavale remained in Paris as the agent of his chief's European interests, and as the guide, philosopher, and friend of his whole household. The Parisians shrugged their shoulders and looked knowing at this; but Michael McFarren loved his wife and trusted her, and he would have as soon thought of being jealous of his butler as of the handsome and accomplished young man to whose good advice his wife was indebted for so many short cuts towards good breeding.

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## CHAPTER X.

### AT THE OPERA.

ON reaching New York, Michael McFarren established himself in a modest apartment of two rooms in an unfashionable side street. The arrival of this financial magnate in New York made little impression on the social world. When it was ascertained that he was not open to matrimonial combinations, that he was neither young, handsome, well-bred, nor agreeable, society troubled itself very little about him. In Wall Street his presence quickly made itself felt, and the plutocrats who sit together in the court of Mammon and decide the fate of enterprises in which the fortunes of thousands of human beings are invested, the growth of communities involved, the life and death of whole industries wrapped up,—the plutocrats knew that he had come among them, and grudgingly made room for him in their midst.

He lived very quietly, and few people were intrusted with the secret of his domicile. For the next financial crisis which convulsed Wall Street he was responsible. A giant monopoly in coal was formed, which opened its great jaws and swallowed a number of old, well-established companies, ruined hundreds of people, threw many men out of employment, and raised the price of coal the whole country over. Many millions of dollars changed hands, of which the larger part flowed into his coffers. Little children crouching beside the empty hearths of a thousand cheerless tenements, delicate women shivering over their work as they toiled through the short winter day and half of the long night, cried that they had never been so cold before, complained that coals had never been so high. These had never heard of Michael McFarren, the great coal-king. Had he ever heard of them?

Mr. Oliver Archer, his broker, and in this operation his lieutenant, realized so large an amount by the transaction that he was currently reported to be worth more than a million of money. When asked for his annual subscription to the Charity Ball that winter, Mr. Archer sent the treasurer his check for a thousand dollars, for which act of

generosity he won not a little applause from the fair lady patronesses. Mr. Archer's acquisition of fortune did not materially alter his manner of living. For the past twenty years he had lived as if he had been a rich man, eating and drinking only of the best, tended by the most accomplished valet, wearing the finest of linen and the purplest of purple, and dwelling in the most luxurious of bachelor apartments. It was said that he had a fresh bunch of lilies of the valley for his button-hole every day of the year, in season and out of season. On being asked how he procured the flowers when there were none to be had in the market, he made the following characteristic reply :

"I get them because I pay for them, and because there is nothing on the earth or under the sea that cannot be bought in the city of New York if you are willing to pay enough for it. That's my philosophy."

How he had managed to live like a prince on the uncertain income of a stock-broker is a mystery which only the initiated can hope to penetrate. It was not, however, without certain *mauvais quarts-d'heure* that this luxurious existence was maintained. What services he rendered in return for the solid fortune which was now assured him, never transpired. There were certain odd rumors rife at the time, but the charitable pooh-poohed them as so many malicious scandals, and they were soon forgotten.

Michael McFarren and Oliver Archer were admirably suited to each other as business associates. McFarren was possessed of a veritable genius for finance. He had those qualities which go to make a great general and a great financier,—foresight, presence of mind, coolness in the midst of action, knowledge of men and the power to use them, a calm disregard of the lives or fortunes of individuals when a great battle is to be fought, together with an unfailing care for his soldiers' comfort when his plans do not require that they should be sacrificed. To such a commander, faithful and intelligent officers are of the first importance. Oliver Archer, accustomed to weigh men of all sorts in the nicely-adjusted balance of his mind, fully recognized his superior's genius, and was content either to obey him implicitly or to use his own judgment, as he was bidden. Such an aide was invaluable to such a commander. Michael McFarren saw the value of the man, and bought him, as he bought Fleetfoot, the fastest trotter in New York, within a month after his arrival in that city. The sale was a private one in both cases, but in that of the horse people knew who had bought Fleetfoot the day after the bargain was struck, while in that of the superior animal few people ever knew that the sale had taken place, or the price that was agreed upon between the man who bought and the man who was sold.

When this piece of good luck befell Mr. Archer, he very wisely decided never to risk his fortune in an endeavor to augment it.

"I have been lucky once," he said to his friend George Von Shack,— "which is more than happens to most fellows; and I shall stop just where I am."

He had been dining with Von Shack. Oliver Archer was one of those popular men always in demand for dinners, a bachelor of forty, a man of the world, thoroughly kindly, obliging, and hail-fellow-well-

met with everybody. He need never have eaten a meal at his own expense, especially since he was known to be a man with a solid moneyed basis beneath him. The ladies and the younger men had left the room, and the two old friends were sitting together over their cigars and wine.

"I like to dine with you, George: there is always something homelike about your dinners; and I can tell you that's something I don't often find," Archer began.

"Always glad to see you, old boy; so is Angie. But it's so hard to get you. I suppose you dine out eight nights a week," said the host, graciously.

"That's about it," assented Mr. Archer. "And I tell you what it is, old man, I am tired of this sort of racket. Give you my word, the sight of my waiter at the club, or of the bill of fare at Delmonico's, takes away my appetite. Dinners aren't much better: you have to work for your bread and salt as much as if you were hired to amuse the guests."

Von Shack nodded and rang for the coffee.

"I have come to the conclusion," Mr. Archer continued, "that a fellow is a great deal better off with a house of his own, and—that that, on the whole, marriage is the best thing."

"That very sensible conclusion most men and women arrive at at some period of their lives, sometimes too soon, sometimes too late," said the host, meditatively stirring his coffee.

"How long have you been married?" asked Archer, abruptly.

"It is a little more than four years since I was led in the right way and joined the great army of the married, as my wife puts it."

"By Jove, she is right! I watched you to-night at dinner: you must have the digestion of an ox. I remember our dining together just before your marriage, and your telling me that your dyspepsia had become chronic and, you believed, incurable. I tell you, George, that settled the matter. I am determined to try what domestic cooking will do for me. I am not so strong as I look: a little shaky here,"—tapping his chest. "And I believe that marriage would be the making over of me."

"That all depends upon the girl, my friend. Who is she?"

"Hold on. I haven't got as far as that." Mr. Archer threw back his head and laughed long and loud at his own words.

"Do you mean to say that there isn't any woman in the case?"

"No; no one in particular. I want a house of my own. I am tired to death of that stifling apartment, and of Holton's smirking face. I mean to have a comfortable house, and, if I am so fortunate as to find her, a good wife to keep it for me. Don't you think I am right?"

"You want my advice?"

Mr. Archer nodded.

"You won't follow it, you know; but here it is. Don't think anything more about the matter for fifteen or twenty years. You are not old enough to need a nurse or a housekeeper yet. Don't marry one till you do. Meanwhile, you give yourself the chance of meeting some woman in particular you *do* want to marry."

Mr. Archer sighed, shook his head, twisted his dark moustache,

which was beginning to show a few white threads, and changed the subject. He had little reason to believe that life still held for him a deep and abiding passion. He had loved a little too many times, he had drained the cup of passion to its bitter lees too often, without ever finding the white pearl of love in its depths, to have much belief in its existence. He had the quality of being frank with himself, and of viewing his nature with fewer of the rose-colored clouds of vanity and self-love draped about it than most of us like to don when we admire ourselves in our own moral looking-glass. His resolution to enter the married state was an entirely selfish one. Why should it not be? All his motives were selfish. Whom had he to please but himself? His old cousin Mehetabel Archer, who lived alone in the old home at Archerville? She was his nearest relative, and Harry Stuart his next of kin. He gave Miss Mehetabel the farm rent-free, and sent her a box of wine and a turkey every Christmas. She thought him a prince of good fellows, and would leave her little fortune to him when she died. As to Stuart, there had been something of a coldness between them since the young man had seen fit to remonstrate with him on his relations with Michael McFarren. Mr. Archer was in need of the comforts of a well-ordered house: he felt he could enjoy the companionship of an agreeable woman who should sit at the head of his table and—perhaps this was the real secret of the matter—bear him children to inherit the honest old name of the Archers of Archerville, and the (dishonest) new fortune with which he had endowed it. After the host's last speech the two friends sat silently smoking until the clock struck ten, when Mr. Archer rang the bell and asked the servant to order a cab.

"It's all very well for the next ten or fifteen years, as you say, George; but after that to meet the invincibles, gout and old age, with only Holton at my side? No, no: I shall take time by the forelock. Women have their merits too, hang it. They are not always wanting a man to drink and smoke more than is good for him, or to play poker all night. They don't pester you to take an interest in this scheme or a share in that company. I can't go into the Raleigh now without being button-holed by some bore and bothered about investments. I get enough shop down-town: when I come up from business I want a little rest, confound it all; and I think, with that pretty, sweet little wife of yours, and that fine boy we saw before dinner, *you* are the last man in the world to try and dissuade me from matrimony."

Mr. Archer spoke with some warmth, evidently considering himself an injured person. At that moment the cab was announced, and, after taking leave of the ladies, Mr. Archer suggested that his friend should accompany him to the opera. The two gentlemen lighted fresh cigars, and departed together.

It is a gala-night at the opera; the great house is packed from the orchestra-stalls to the last row of the gallery. They are giving that masterpiece of Wagner, "*Tristan and Isolde*." From the boxes comes a persistent hum of talk and laughter. Sometimes the sound increases to an annoying murmur: then the people in the pit turn and stare angrily at the offenders in the boxes: but these are conscious of nothing save the occupants of their own and other *loges*—their backs are turned



upon the stage. Our two friends are made welcome by the most hospitable of women, Mrs. Fabens; and Mr. Archer, taking a chair in the background, scans the house with his glass. He looks only at the young girls, passing over all the married women, no matter how beautiful, as if for to-night they were none of his affair. He studies the half-dozen belles of the season with a critical glance, and then, with a deep sigh, lays down his glass. Not one of them attracts him. The aristocratic little blonde, assuredly the prettiest of the year's *débutantes*, is too thin and chilly-looking for his taste. "If you should prick her she wouldn't bleed," he says to himself. Her companion and foil, the tall brunette with the high shoulders, looks, in his estimation, "as if she had a devil of a temper. That lovely Southern girl," he continues his silent criticism, "appears to me to have just a dash of darker blood in her veins than I should care to see mixed with my own; and Gwendolin O'Shaunessey, the daughter of old O'Shaunessey the Western pork-king, though she is just out of Worth's hands, looks like nothing but a plain pine board gilded."

It is in this critical spirit that Mr. Archer reviews the eligible young ladies of New York society, weighing each in the balance and finding one and all wanting. As he arrives at this unfortunate conclusion, the curtain falls on the first act of the great music-drama. He has not heard one note of all the rich, glowing melody; he has not understood a single incident in the passionate action of the scene. Three famous artists have interpreted that wonderful scene on the great ship, with its crowd of sailors, but Mr. Archer does not realize this. The mystic voice of the seaman at the mast-head has sung in vain for him that song of songs, "*Mein Irisch Kind, wo weilest du?*"

As the green curtain shuts out the stage, a young girl in the corner of the box, who has never taken her eyes from the singers since the curtain rose, turns towards Mr. Archer, who recognizes her with a pleased surprise. She holds out her hand to him cordially, and Archer secures an empty chair beside her. A score of lorgnettes are fixed upon the box, which is always one of the points of interest at the opera. Avis Fabens, the young, beautiful, and rich widow, is one of those women who interest friends and strangers alike.

"I had no idea you were in town, Miss Greyerstone. Where are you staying?" says Mr. Archer, taking possession of the young lady's fan with an air of proprietorship.

"With Avis. Don't forget that you are dining with us to-morrow night. I asked Mrs. Fabens to invite you, as I wanted particularly to see you."

"*Trop d'honneur.*"

"I wanted to see you, first for the pleasure of seeing you, and second to ask your help and advice about the boys," continued Miss Greyerstone.

"Or is it the other way? It is all the same: you know very well that you have but to ask and I must obey. I think I always have obeyed you, ever since you ordered me to bring you a doll that could both walk and talk. I had to go as far as Paris to find her, but you were obeyed."

"Yes, kindest Prince Charming, you have always spoiled me, just like all the rest of the people in dear old Archerville. I think you never disobeyed me but once," said Honor, with one of her frank laughs.

"My dear young lady, it was the inhuman laws of this land that prevented my leading you to the altar at the age of eleven. Command me again, and see how obedient I will be," Archer gallantly retorted. Both had spoken in the merest badinage, but after his last words Mr. Archer grew silent and thoughtful.

"There's many a true word spoken in jest,"—this was the burden of his thoughts. "What if I *should* marry this beautiful young girl? I have known her ever since she was a baby. I have seen her tried in adversity, in the trough of the sea as well as on the top of the wave. She is sweet, strong, and sensible,—the three qualities which above all others make a woman good to live with. That episode with Delavale is all over, and she is the better for the experience, I fancy: it's a good thing for a woman to learn early in life just how much a beauty-man like Hastings is worth. By Jove, I have a good mind to go in for her!"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Honor, did you speak to me?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Archer: I have only asked you a question three times. I shall not talk to you any more to-night: you are too deep in a brown study."

"No, a rose-colored one. I give you my word it was a rose-colored study; and you must not be offended with me, for you were the subject of it."

As he looked at Honor through the medium of this new thought, his expression changed. He had a sense of hypothetical ownership which stirred his pulses in a way that nothing but a sudden movement in stocks had done for many years. To think that this splendid creature might be his very own, her warm, magnetic hand which she had held out to him so frankly, her white, thoughtful forehead, her rose-leaf mouth, her deep, tender eyes— But here those odd yellow eyes met his own with a decidedly untender expression: it was as if they had understood the inventory of their owner's charms that he was making, and haughtily resented it.

The curtain rose on the second act, and Honor turned again towards the stage, leaving Mr. Archer free to join in the gossip that was being retailed concerning a certain English earl, the latest social plenipotentiary from Piccadilly to Fifth Avenue. Mr. Von Shack, as the president of a conservative club, was for treating the notorious nobleman "with every respect and attention which a man of his rank receives in every civilized nation, sir."

"Except in his own," suggested Mr. Horatio Giddings, a time-serving old worldling of sixty, who after half a century's hard work in a retail trade had made his *début* in fashionable life at a very mature age. He had been blackballed at the Raleigh, and did not love its president overmuch.

"The Earl of Blankshire is not received at court in England, as you of course know, Mrs. Fabens," persisted the elderly beau.

"They can afford to be more particular about the quality of their

earls in England: they are more plenty in London than in New York," suggested Archer.

"Don't abuse the earl too much, gentlemen," interposed Avis. "He will be here before the next *entr'acte*, and you will all be glad enough to be seen talking with him. He dined with us to-night, and Zip and I thought him great fun. He has been very devoted ever since his arrival, and we have been quarrelling about him already."

"I trust his attentions are not seriously entertained by you," said Mr. Giddings in an undertone to the widow, who laughed musically at the suggestion.

"Is not his lordship married?" asks Archer. "I have a very charming portrait of a countess of the same name in my looking-glass. I fancied she was his wife."

"They are divorced," Mr. Von Shack explains: "partnership dissolved, incompatibility, and that sort of thing. He has lately come into his title and paid off all his debts. They say he is poor for an earl."

"And either you or Miss Zip would be fairly well off for a countess. Which is it to be, you heartless girl?" demands Archer, in an undertone of mock-tragedy, of Miss Zip.

"Possibly Avis," laughs she. "I am not in the market at present, Archer, as you ought to know. I have told you so often enough."

"Is it *you*, then, that Archer is in love with?" asks Von Shack.

"Oh, yes, Archer's in love with me; but I don't recip.," replies Miss Zip, archly.

"Yes," that gentleman gravely assents, "all the town is talking about it."

"He who knows how to wait——" Von Shack begins, when the vivacious young lady interrupts him:

"Archer can't afford to wait. Look at the top of his head. He is really in earnest this time, I believe, and means to marry before the new year. He told me he thought it would be a real economy."

"Great heavens!" mutters Mr. Archer, "can't that chattering magpie hold her tongue?" He glances at Honor, but she is intent upon the opera.

There is a knock at the door, and the Earl of Blankshire enters the box. He is made welcome by Avis, who presents her guests to him. His lordship is a man of mean appearance and charming manners. He acknowledges the introductions gracefully, and quietly sinks into the chair from which Mr. Archer has just risen, and, finding Miss Grey-stone disinclined to talk, looks steadily at her fine profile and listens to the music. It is his rule to look at the most beautiful woman in any assembly in which he may happen to find himself, and, if the two things are compatible, to talk to the brightest one.

"And so this is your flower of the aristocracy! A trifle gone to seed, isn't he?" murmurs Oliver Archer to Miss Zip, who is much annoyed at the earl's defection.

"Rank jealousy on your part, Oliver. I promise you not to flirt with him." This young lady on very slight provocation called gentlemen by their first names, and accounted for this peculiarity by telling

Tom that Dick was her cousin, and Jerry that Harry was a near connection. Her family circle must have been a very large one, from her own accounts.

"You can't help flirting, any more than you can help breathing. Since you won't have me, why not smile upon the earl? You know how our American beauties all succeed on the other side." This is what our friend Oliver said: what he thought was, "Marry you? I would rather marry old Mehetabel Archer any day. What possessed Honor to visit these people? If I—if she—if I ever have anything to say about it, she shall not have much to do with that set." What inconsistent creatures men are! Mr. Archer is one of the time-honored stand-bys of "that set," into which the smirking elderly Horatio is doing his best to edge himself. That set is as light as the froth on the top of the champagne which flows so freely within its limits: the first sip is invigorating, but the draught soon grows flat and stale, and fevers the palate without quenching the thirst. Avis Fabens, the beautiful widow, is one of the real gems among the many sham ornaments of this society. She rules by the right of her beauty and her wit; her hauteur is becoming, her satire appropriate to the rather severe cast of her beauty. It suits her small head, with its proud flower-like face, to be held rather higher than most people's; the tones of her low musical voice are so mellow that they take the sting out of the satirical sayings for which she is famous. With her sister, Miss Zip Carruthers, hauteur becomes arrogance, satire turns to sarcasm, pride degenerates into insolence, beauty to style. Avis is straight and flexible as a young birch-tree, Zip inflexibly upright as the traditional poker. Avis is dressed modishly in a gown that is within the pale of modesty, and jewels that set off her pale *mate* skin and soft dark hair and eyes advantageously. Zip is attired in the exaggeration of the present fashion, and her dress is hardly decent; her diamonds are the finest and most conspicuous in the house. People looked at Avis, men stared at Zip. The sisters were among the most prominent women in their circle, and it was an excellent thing for young men desirous of becoming leaders of fashion and of cotillons to be seen in their company at the opera, at the balls, and in the Park.

The second act has begun. On the stage the two guilty lovers, Tristan and Isolde, are singing that marvellous song of an unhallowed love whose crowning is to be had at such a fearful cost, and high up in the tower the mournful voice of the watcher rings out, in an unheeded warning,—

"Beware, beware! thy husband comes."

Those people among the audience who have at the moment no part to play, save that of listeners, seem to have lost all consciousness of themselves, and hang breathless upon the notes of this apotheosis of passion,—see nothing but the two lovers on their couch beneath the shadowy trees of the garden, hear nothing but the love and anguish vibrating in the madness of that music, dread nothing but the return of the deceived one and the neglected warning of the woman on the tower's height.



Meanwhile, in the glittering horseshoe the laugh and the gossip, the flirtation and the intrigue, go on briskly. Every box is a miniature stage, on which some human farce, drama, or tragedy is being enacted. Within six feet of the unconscious Honor, who has forgotten everything save the music, bitter words are passing between a husband and wife. The owner of the next *loge* has entered the antechamber unexpectedly, to surprise the mother of his children in the arms of his most intimate friend. The sounds of an oath, a blow, and a fall follow each other in quick succession. Mrs. Fabens's guests look at each other inquiringly, and Horatio Giddings prepares to "go and see if anything is wrong next door;" whereupon Mr. Archer kicks him severely on the tender part of the ankle, and no further reference is made to the singular sounds. A few minutes later, and the wife takes her place in the front of the box, paler than her white satin gown, and the husband sinks into the chair behind her. She nervously pulls to pieces the roses which her lover has sent her, and nods to this friend and that quite naturally. The husband is not so good an actor, and sits, black and stormy, staring at the stage. He has crushed in his angry hands her fan, a dainty trifle of lace and mother-of-pearl, and the diamonds that made the cipher of her initials are scattered on the floor amid the petals of the roses. Though these two actors are passing through so intense a scene of their life-drama, they do not forget their audience, and they are prepared to carry on the social farce to mask the domestic tragedy. Both fix their eyes upon the stage, where the voices of the singers rise and overpower the murmuring in the boxes, and there is something that approaches silence in the great auditorium. The last measures of that song of songs are sung,—panted, rather,—and the warning voice of the watcher grows into a shriek of terror as the king who has been betrayed, the husband who has been dishonored, bursts in upon Tristan and Isolde.

Again the curtain.

Behind the scenes the artists, who for all their splendid work have won but five minutes' tolerant attention from the occupants of the horseshoe, rest and prepare themselves for the last act. In front of the curtain, the society drama, which has languished a trifle during the latter part of the act, begins again, more merrily and spicily than ever. Avis Fabens is very much occupied in receiving the continually recruited drafts of visitors.

"Who is that odd-looking man all alone in that big box, who has been looking at us so steadily?" asks Miss Zip of Oliver Archer.

"Don't you know him by sight yet?" says Horatio. "That is Archer's friend Michael McFarren."

At the mention of this name the Earl of Blankshire turns and asks to have the famous coal-king pointed out, saying,—

"I have some interest in seeing that man. I believe that he swindled me out of a hundred thousand pounds."

"There's very little doubt about that, your lordship," murmurs Horatio Giddings. "And you are not the only man here who lost by that San Diabolo steal. Mr. Von Shack, as you probably know, was one of the late directors; and I myself lost heavily by it."

"I have heard that there were some chances of the fellow's being come up with.—How is that, sir?" asks Blankshire, addressing Von Shack. That gentleman's answer is hardly audible to the noble lord; but he catches enough of it to cause him to glance suspiciously at Oliver Archer and immediately after to resume his conversation with Honor. It is not a brilliant one: the young girl seems to prefer talking to anybody rather than to the Englishman, who is piqued by her indifference and makes an effort to overcome it, for, though neither his face nor his physique would indicate it, the earl has the reputation of being a man of a certain fascination. Both face and physique bear testimony to the rate at which he has lived. It is the speed that wears out the machinery of men and of steamers; and when the lightning-flyer is a sprung and worthless craft the steady-going freight-boat is as good as ever she was.

With all her grand air, Miss Honor Greystone has retained some of the savage instincts of her stormy childhood, and it is evident to those who know her that the presence of the Earl of Blankshire is peculiarly distasteful to her. She has tried more than once to turn him over to Zip, who, to do her justice, has cordially assisted her in this endeavor, but the earl has outwitted all their manœuvres, and remains quietly seated beside her. Mr. Archer now makes an effort to rout the gentleman in possession of the coveted chair next to Miss Greystone, but the move is unsuccessful. He makes a desperate plunge into a subject of conversation which he thinks can have no possible interest to the stranger.

"Do you know, Miss Honor, that we are thinking of bringing the railroad to Archerville?"

"No, indeed. How detestable! Don't let them, Mr. Archer. The next step will be a summer hotel, then a casino, then a crowd of tourists, and finally they will make dear, sleepy, unsuspected Archerville into a fashionable summer resort."

"Ah, you are too romantic. Archerville really ought to be brought into direct communication with New York. It would be a great thing for the old place, and would double the value of land there."

"And what would become of Dan and the old stage? Besides, I don't believe it would be a good thing for the place. Please don't do anything of the kind. I like to drive over to Lincoln in the stage to take the train. And who ever heard of a railroad only twenty miles long?"

"Your father would tell you that it would make a different town of Archerville; but of course if you object I will not allow anything more to be done about it. It is really a desire to serve my native place that has made me take hold of the thing."

"Disinterested public spirit, no doubt, but the zeal is mistaken. I am feeling a little faint from the heat, Mr. Archer: will you take me into the corridor for a breath of fresh air?"

When they are in the *foyer*, Archer says, "You know you did not feel the heat. Why do you treat that man so harshly? he admires you immensely."

"I do not like him: he does not look clean."

Now, his lordship is dressed "at the four pins," as the French say; his bald head and face and his small hands shine from much polishing; and yet Honor has said the one thing that describes the impression he makes upon those who see him for the first time: he does not look clean!

"Why do you stay with our good friend Avis? You know you always see the best and the worst people in her train."

"Why do I stay with her? Because, to quote my old friend Prince Charming's words, if one wants to have a good time in New York one must consort with that set of people. There are plenty of pleasanter women and more interesting men to be found, but unless you are 'in the swim' you might just as well be buried at Archerville. Besides, Avis herself is delightful, and she does me good. I wanted a little rest. You know that I have been rather busy lately."

"I know that you have been working yourself to death. It's all wrong. Look at that girl there,"—they had stopped before a mirror,—"and realize, if you can, that she, the most brilliant, the most beautiful girl in New York to-night, has been toiling and moiling as a music-teacher in a country town for more than a year. It can't go on. You must get out of that dreary half-life and begin to live as you were meant to live. Youth and beauty are so quickly gone: make the most of them while they last!"

Honor glanced at her reflection in the mirror with a bitter smile. What she saw was a young girl in a dress that was very simple, but which showed the touch of an artist in every line of the soft white crape drapery relieved here and there with gold. She wore no jewels to mar the whiteness of her arms and shoulders; and her hair was woven into a crown of shining meshes. She carried in her hand a bunch of orchids like the great golden-brown June butterflies. From her odd yellow eyes, from her delicately flushed face, from the warm, ivory throat and breast, shone the light of that splendid vitality which beyond all beauties of form and color made her remarkable among women; and yet as she looked in the mirror she gave a little grieved sigh, and if the thought from which the sigh sprang had been expressed in words they would have been something like these: "And with all this my life has held nothing real but one grievous insult."

The last act of the opera had begun when they returned. The door leading from the antechamber to the box was closed, and as Honor was about to open it, Oliver Archer laid his hand on hers and asked her to give him five minutes more. She looked at him frankly a moment, and then seemed to realize what it was that she was asked to listen to. Mr. Archer was prone to prompt speech and action: he had made up his mind an hour ago to ask Honor Greyerstone a certain question, and, the time and place being propitious, he saw no reason for delay.

"Miss Honor," he began, "you have been good enough to ask my advice concerning the future of your brothers and sisters; and you would not have done this if you had not known that I had both the will and the power to help you and them. Will you not let me help them through you?"

"Through me?" she repeated, looking at him with wide, startled eyes.

"Yes, through you,—by giving me the right to help them,—by saying that you will be my wife."

There was a moment's pause, that seemed to both to last many hours. Miss Greyerstone paled to the color of her gown, and Mr. Archer became very red in the back of the neck. At last the young girl answered, in a low, unsteady voice,—

"You are very good. May I write you my answer to-morrow?"

He took her trembling hand in his and raised it courteously to his lips, murmuring,—

"Yes. I shall pray that it may be a kind one."

A minute more, and Honor Greyerstone had glided back to her place in the glittering horseshoe, where she sat pale and silent, looking at the stage with eyes that saw not what was before them. Mr. Oliver Archer noiselessly closed the door of the box behind him, murmuring under his breath the words of the old French saw, "*Femme qui écoute et forte qui parle sont perdus.*"

On the stage the wounded Tristan lies in his death-agony, and the melancholy note of the shepherd's flute which gives no tidings of Isolde rings out with the mournful pathos of a despairing love.

## CHAPTER XI.

"AND THE WOMAN SHALL SAY, 'I WILL.'"

OLIVER ARCHER left his office an hour earlier than usual on the following day, and gave his coachman a shock of surprise by ordering him to drive to the Rector Street station of the Sixth Avenue elevated road. Swift as were the two straight-limbed dapple grays which drew his neat brougham, they were too slow for him to-day, and he ran up-stairs to the station as if there were no such things as gout and heart-disease in existence. He did not realize until he had taken his place in the train how much out of training he was for such a sudden burst of physical energy.

"I must turn over a new leaf," he said to himself, as he gasped for breath. "It's high time I got out of Wall Street. This devil's life is wearing the soul out of me. I must go down to Archerville, or over to the Continent, for rest and change."

By the time the train reached Thirty-Second Street, Archer had recovered his breath, and, taking warning by his late experience, he walked at a sedate gait from the station to his club. A servant brought him his letters, and in an instant he had singled out the only one that for the moment had any interest for him. He hastily broke the seal which bore her initials, and at the first glance he understood the significance of the few words the note contained.

He was the accepted suitor of Honor Greyerstone.

He passed his hand before his eyes, as if to clear them of the dazed sensation which came over him, and read for a second time the two or three lines in her odd, clear handwriting. Then he drank something from a tumbler that stood beside him, looked at himself in the glass, twirled his handsome moustache, and tried to realize what had hap-



pened. He took up the evening paper and read a column without understanding one word of it, and then went away in a cab, stopping at the florist's, the confectioner's, and the jeweller's. He knew Honor's favorite flowers, bonbons, and jewels. His first impulse was to spend some money for her. At Tiffany's his order was magnificent, at Mailiard's it was judicious, at the florist's it was tasteful.

"Where now, sir?" asked the driver.

"Where now? Why, to Washington Square, of course," Mr. Archer answered, with his head out of the carriage window.

Mrs. Fabens lived near to the Greystones' old house. The ladies were at home. He was shown up-stairs into the boudoir, where he found Avis sitting before the fire, warming her small feet.

"Honor has told me," she said, holding out her hand to him, "and I congratulate you. You have won a very rare woman: I wonder if you realize how rare,—if you understand the least thing about Honor?"

"I know that she has made me the happiest man in New York to-day. Where is she?"

"I hear her step upon the stairs. I wanted to give you a word of advice. Let your marriage take place as soon as possible. There is no reason for delay, and it will be much better for both of you."

"*Je ne demande pas mieux*," murmured Mr. Archer.

"Don't tell her that you have seen me," whispered the pretty widow, as she slipped from the room. The arras which masked the door through which she passed was still quivering when Honor entered.

"Avis has been talking to him," she said to herself, marking the ripple which had not yet left the heavy folds of the tapestry. She gave Archer her hand, which he took very gently in both of his.

"Your note has made me very happy," he said, and as he looked at her a sudden wave of tenderness flooded his heart and a lump rose in his throat that prevented his finishing the speech he had composed in the carriage. The feeling was a new one to him, or perhaps so old that it had been forgotten. He remembered that he had felt a little as he did now, years and years ago, when, a boy of eighteen, he had fallen in love with the daughter of the clergyman at Archerville. This juvenile passion had been discovered by his mother before he had found the courage to declare it to the object of his devotion, and he had been whipped off to Europe, under the care of an indulgent tutor, within a week of the day when the acute maternal vision had discovered his secret. During the four years passed in Paris, Vienna, and London, all memory of his boyish first love had faded from his heart, blanched out of it, possibly, by more lurid fires. His mother used for many years to congratulate herself on the escape she had contrived for her son; but as time went on and showed Oliver entirely unmoved by the attractions of the various eligible young ladies with whom she beset his path, and as all her well-laid matrimonial schemes for him were quietly frustrated one after another, she began to question the wisdom of her interference with that first innocent passion which was dawning in her son's life when she had sent him to Europe and bidden his companion and Mentor show the youth something of life in the Old World.

The interview between the fiancés was a brief one. Honor was

feverishly brilliant, making and breaking a dozen plans for their future, building castles in the air, and pulling them down about their ears again before they were fairly roofed in. Archer said very little: he was fascinated, confused, almost overcome, by the new and strange emotions which swept over him. His heart, which had slept undisturbed through a dozen intrigues and *liaisons*, had awakened at the touch of that warm, velvet-soft hand which had lain for a moment in his own, the hand of the woman who had promised to be his wife. When, remembering the widow's advice, he urged that their marriage might take place very shortly, Honor gave him one startled glance, and then, dropping the tone of gay badinage which she had hitherto maintained, she said, in a low voice, "Prince Charming, you have always been the kindest of friends to me and to my people. I think you know me and my faults as well as my own father does. I will try to be a good wife to you; but give me a little time to—to realize it."

With a sudden tightening at his heart he put his arms about her. Honor bowed her beautiful head, and her affianced touched her smooth white brow with his lips, where the veil of shining hair parted over her brow. A minute later, Oliver Archer had left the room and the pale maiden whose hand had grown so cold and inert as he held it in his own warm grasp.

"I am an old fellow, not half good enough for you, dear, but I love you very much, and you will learn to love me." These had been his parting words, spoken in a shaky whisper. "Dear girl!" he said to himself on the stairway; "Dear, beautiful Honor!" he whispered to the walls of the cab; "My little sweetheart!—my wife!" he murmured to his pillow that night as he fell asleep to dream of her. The great miracle had been wrought for him: life's water had been turned to wine; he was deeply and blissfully in love.

When Honor heard the house door shut and knew that Mr. Archer was gone, she threw herself upon the tiger-skin before the fire, and, burying her face in her hands, lay there motionless and silent. The light of the flame touched her wonderful hair into points of light, and glimmered along her straight supple body and rounded limbs, which her rich dress enfolded like a golden mist. Her fair head lay beside the grim countenance of the royal Korean tiger. The Korean's eyes were fixed and glassy, his mouth open in a horrid grin, his ears erect and bristling. If he saw the lovely lady's tears, he could not tell of them; if he heard the name which she whispered once, twice, a dozen times, he could never repeat it, or even hint to the bridegroom elect that Honor still mourned for her faithless lover.

The announcement of the engagement made a great stir in the social world. Fashionable New York had not yet had time to forget entirely the Greystones or their misfortunes, and it was much pleased that the handsome, clever young girl was about to make such a good match and to be restored to its midst. There were a few people who were not in favor of this prudent marriage between the ardent romantic girl and a man of the world, twice her age, who had lived only for himself and his own pleasures. But the dissentient voices of these few doubters were quite swallowed up in the congratulatory

chorus chanted in honor of the pair. Among these dissentient voices was that of Avis Fabens, who strove long and earnestly to dissuade her friend from a marriage in which she saw no happiness for either husband or wife. Honor, however, was firm.

"You do not love him, Honor," said Mrs. Fabens. "And there is no greater misery for a woman than to be the wife of a man she does not love."

"Avis, you know I have no heart to give any man. I am very fond of the Prince, and if I am to marry anybody I would rather marry him than another."

"Why should you marry at all? I would rather you died an old maid than see you married to Oliver Archer, unless you cared for him."

"I do care for him."

"Not in that way."

"What way?"

"The way you ought to care for the man you are going to marry."

"You mean that I am not in love with him? I have never pretended to be. That is all over and done with now."

"You don't know what you are talking about: life has hardly begun for you."

"Perhaps; but I think a woman is happier if she can die when her hope of happiness is dead. Mine is; faith, hope, and youth are behind me; and yet I probably have a long life before me. I come of a long-lived race."

"And you give up all the possibilities that may be before you out of pique? It is not worth while. Even from the worldly point of view, with your beauty, your position, your reputation as a belle and a clever girl, you ought to command a much better match than Oliver Archer."

"It isn't that. For myself I don't care. It is for my brothers and sisters that I mean to do this thing. You know how kind the Prince is: he is fond of the children, and will know what is best for them."

"My dear, money is not the most important thing in the world for them, nor for you."

"I used to say so too, until I knew what it was to be without it. I have tried to work for them,—you don't know how hard I have worked,—but after more than a year of steady labor I found I was only earning enough to send one of the twins to college. My own life is a failure; but if I can help to make other people's lives happier and more successful, ought I not to be thankful for the opportunity?"

"Of course you won't believe me, Honor, but you will bitterly rue the day you made that rash and sudden decision. All that about your life being a failure is perfect rubbish: do you hear? Are you the first woman in the world who has fallen in love with the wrong man, I should like to know, and taken on about lost faith and hope and youth? I used to go on so myself, and I know just how much it is worth. A pretty poor, thin nature yours would be if that were true?"

Whereat Honor grew silent and reserved, and changed the conversation.

At the Grange everything was in confusion; dressmakers and mil-

liners came down in armies, presents arrived every hour by mail and express, and for the next two months every moment of the girl's time was taken up in these preparations for the holy sacrament of marriage. Honor threw herself with energy into every detail of her wardrobe and all those innumerable minutiae attendant upon a marriage in high life. She had very little time to give to Mr. Archer, who had to content himself with very unsatisfactory glimpses of the girl with whom he was every day falling more deeply in love.

Thus it is that civilization enforces its liveries upon the most momentous periods of our life. The bride so soon to be led to the altar hears little save dissertations on hats and bonnets, mantles and gowns, slippers, orange-blossoms, and veils. The mourner whose all lies cold and dead in a darkened chamber above-stairs must be called from that last watch beside the silent bed of the beloved one, to be measured for a suit of mourning which must be both appropriate and becoming. In spite of the magnificent railing of the inspired Sartor against the sham of clothes, civilization is not here at fault. When the soul is racked with grief beyond endurance, or elated to the seventh heaven of bliss, this care for and clothing of its yokemate the despised body is a healthful and often reason-saving necessity.

Honor believed that she was doing her duty in becoming the wife of Oliver Archer, of whose character she had little knowledge. Because she had known him all her life, she fancied she understood him thoroughly,—a dangerous and not uncommon error. She was convinced that her heart was hopelessly broken, her life shattered by the first buffet of adversity. Her own ideal of happiness being cast down, she built up in its place a fancied obligation to sacrifice herself for her family. Her father seemed powerless to make the first effort to rebuild his shattered fortunes; her mother's whole effort was to make to-day comfortable to her husband and children. To their future destiny neither parent seemed able to give a thought. Honor was too young to know that more time was necessary to establish the family life on its new basis. She was too ignorant of life to understand that there could be any future happiness for her kindred in any other sphere than that in which they had been born and bred. She was restless and feverish for action; her blood was in that divine ferment of youth which forces men and women into heroic feats or follies, acts of sublime self-abnegation or freaks of fanatical immolation.

How old were Joan of Arc, the Roman Curtius, Antigone the Theban, Leander? Hardly past their first score of years, any of them.

Honor belonged to that class of beings who cannot be taught that hot iron burns until they have touched it, or that water will drown until they begin to sink in it. Experience was her only possible teacher, and by her mistakes only could she learn how to live. Her parents were in favor of the match, though both father and mother had secret misgivings for their child's future.

Grace Church was crowded with a brilliant assemblage of people on the day appointed for the marriage. The Earl of Blankshire shared a pew with Avis and her sister Zip, who was now the object of the noble lord's undivided attentions. Avis was kneeling, her face hidden



in her hands: her spirit had floated back on the flood of music which pealed from the organ to the day of an unforgotten bliss. She was living over the scene of her own marriage in this very church; she was filled with tender memories of her joyous young husband, who had broken his neck in a steeple-chase within the first year of their marriage. When she arose from her knees the expression of her mobile face was so softened and transfigured that her sister covertly took her hand and pressed it. Miss Zip meanwhile was coquetting with the earl over the prayer-book.

"I would never say obey," she whispered, in answer to some question; "and I don't believe Honor will."

The earl's answer was accompanied by a glance of intense admiration. He had passed many years in the East, and his views of women were somewhat tinged by the gross theories of the Orientals.

"What a pity it is," he said to himself, "that one cannot buy this amusing creature, as one buys a Circassian or an odalisque! A man's freedom is a great price to pay; and it's a serious question whether as the Countess of Blankshire Miss Zip would be half as amusing as she is now."

"As long as ye both shall live," he murmured in the girl's ear. "That *may* be a very long time." Her whispered answer evoked an explosion of laughter from the earl, at the sound of which Avis rose from her knees and gave her sister a warning glance. In a neighboring pew Mrs. Hastings Delavale was seated, very magnificent and stately in gray velvet and diamonds. She carried an ivory prayer-book, and her eyes were fixed on the text of the service, but her thoughts had slipped out of Grace Church and across half the world to Paris, where they were hanging about her son. She wondered if he had received her letter with the news of Honor's engagement, and if he believed what she had written of the girl's happiness and contentment. She is suddenly brought back to Grace Church by the entrance of a gentleman who, with an awkward bow, takes his place in her pew. Mrs. Hastings Delavale returns the salutation with dignity, and tries to conjecture who the new-comer can be. Possibly her bow would not have been so distant if she had possessed the slightest inkling that the stranger was the famous coal-king millionaire McFarren, of whom her son Hastings has so often written her. Mr. McFarren has assumed the dress, and attempted to assume the air, of a fashionable man of the world. His raiment is irreproachable, but it sits uneasily upon him; he has not yet learned to be comfortable on week-days in Sunday clothes. His thoughts, too, are anywhere rather than in Grace Church. Now they hover about Wall Street, and now they carry him to Arizona; but lastly and most persistently they are centred in Paris with his wife. As he sits alone in that brilliant congregation, he takes a resolution that he will no longer endure the life of isolation which has been his of late. He will send for his wife and children to join him in New York; and if it is necessary for Mollie's happiness that she should have a place in that society for which he cares so little, he will buy it for her, cost what it may. He has yet to meet the man or woman whose support he cannot purchase.

In the front seats are the bride's kindred and intimates. Brother, sister, friend, mother even, are busy with some preface of the future, or some reminiscence of the past, called up by the surroundings of the moment. It is not that they fail in either sympathy or affection for Honor, but their sympathy reaches her through some thought of self, some experience which they have either found or missed in life, suggested by the time and place. In the whole church there is only one person who thinks first of the bride and second of himself,—the bridegroom waiting at the altar. Punctual to the minute the bride appears at the church door, leaning upon her father's arm. She is very lovely in a cloud of warm-toned old lace which her mother and her grandmother wore when they were wedded. She is perfectly composed, neither white nor red, and with a quiet grace and dignity takes her place beside the waiting bridegroom. Mr. Archer's behavior on this occasion is entirely at variance with what his friends had expected from that self-possessed gentleman. To be sure, as Mr. Von Shack urged in his defence, he had never been married before; but he had acted as best man a score of times; and why he should have appeared so nervous and discomposed, so awkward with his hat, so entirely ignorant of the requirements of the wedding service, it was difficult for those who knew him to understand. Possibly, as Avis believed, the fact was owing to his having fallen ridiculously in love with the pale girl who had never pretended to any warmer feeling than a friendly liking for him; or it may have been, as Horatio Giddings meanly suggested, that for the first time in twenty years Mr. Archer had omitted his morning cocktail, as a matter of sentiment.

The ceremony was over before anybody realized it, and the guests made the usual jests about the rapidity of the tying of a knot that it takes so long to untie. Honor, who had not shrieked out, "No, no!" as she had done in her dreams a dozen times, but answered, quite distinctly, "I will," turned to her husband with a charming smile, and, laying her hand upon his arm, seemed to float, rather than walk, down the aisle, a vision of loveliness never to be forgotten by those who saw her. The wedding guests came crowding out to the church porch to see the bride take her place in the carriage, drawn by four white horses, that was to bear the pair away to their country-house. At the door of the carriage she hesitates for a moment, and the people on the sidewalk who are nearest to her see that she has grown perfectly white. Her father, who has followed her, takes her hand to help her into the carriage. There are tears in her eyes.

"God bless you, Honor!" he says, and she leans from the carriage and kisses him tenderly.

"Good-by, father!"

Mr. Archer takes his place beside his wife, the door is slammed to, and the carriage rolls away from the church.

"He ain't a beauty," says a voice in the street-crowd.

"No, but he's got the rocks," answers another.

The guests linger a few minutes, to discuss the bride's jewels, the dresses of the bridesmaids, the fortune of the bridegroom, and the presents which Honor has received. Presently the crowds in the church

and in the street melt away, and the wedding is a thing of the past.

Mr. and Mrs. Greyerstone go back to Archerville together, and pass a very sober day. They find a package addressed to Honor which contains the latest of her marriage-gifts, a deed of their old house in Washington Square.

"Archer has been very generous. I think he will make her a kind husband," says the father, in a shaky voice.

"I am sure he will," murmurs Aileen. They do not look each other in the eyes: a cloud seems to have risen between them that has never been there before. Aileen goes alone into Honor's little maiden room, and does not come down again until dinner-time, when she appears with swollen eyes and a sad face. John Greyerstone, the gentlest of men, scolds the younger children, who are inclined to be boisterous, curses the man-of-all-work for some trivial offence, and finally goes to bed, restless and ill, to awake next morning to the fact that his dear eldest has left him and that the gout has come to take her place.

On the day of the wedding a *fête* was given in Paris which was talked about for nineteen days at least. Mrs. McFarren's ball was the most magnificent of the winter. The Parisians, themselves the thriftiest of people, have an art of encouraging extravagance in foreigners, which makes their city one of the most advantageous places in the world to its citizens and the most dangerous to its visitors. The ball had been a brilliant one; the hostess could count three princes, a cardinal, a cabinet minister, and an East Indian maharajah among her celebrities. The most exclusive among the Americans and the most catholic among the French ladies of fashion had been present. After the guests had nearly all gone, Madame Mollie and half a dozen of her intimates were sitting together, enjoying their supper peaceably, when a despatch was brought to Mrs. McFarren.

"It is from my husband," she said, and opened the telegram. The news it contained was evidently disagreeable, for she flushed and frowned and threw the envelope on the floor.

"He says I must leave Paris!" she exclaimed, resentfully. "Read it, Mr. Delavale."

Hastings Delavale took the crumpled slip of paper. As he read the message he started. A few minutes after, he took his leave very hurriedly and drove to his hotel. In the corridor he met Harry Stuart, whom he had not seen since they met at the Raleigh, months ago. The two men shook hands.

"Where are you from now?" asked Hastings.

"From Burmah; just back from a visit to the ruby-mines there."

"Have you met anybody you know yet?"

"No; yours is the first familiar face I have seen in six months. Come and have a smoke and give me a little home news. I was too late to get my letters at the banker's."

"This is the last news I have had from New York," answered Delavale, gloomily. "I don't suppose it will be much more welcome to you than it was to me." He handed Stuart the telegram. Harry took it to the light and read the few words:

"Attended Archer's marriage to Honor Greystone to-day. Very fine. Prepare to return to New York with children immediately.  
M. M."

Of what next happened Harry Stuart preserved a very misty recollection. He knew that he had got out of the hotel somehow, and that he had yielded to an unreasoning impulse which drove him through the quieter streets to the barriers and out through the suburbs into the wide country. Daybreak found him striding across a village common twenty miles from Paris. There were few people stirring. A young girl milking a cow gave him a cheery good-morning. He stopped beside her, conscious for the first time that he was tired and faint, and asked her if she would let him have some milk. She looked at him a moment without answering, and then, lifting her pail, she balanced it on her shoulder, so that he could drink from it easily. He drank a long draught of the sweet, fresh milk, and felt in his pocket for a piece of silver. The young peasant refused the money, and told him he was welcome to as much milk as he could drink. She then sat down on her stool again and went on with her task. Harry stood beside her, leaning against the tree. His feet felt so heavy that he wondered if he would ever be able to lift them from the ground again. There was a silence, broken only by the jets of foaming milk as they struck the bottom of the pail. The girl, whose head rested against the side of the tall red cow, looked at him from time to time. There was both curiosity and sympathy in her face. What woman who deserves the name of woman can look at a young, handsome, and melancholy stranger without feeling a curiosity to know something of him, and a sympathy for his trouble, whatever it may be?

"Monsieur is travelling?" the girl asks, abruptly.

"No: I have only come from Paris. I must go back to-day. Does the railroad pass near here?"

"No; you have to go to V——, three miles away."

"Three miles farther!" Stuart ejaculates. He has just found out how weary he is. "Is there an inn here?"

"Yes." She points to a house on the other side of the common. "But Monsieur will hardly find accommodation there to-day. They are all in confusion: the innkeeper's wife died yesterday of a fever."

"Oh!" said Stuart, absently. He looked at the darkened windows of the inn, and wondered in which room the woman had died, and if she was sorry to go, and if her husband mourned for her.

"If Monsieur wishes to rest, and to eat, there is my grandmother's cottage——" She hesitated, not knowing how to express her hospitable thought, and, taking up her stool and pail, motioned him to follow her. She strode across the green, Stuart passively following, and entered a small clean cottage, which contained but one room, and a loft reached by means of a ladder. A fire was burning briskly on the hearth: over it hung a black kettle, from which rose a savory steam. At one end of the room stood a dresser, on which were laid a few earthen-ware plates and cups. Built into the warmest corner, near the fireplace, was a square bed, with a chest of drawers under it and a set



of shelves above it. The chintz curtains were drawn close, and, as the two entered, a shrivelled old hand put them a little apart, and a querulous voice asked,—

“Is that you, Françoise? Who is with you?”

The girl wiped a chair clean for Stuart, and placed it near the fire, before she went to the bedside, where a whispered conversation took place.

“It is my grandmother,” Françoise explained: “she is old and sick.” The young man was conscious of being keenly scrutinized by the unseen occupant of the bed. It was rather irksome to be thus watched, but he had no desire to leave the cottage, and sat obediently in the place the girl had assigned him. His brain felt benumbed: he had no desire nor choice of action, and thankfully abandoned himself to the care of the vigorous young peasant who had taken compassion on him. Françoise set before him a bowl of smoking cabbage soup, a wedge of coarse bread, and a can of milk. Stuart made a hearty meal. When he had eaten the last mouthful of bread, he leaned back in his chair, and, stretching out his feet towards the fire, unconsciously yielded to the drowsiness that crept over him, like a soft net-work of peace. When he awoke it was afternoon. The whirring sound which in his sleep he had mistaken for the roar of Niagara, dreaming that he and Honor were being carried over the Falls, was now close to his ear: it came from the spinning-wheel at which Françoise was sitting. He was conscious that the eyes still watched him from the bed. Stuart rose, shook himself, and began to thank Françoise and her invisible ancestress for their hospitality. The girl answered him brusquely that they had done nothing, and that she hoped “others would do as much for those who are tired, unhappy, and far from home.” There were tears in her eyes as she said this.

“Why have you been so kind to me, Françoise? I am a stranger to you,—not even a Frenchman.”

“It is nothing that I have done. When I first saw Monsieur, he looked like a friend,—like my sweetheart Albert. He is a soldier, and cannot return to me for a long time. I saw that you were a stranger, sad and weary, and I thought of him, and that he might be as you are,—worse, perhaps, wounded or dying,—and I hoped that some one would give him a cup of milk and a crust of bread if he were faint and hungry.” She went to the chest of drawers beneath the bed, and returned bringing with her a photograph of her soldier. Stuart failed to see any resemblance to himself in the picture, but he said that “Albert must be a fine manly fellow, as he should be to deserve such a girl as Françoise.”

She blushed and tossed her head, and then the tears rose again to her eyes, and rolled one after another down her round red cheeks.

“You too are unhappy, you too suffer *les peines du cœur*: is it not so?” she whispered.

“Yes, Françoise, I am very unhappy. The woman I believed I should marry is to-day another man’s wife!”

The girl thought of Albert, and wondered if he would prove false.

“It hurts, to love, does it not?” she murmured.

"Yes, Françoise, it hurts cruelly." When it was time for Stuart to set off on his walk to V——, he made a speech to the eyes which glowered at him through the curtains, and again thanked the little peasant for her kindness and sympathy. As he passed the village church, where Françoise and Albert were to be married, he turned back and waved a last farewell to her as she stood in the door-way of the cottage watching him. He never saw Françoise again, but he never forgot her, or that most precious of gifts which she offered him on that darkest day of his life, richer and rarer than the gifts of princes,—the boon of sympathy. Françoise is not likely to forget the handsome young stranger as long as she wears about her brown neck the string of gold beads which he sent her from Paris. Nor will the bedridden owner of the eyes forget him: she is no longer condemned to lie all day long behind the chintz curtains, but sits in her easy-chair and never waries of telling the story of how well the cabbage soup and the wedge of bread that Françoise gave to a strange traveller were paid for.

## CHAPTER XII.

### "FRIENDS—LOVERS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

TIME and habit accustom us to all things. Young women are more flexible in adapting themselves to whatever place in life circumstances force them to than other people, and so Honor, who on the day after she was wedded had crept away to a little Catholic church, and, kneeling before the shrine of the Madonna, prayed that she might die before another nightfall, by the end of a year had grown to accept her position as if she had never known any other. It was hard, perhaps, but then whose lot was not hard? None of the people that she knew seemed happier than she herself. The men and women whom she met seemed to her like so many mirrors, in the depths of whose hearts she saw reflected the grief that lay deeper than all else in her life. She had become endowed with a sort of intuitive knowledge of where sorrow lay hidden in what might seem to others the most lightsome heart. Believing that happiness was but the *ignis fatuus* which dances before the eyes of youth and leads inevitably to the black morass of disillusion, she endeavored to find what there was left in life, which must hold something to have made it worth while for so many wise people to endure it to its natural end. Outwardly her existence was that of hundreds of women of her age and position in New York. They lived in her old home in Washington Square, made more beautiful and luxurious than ever before. Her husband was devotedly kind to her, and, as he had never carried out his idea of retiring from business, she was able to arrange her life so that they were very little alone together. She made a point of breakfasting with him before he went down-town, but in the afternoon he soon resumed his old habit of going to his club after business hours. His wife was at home to her friends every afternoon, and it rarely happened that he found her alone. In the evening, if they did not dine out, there was company to dinner, and later, if

there was neither ball nor opera, there was music at home. The musicians and the singers found Honor a generous friend and patron, and the house whose hospitality was traditional became again one of the pleasantest social centres of New York. The musicians felt that in coming there they were sure of that real sympathy in their art which they so rarely find among the world's people. Their hostess never let them forget that she had once been of their guild, though it had been for so short a time and now seemed like a masquerade which a young princess might have indulged in. A few painters, men and women, who in her eyes were real artists, were among the familiars of her drawing-room, and such among the literary men as interested her were always made welcome. She had a distinct dislike of lions and those who pursue them, and her house never had the atmosphere of a social menagerie: people met there on the ground of a democratic equality, and if any one figure became more prominent than another it was because of some inherent quality in the individual which asserted itself over his fellows, and not from any *fanfare* of trumpet or kowtowing on the part of the hostess. Mr. Archer, when he appeared in his own drawing-room, was made to do so to the best possible advantage. He was always deferred to as the host, and at the same time the guest made most welcome by his wife. There was nothing of that unpleasant elbowing into the corner of the husband which mars so many a household in the great world. If women only realized how detestable they appear in contriving that their husbands should appear to assume the ridiculous rôle of "*Monsieur le Mari*" of the French stage, there would be fewer houses in society where the master seems more of a stranger at his own entertainments than many of the guests. If Honor did not love her husband, no word or act of hers ever gave the world the right to say so. Oliver Archer himself would have found it very hard to give grounds for the conviction that was slowly forming in his mind that his wife never had loved and never could love him. She had been a thoughtful companion, a gracious and a reasonable wife; her face had never shown the trace of tears, yet he knew that she often wept. Since their marriage there had been only one point of disagreement between them, there had been only one favor which her husband had asked of her that Honor had persistently refused.

In accordance with a resolve which Michael McFarren had made, of establishing his family in New York, Mrs. McFarren and her children left Paris and joined him on the hither side of the Atlantic. On their arrival they had accepted an invitation tendered by Mrs. Hastings Delavale to make her house their first resting-place. For a month the stately old place in the shadow of the Kaaterskills was overrun by the noisy, under-bred McFarren children. The garden and the green-houses were rifled by these young Arabs; the servants' hall was turned upside down by the squabbles of the French maid and valet; the solemn drawing-rooms and library became redolent of musk and patchouly and noisy with the endless and trivial talk of millionairess McFarren. All of these inconveniences, and the society of the ordinary little woman, who would have had fair manners for a milliner, were borne by Mrs. Hastings Delavale with a truly heroic fortitude. Her

smile, when Mrs. McFarren carelessly broke off an orchid that the Scotch gardener had spent four years in bringing to its present perfection, would have been recognized by her son as an expression of bitter satire, but her innocent guest took it in the light of testimony to her own good taste, saying, as she tucked the fantastic flower in the bosom of her dress, "It does match those *vieux roses* (old rose) ribbons wonderfully well, doesn't it?" During her residence in Paris Mrs. McFarren had acquired some knowledge of the French language, and she was much given to interlarding her conversation with Gallicisms, which she never failed conscientiously to translate for the benefit of her hearers. McFarren's keen mind took in the situation perfectly: he knew that their hostess was goaded to the verge of madness by his foolish, flighty little wife and his lawless children; but he knew very well what he was about, and he had paid substantially in advance for all the unwilling hospitality which they received. Hastings had been drawing a large salary for two years past as nominal secretary of a vast financial enterprise in which his position was a sinecure. His hostess and himself thoroughly understood each other, and Mrs. Hastings Delavale was not without a certain liking for the man whose powerful intellect she fully recognized, while McFarren appreciated how important and skilful an ally he had found in her. The bargain between them had been struck in the most delicate fashion. Neither had ever referred to it in the most distant way, and yet both understood the terms of the agreement as thoroughly as if it had been drawn up in legal form. Mrs. Hastings Delavale was to manoeuvre McFarren's wife into suitable moorings in the social waters of New York, and the fortunes of Mrs. Delavale's son were to be pushed until they resumed the proportions they had held before the financial crash which had ruined him. McFarren had relied first upon Hastings's mother and second upon Mr. Archer's wife in this new and delicate social campaign, of whose tactics he was so ignorant; but in this plan he had been so far only partially successful. Honor had firmly refused to call upon Mrs. McFarren: she had always been so intimately in her father's confidence that she was not ignorant of the fact that McFarren had been instrumental in bringing about her father's ruin. Archer was at his wits' end; he had brought every argument to bear upon his wife's obstinate determination, but thus far in vain.

For the first time in ten years, Mrs. Hastings Delavale decided to come to New York for the winter. Her town-house, whose rental had during this time been one of the chief sources of her income, was no longer to let, and, while the season was still young, Mrs. Hastings Delavale regretfully left the old place on the Hudson, which never had seemed so delightful before as it did after the departure of the McFarren horde. The town-house was thoroughly renovated and put in order, its cellar stocked with wines, and the servants engaged. When all was prepared, Mrs. Hastings Delavale telegraphed to her son that the time had come when he must join her. Not even between mother and son had there ever been any acknowledgment of the bargain by which their aristocratic name and the prestige of their influential family were spread as an all-powerful ægis over millionaire McFarren and his



socio-maniacal little wife. There are some things that cannot be put into words delicate enough to suit the sensitively-organized nerves of so refined a woman as Mrs. Hastings Delavale. That she chafed and raged at the terms of this agreement cannot be questioned; but whatever suffering she endured was in the closet, and, if her pride of bearing unbent at all, no one was the wiser for it. Her kinsman, George Von Shack, had an interview with her a few days after her arrival in the city, the result of which was extremely advantageous to the social career of "these new people," as for the first three or four years the McFarrens were called.

"The old lady carries the thing through with a high hand," Mr. Von Shack remarked, in talking of the interview with his wife. "She never mentioned Hastings's name, nor admitted for a moment that her interest in our latest importation from the West came from any other motive than that of the most disinterested friendship and an anxiety that society should accept them for its own good and behoof."

Mrs. Hastings Delavale was an old and astute campaigner: she thought the matter out thoroughly, and decided to carry the garrison of the inner citadel of fashionable New York without feint or ruse, but by one open assault. The McFarrens were established in a house built by the last mining-king who had ruled in Wall Street for a brief reign, and who had realized the extravagant dreams of a lifetime in rearing this truly princely habitation, which was not finished until the week after the monarch found himself dethroned, fallen from the seventh heaven of Mammon to the common earth where men and women earn their bread by the labor of their hands. The house was handsomely furnished and decorated, and by a sort of natural succession passed into the hands of the new monarch of the street. In one wing of the spacious building was a theatre, copied from Marie Antoinette's theatre at the Little Trianon.

The day that Mrs. McFarren's social sponsor made the tour of the new house, her plan of action was laid. All Europe and all Europeanized New York were talking about the new Swedish tenor, Norwald, who had electrified Paris, taken London by storm, sung at the Russian court, and written his name beside Mario's in the scroll of musical fame. He had sung for Mrs. McFarren in Paris, and that lady happened to know that he had a month of leisure before beginning his season at Vienna. He had never crossed the Atlantic, and New York knew him not, save by reputation. He was still in Paris, and on terms of intimacy with Hastings Delavale. After twenty-four hours of telegraphic correspondence, an arrangement was concluded by which Norwald, the peerless singer, agreed to come to New York and to sing on one occasion, and no other, in the theatre of the mining-king. Certain scenes from the opera in which he had first become famous were to be produced upon this private stage, and the best talent that money could buy was to support him in this unique performance. Every musical detail was attended to before the social side of the matter was approached: then, when her son telegraphed to her that he and Norwald were to sail the following day for New York, Mrs. Hastings Delavale sent out cards for a reception at her own house, given in honor of Mr.

and Mrs. Michael McFarren. The two ladies received together, and their first disagreement took place the morning of the reception, when Mrs. Delavale's maid was sent with a request from her mistress that she might be allowed to dress Mrs. McFarren's hair and to choose the dress she was to wear. There was a stormy scene between Jennings, the severe, middle-aged English maid who for thirty years had had charge of Mrs. Delavale's wardrobe, and Justine, the pert French *femme-de-chambre* who had come with Mrs. McFarren from Paris.

"Madame will wear the red satin embroidered with gold," said the Frenchwoman, resolutely, "with the ruby humming-birds in her coiffure."

"That is not suitable," answered the severe Abigail: "the white velvet is the only suitable dress; and I shall arrange the hair without ornament."

"You!" shrieked the Frenchwoman, excitedly; "you are not fit to touch anything but the white wigs of that dreadful old woman, or the manes of her fat pigs of carriage-horses."

"I never touched a wig in my life; but, if it comes to that, wigs is more respectable than gilded hair as was once black. But I didn't come here to talk with you. My message is to your mistress."

The encounter took place in the room where the lady's dresses were kept. Her sleeping-apartment led from it on one side, and her husband's dressing-room on the other. The women had unconsciously raised their voices, and at the same moment the two doors were thrown open, and the master and the mistress of the house appeared upon the scene.

"Tell Mrs. Delavale that I am much obliged to her, but that I have already chosen my dress, and that Justine is quite able to arrange it for me," Mrs. McFarren said, sharply. She had caught the reference to her gilded hair.

"Very good, marm," answered the Englishwoman, stiffly. "I will tell Mrs. Delavale what you say."

Justine smiled maliciously as Jennings left the room. In the lower hall Jennings encountered Mr. McFarren. He slipped some money into her hand, saying, "The answer to Mrs. Delavale's message is that my wife will wear what you have suggested, and she will be very glad if you will be here to see that it is all right." The woman quietly took her leave, with a smile of triumph that the unfortunate Justine would not have liked to see. The quarrel begun between the servants was carried on between master and mistress, but that evening Mrs. McFarren looked in her husband's eyes more as she had before that terrible night when she had braved the mob than he had ever hoped to see her again. Her dress was simple and rich; her hair had nearly lost its meretricious golden tint: she looked almost like her old bonnie self again.

Mademoiselle Justine was put to bed in a violent fit of hysterics, and her rival received the congratulations of her own mistress and the thanks of Justine's master.

The reception passed off very well, and the next day everybody was asking everybody else who Mr. and Mrs. Michael McFarren were. Before the question could be satisfactorily answered, everybody—the

same small everybody of the social world—received invitations from Mr. and Mrs. McFarren to hear Norwald sing. Mrs. Delavale's card was enclosed in every note. Everybody's breath was taken away. The new opera and the new tenor! Who—what—whence were these people? But the invitations must be answered, and Mrs. Hastings Delavale's card was a guarantee not to be questioned: so, with few exceptions, everybody who was invited accepted, and everybody who was not endeavored to secure invitations to this novel *fête*. Among the few refusals was a cool note from Mrs. Archer, whose "inability to be present" was unaccompanied with any expressions of regret.

Two days before the party Norwald the singer and Hastings Delavale arrived in New York. Their steamer was five days late, and the anxiety which this delay had caused to Mrs. Delavale and Mrs. McFarren was only exceeded by their joy when the suspense was over. The great singer was established in a suite of rooms in the McFarrens' house, and was almost kept under lock and key by his hostess, whose assiduous care of his health and well-being was a cause of some annoyance to the favorite of the hour. He was young, strong, and handsome, in the first vigor of life and freshness of voice, and he was full of a natural desire to see something of the city in which he had so short a time to sojourn. When he was not rehearsing with his support, he was not allowed to slip for a moment through the fingers of his temporary owner, who had bought and paid for him and meant to make sure that nothing should happen to interfere with his singing his best on the great night.

Hastings spent the first day with his mother, and the next morning went to pay his respects to Mr. McFarren, running across Mr. Oliver Archer in the passage leading to the office. The two men had not met since that day when Archer had refused to recognize Hastings at the Raleigh. It was an awkward quarter of a minute to both: then the man who had married Honor held out his hand to her old lover.

"How are you, Delavale? Just arrived? What sort of a passage did you have?"

"Abominable: the screw got out of order, and we pitched about in the trough of the sea for four mortal days and nights."

"Anybody you knew on board?"

"No; but we made up a good game at whist, and played from morning till night."

"Norwald was sick, like all Frenchmen, I suppose?"

"No: he is a Swede, and bore the passage perfectly."

"You found your mother well?"

"Never better,—thanks."

Both men were talking against the time when Honor's name should be brought into the conversation. There was no postponing it longer.

"And your—and Mrs. Archer, how is she?"

"My wife is so fortunate as to be always well."

"I should like to pay my respects to her. Mr. McFarren wrote me that you were living in the old Greystone house."

Archer's face darkened; he knew that under the existing circumstances Delavale and himself must wear the semblance of friendship.

Both were lieutenants of General McFarren's, and bound to stand shoulder to shoulder in his service.

"We shall be glad to see you, Mr. Delavale," was all he could bring himself to say.

"Thank you," answered Hastings: "I shall call very soon. You will both be at the McFarrens' to-morrow night?"

"Oh, of course," said Archer, lifting his hat and passing on to his own office in the same building. He sat down at his desk with knitted brows and clinched hands. He looked older and more worn than when we first saw him in Wall Street, and yet he had carried out the good resolutions he had made, and given up late hours and bachelor habits; he smoked and drank more moderately than ever before in his life, he was never out late, and enjoyed all the comforts of a luxurious, well-ordered house, and the society of a lovely woman, who gave every care and attention to his comfort and well-being; and yet his friends found Oliver Archer less jovial than in the old days when he had neither wife nor fortune, but lived in a splendid hand-to-mouth, devil-may-care fashion. Truth to tell, he had enough to worry him without the last added annoyance of Hastings Delavale's return to New York. If he had lived at Antwerp or Nuremberg in the Middle Ages, Oliver Archer would have been pointed out as a man who had sold his soul to the fiend; but he lived in the nineteenth century, in the city of New York, where men are too busy even to gossip much about their neighbors, and it is doubtful if any one besides the two men themselves knew how completely in the power of Michael McFarren Oliver Archer was. The great financier had protected the smaller one and helped him to make his fortune without ever relaxing his hold upon him. The enterprises in which Archer's fortune was invested were all controlled by McFarren. As long as good feeling existed between them and the smaller man could help the larger, this was all well enough; but if their relations should at any time become strained, McFarren "could squeeze him like a rag," as Archer said to himself, while he sat moodily picking out the pattern of the wall-paper with his tired eyes. So far the work required of him had been easily accomplished; but, now that this new element of social striving had been introduced by the foolish, ambitious little Mollie, matters had grown much more complicated. McFarren required the social aid of Mr. and Mrs. Archer, and Honor had point-blank refused either to call upon Mrs. McFarren or to accept her invitations. That McFarren himself was without any personal interest in this social campaign made him none the less firm in his determination that it should be successfully carried through, and Archer had too often felt the power of that cool, relentless will not to realize the danger of thwarting it. McFarren was a man of few loves or hates; his enemies were only so many opposing chessmen in the game he played; he felt little animosity towards them when they stood their ground, and less exultation when they were check-mated or driven from the board. He loved his money, but not as a man of a more sensuous nature loves the means which puts those things he most values within his reach. The fortune of a prince may be made in a few years, or even months, in this age and country; but a princely



taste cannot be bought, and comes only of long culture and education. McFarren's money stood to him as a force which could control the actions of other men, help or hinder a cause, corrupt a government, buy an election, and circumvent the laws of his country. The excitement which the manipulation of this vast and ill-gotten treasure gave him was of the keenest and yet most passionless kind. It amused him to think that his great force was now to be used to make a place in a society of butterflies for one more flutterer. His little gray miller was transformed into a gorgeous golden butterfly by the wealth which found him the same plain ascetic that poverty had left him. She longed to spread her wings in the social sunshine of a Delmonico ball, and he took a certain grim satisfaction in gratifying that desire. Archer and Delavale were the two men he chiefly relied upon to help him in this new and untried field, and in an interview with the former that morning he had applied the screws, gently, but firmly enough to make his unfortunate henchman very uncomfortable. The house in which the Archers lived had been a wedding-present from McFarren, but Oliver had never had the courage to tell this to his wife, who believed it to be a gift from himself. If she could only be persuaded to go to that party! Honor had been a gentle and loyal wife, but it seemed to him that the quiet, subdued woman, who never laughed and cried in his presence as the other women he had known had done, and who paled as he took her in his arms, was not the real Honor, but a sort of shadow of herself, which she had the power to throw into his arms while she herself, with all her rich personality, eluded him. At the moment when she defiantly refused to acknowledge the existence of Mr. and Mrs. McFarren, she was more like her old spirited self than she had been since the day when she had promised to be his wife.

The evening of the great *fête* proved one of those perfect winter nights when the whole world seems crystallized into a glittering, breathless beauty,—when one knows that it is cold only by the frost-flowers on the window-panes or by the steam blown from the nostrils of the horses. At the house in Washington Square there had been a dinner-party, and, the ladies having retired, Honor was standing at the window, looking out into the square, which was covered with a soft, white, snow carpet. The branches of the bare skeleton trees, sheathed in a glittering coat of ice, were clearly etched against the whitened ground. On the left rose the gray outline of the old university, high up in a tower window shone the taper of some student, and overhead glittered the stars, with that intense brilliancy which they only have on these rare winter nights, when all that is cruel and boisterous of winter seems asleep, when the air is still and clear and crystalline, magnetic to breathe and stirring to the pulses. In an inner room Aileen Greystone was sitting with half a dozen women in full dress, taking their coffee. Honor could see them from the dimly-lighted drawing-room where she stood.

A minute ago the square had been empty, and now the figure of a man appeared from the shadows, walking in the direction of the house. There was something familiar about the figure, and it seemed to her that if his foot-falls had not been deadened by the snow she might have recognized by their sound who it was that was walking with such a light,

quick stride across the white, frozen path. As he reached the opposite side of the street the man stopped and looked up at the windows of her boudoir, where a light was burning. The room where she stood was lighted only by the fire, and her own figure in its white gauze draperies could hardly be perceptible from so great a distance, and yet the man had evidently seen her; she saw him start as he looked at the window where she stood, and the responsive motion which she made seemed to her without her own volition. The moment that his eyes fell upon her, she had recognized him. When, a few minutes afterwards, the footman brought her a card, she knew without looking at it what name it bore. She could not speak.

"Shall I show Mr. Delavale in, madame?" asked the man, and, taking her continued silence for an assent, he drew aside the curtains and admitted the visitor to her presence. A moment more, and he was beside her, looking into her wide, startled eyes, noting the quick pulsations of her breast beneath its light silken vesture. She looked, as he had pictured her to himself a thousand times, like a bride, in her sheeny white dress, with the one strand of perfect pearls about her more perfect neck. He took her unresisting hand in both of his, and whispered her name: "Honor! Honor! is it really you?" and Honor said nothing, but looked at him with a vague, far-away expression in her strange eyes. Where were her pride, her dignity, her womanliness, that she should let this man, who had played her false, broken her heart, made her an object of ridicule and of pity, speak to her thus, touch the hand which he had flung away when it had been his? Somewhere, far away, it seemed to her that this outraged dignity was chiding her, pleading with her; and yet, though she heard its voice, she was powerless to move or speak, save as this man willed her to.

"Honor, will you not say that you are glad to see me?" he murmured, still holding her hand tightly in his. Again that distant rebellion, again its defeat, and the whispered words,—

"Yes, I am glad that you have come."

At this moment there came from the dining-room the sound of chairs being moved back from the table, and Hastings dropped her hand, rang for the servant to bring the lights, and entered the room where the ladies were sitting. He was warmly greeted, and overwhelmed with questions. Honor followed him with a languid step unlike her usual elastic bearing, and seated herself beside Avis Fabens. She was as pale as her dress. When the gentlemen came in from dinner the conversation became general, but Mrs. Fabens kept her seat beside Honor, and carried on an animated conversation, or more truly a monologue, to which Honor appeared to listen, and of which she did not hear one word.

If anything could have added to Oliver Archer's uncomfortable frame of mind that evening, it would surely have been the finding of Hastings Delavale in his drawing-room. The two men shook hands perfunctorily, and there was an awkward pause, which was broken by Mrs. Fabens declaring that it was time they all started for the McFarrens'.

"You and Honor, of course, are going, Mr. Archer?" she asked.

"I am not sure about my wife. Will you not try and persuade her?"

"Not going to hear Norwald sing?" It was Hastings who spoke. "You don't know what you are missing, Mrs. Archer. It is your hospitality which causes you to make that rash statement. I shall say *au revoir*, and not good-night, for I am certain that I shall meet you later."

The last words were spoken in a voice inaudible to all save Honor. He had taken her hand, and was bowing his adieux over it, and she answered, in a low, dull voice which had lost its music and its resonance, "Yes, I shall see you there."

When the guests were all gone, and Honor and her husband were left alone together, he said to her, roughly, "It seems that some one has more influence with you than I, and that you have changed your mind."

Archer had never spoken to her so before; but, instead of resenting his rude speech, Honor laid her hand gently on his arm, and said, in that low, echoless voice,—

"Yes, I have decided to go with you. You have wished it very much."

He was too miserable to notice her curious repressed manner. He longed to forbid her going to that wretched party, but he knew that to indulge that natural jealous instinct might cost him more dearly than he could afford. That morning he would have made any sacrifice to induce Honor to say what she had just said, but now the bitterest words which she could have spoken could not have cut him so keenly as did that tardy consent to his wishes.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### McFARREN'S FOLLY.

MRS. HASTINGS DELAVALLE'S carriage was the first to stop before the wide, brilliantly-lighted entrance of the McFarren house. The lady alighted, and cast her quick eyes over the opening scene of the night's entertainment. So far all was as she and the famous decorator had planned,—the crimson velvet carpet spread across the white marble steps, the lanterns with their jewelled lights, the wide vestibule warmed by two great brazen Roman *scaldini*. Two footmen dressed like Russian servants, in fur from head to foot, helped her to alight. As she passed up the steps, the doors flew open before her, moved by some invisible agency, and she walked between two lines of gorgeously-attired flunkys to the room where she laid aside her furs. She found the host and hostess standing near the entrance of the large drawing-room. Mrs. McFarren was flushed, nervous, and a trifle hysterical; Mr. McFarren looked even more severe and depressed than his major-domo, Stobbs. The dress of both master and mistress was unquestionably correct in every detail,—“and yet,” Mrs. Delavale said to herself, with an inward movement of despair, “they look like their own lady’s-maid and butler masquerading in the clothes of their betters.” Mrs. Delavale took her place beside the nervous little woman, and said something kind to her about her dress, and how becoming it was: she knew that there is nothing which puts a woman so much at her ease as to be told that she is looking well.

At that moment the solemn butler announced "Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cole, Miss Hannah Cole, Mr. Thomas Cole." Mrs. McFarren grew white to the lips, and shook hands with the new arrivals speechlessly. They were a singular quartet. Mr. Richard Cole was dressed in a black frock-coat and trousers, a black satin cravat ornamented by a huge diamond pin, a pair of Congress boots, and lavender gloves a size too small for him. His wife wore an uncompromising gray front of short stiff curls, a high-necked green satin gown, and short white gloves of the species called "snap" from the mode of fastening, which left exposed a broad band of ruby wrist set off by three diamond bracelets. The brilliants in her ears were so heavy that one of them had evidently torn through the right lobe, which had been pierced again higher up. Miss Hannah Cole and Mr. Thomas Cole, a pair of twins, aged fifteen, were already much more presentable than their parents. McFarren gravely shook hands with his old partner, and asked him to step into the next room, very much in the tone in which the undertaker at a country funeral invites the guests to walk in and look at the remains. The hostess at last recovered her breath, and, turning to Mrs. Delavale, said, "Allow me to make you acquainted with Mrs. Cole."

"Glad to meet you, marm! How's your health?" said the green-satin lady, grasping Mrs. Delavale's delicate thin old hand in her pudgy, work-deformed fingers: she had taken in washing, good woman, before her husband had been admitted into that lucrative partnership with Michael McFarren.

"You didn't expect to see us, did you, Miss McFarren? But Dick he said as how your husband had made his fortin, and he was bound to stand by him, thick or thin: so we just packed up and started the day after your invite come."

Poor Mrs. McFarren! she had not yet learned that in social life it is the unexpected that always happens, and that it is never safe to invite anybody to anything and be sure of their *not* coming. In an expansive moment of pride she had addressed a card of invitation to her husband's old partner and his wife, who were living in Sacramento, never dreaming that there was the least possibility of its being accepted. Now that they were here, what was to be done with them? Even Mrs. Delavale was for a moment thrown off her balance; but at the sound of approaching carriage-wheels that old soldier of fashion rose to the situation.

"Mrs. Cole," she said, in a voice that was not to be questioned, "you and I and these young people must make room for others: it will never do for old friends like ourselves to keep Mrs. McFarren from her other guests. If you please, we will go into the theatre." She led the way, followed by the agonized glance of the hostess. What she did with the Cole family never transpired, but it is certain that the mother and children were not seen again until supper-time.

The guests were now arriving thick and fast. They were most of them strangers to their entertainers, who had the air of being less at home than anybody else at their own party.

Although, in their attempt to appear dignified, host and hostess only



succeeded in being stiff and uncordial, things were going on very well indeed, when Mr. and Mrs. Archer were announced. Hastings, who had been waiting for their arrival, gave the signal for adjourning to the theatre. Some of the guests had already taken their places. In the very front row sat the lady and gentleman from Sacramento, with a twin on either hand. The curtain rose, and Norwald appeared upon the stage. The great tenor was at his very best, and with the magic of his voice conjured every discordant element from his audience. He was as beautiful as the young Apollo, and as inspired. With the wonderful alchemy of genius, he transmuted the time and all its warring elements into one perfect harmony. The throng of elegant languid women and bored cynical men who had entered the theatre in moods critical, curious, or contemptuous were lifted on the wings of his wonderful song to a higher, purer atmosphere. All that was best in their natures responded to that God-given voice, and for the moment the women were tender, pitiful, compassionate, the men were heroes full of high thoughts and courage. This is truly the greatest gift which is given to man,—the power of arousing in men and women the slumbering unsuspected highest that is in them. When the last perfect note faded into silence, the people rose to their feet, applauding, crying, cheering: a storm of flowers warm from fluttering breasts and jewelled hands fell about the singer, who stood smiling and radiant, knowing that whatever pleasure had been theirs in listening, it could not equal his in singing. With very different feelings towards their hosts, to whom they were indebted for so great a pleasure, the guests passed out of the theatre, and the brilliant, perfumed crowd spread out, filling the rooms of the great house with animated groups and knots of people. In the ball-room the musicians in their latticed balcony were playing dreamy waltz-music. The first of the dancers on the floor were the weather-beaten earl and his sprightly partner Miss Zip. She was looking almost pretty to-night, and entirely stylish and brilliant.

"How nice it is not to see the musicians blowing at their great horrid instruments!" she said: "they always look to me as if they were walruses having fits." The earl laughed, as he always did at Zip's nonsense. He had been away from New York for a year, and had not been so much amused in all that time as he had been that evening. On the whole, his coronet and title were not too large a price to pay for the companionship of this amusing American. He made up his mind to tell her so after supper.

Honor was dancing with Mr. Von Shack. She had not felt warm since that moment when she had recognized who it was that was coming toward her from out of the shadows of Washington Square. There was a feeling of deadly cold all about her heart, and it seemed to her as if her hands and feet could not be parts of her own body, they were so far away and numb. As her partner bowed his thanks for the dance, Hastings Delavale was beside her, and, before she realized what it was that he said, she was in his arms, whirling in a swift waltz, the close of which she felt must end her life. When it was over she left the ball-room with him, warm, rosy, thrilling with life, hardly to be recognized as the same woman who so shortly before had entered it pale and list-

less as a drooping lily. By some spell the past three years were wiped out from her memory. She was again Honor Greystone, the careless, happy girl, full of joy and content because Hastings, her lover, was at her side. His unfaith, her own despair, her wretched marriage, her unwilling wifehood, were all forgotten; it was as if nothing had ever come between them; he was his old self, and she was his love, as of old. Who says there is no turning back the page of life? There would be fewer sinners among us were it so! Unreal as this shadow of the past might seem on the morrow, that night it was the truest thing that this man and woman had known since they had parted that weary while ago. What was the power that had rolled back the misty curtain of the years? Came it from her soul, or from his? or from that past when their two souls had been in harmony! Together they wandered through the rooms of the great house, which had been transformed into a series of apartments fanciful as the palace of a fairy-tale. The imagination which had planned the surprises which every room held had been as rich as the purse which had realized them. They found themselves in a land of tropic bloom and perfume, lighted from some invisible source with a flood of yellow sunshine, wandering beneath orange-trees laden with golden fruit and heavily-scented blossoms. The air was warm and soft; there was a sound of gently-falling water; there were violets everywhere, and orchids,—wonderful dream-flowers, hanging from the roof and sides. At one end of the conservatory was set a single smooth sheet of glass, so clear that they looked out and almost fancied there was nothing between them and the ice grotto in the court-yard outside. This was illuminated with cold, rose-colored lights, changeful and flashing like those of the aurora.

"Honor," whispered the man beside her, "all these weary months and years I have been freezing in a house of ice like that, and to-night I have come back again to warmth, to light, to hope, to you."

She did not answer him, for they were alone no longer. The earl and his partner had just entered the conservatory. His lordship broke off a spray of orange-blossoms and offered them to Zip, saying,—

"Will you wear these for me?"

"Not if they are unbecoming, surely," she laughed.

"But I find them most becoming," said his lordship, holding them against her hair.

"I am not sure whether they are suitable," said Miss Zip, in a low tone.

"That is a question for you to decide. I find them so, and ask you again, will you wear them for me?"

"Seriously?"

"Yes, seriously."

"Ah, bah! one does not talk about serious matters at a ball."

"Now, God forbid that you should take this matter seriously! The thing I like best about you is that you make such a joke of life."

"Then it is the position of court jester that you offer me?"

"Exactly. Shall we jest together for the rest of our natural lives?"

It was evident that the Earl of Blankshire was in earnest.

"I suppose you expect me to answer 'jest so,'" said the girl, fastening the flowers in her hair, and giving him a bit for his button-hole. "How do you feel about supper?" she added; and, as he said he felt "very keen about it," they passed on to the supper-room, to solemnize the compact they had just made with a toast.

Other people drift into the conservatory, and Honor and Hastings pass out and find themselves in what appears to be the car of a vast balloon. The floor is covered with plaited rushes; the sides are of wicker-work, reaching half-way up the walls; above this is a net-work of ropes, meeting at a point in the centre, from which swells the rounded outline of a vast balloon; and above this, blue sky and soft distant clouds. They seated themselves, and Honor's quick fancy took up the suggestion so cunningly made by the artist, who without a flying carpet had lifted them off the earth, high up into the cloud-land.

"Are you not afraid," she said, "to be flying about here amidst stars and planets and all sorts of heavenly bodies?"

"With Venus by my side, what have I to fear from Mars or Saturn? Do you know that it does not seem possible that it is a matter of years since I saw you, except that each one has left you more beautiful?"

"Just feel how fast we are going now! See how the car rocks, how the clouds fly by! Is it not delicious to ride thus on the whirlwind?"

"Alas that it is not forever!"

"Why do you prick the poor bubble so soon, and bring us down to the ugly, weary old earth again? We were half-way to Africa; but you have pulled the string, the valve is opened, and we are sinking,—sinking! Look out and see where we shall land,—in the desert of Sahara or the Dead Sea!"

"Have you no more faith in me as a pilot? I see below us an island cradled in the blue waters of the *Ægean*. It is called *Cythera*: it is a land of flowers, of song, of sunshine, of youth and love. Have you enough faith in me to let me guide you to this fair isle?"

"No, no! I shall not choose *you* for a pilot to such a port: it is full of dangers, and there are many sunken rocks. We have struck one now. It has torn the side of our poor air-boat. Come, we have had enough of playing aeronaut."

She picked up her flowers and her fan, and led the way to an apartment which was in truth the crowning triumph of that almost fabulous *fête* which in future was to be known among the great festivities of the age as *McFarren's Folly*. The two, who had but now been flying through space, found themselves in a dim twilight underworld beneath the sea. They trod upon shining sea-sand strewn with delicate rainbow-tinted and rose-colored shells. On either side of them were walls of tremulous water-weeds, through which shone silver-fish, the windy nautilus, quaint finny monsters, delicate star-fish, and, faintly outlined in the distance, the awful figure of the devil-fish. Overhead the light filtered down through a pale-green distance as of waters. The ground was strewn with rocks encrusted with sea-mosses and shells, and bits which might have come from vessels wrecked long and long ago.

"Now that you have wrecked our poor air-ship, we are drowned and under the sea!" cried Honor. "And, if I am not mistaken, it is the Adriatic, and not the Ægean, that rolls above us. This light comes from the great lanterns that swing from the big black posts in the Grand Canal at Venice. Above there, do you not see the dark prow of a gondola, and, higher yet, the shadow of the winged lion?"

At that moment their hostess entered the room. Honor rose and came to her side, saying,—

"We owe you a great debt. You have taken us out of New York to-night and carried us as far as Venice. Is this really Aladdin's Palace?"

"No," answered Mrs. McFarren, gravely: "the house was built for Mr. De Vaux, but he never lived in it,—poor man!—Are you not coming in to supper?" she added, turning to Hastings with an imploring look. "You must help me," she whispered to him, as Honor moved away. "Cole is drunk in the supper-room, and McFarren says you *must* get him out of the house without a scene."

There were tears in the poor woman's eyes. However great a success her party was, she had suffered for it, as even those who make the greatest social successes often have to suffer. Hastings looked very black. It was bitter to him that in this moment the yoke into which he had put his neck should weigh him down so heavily. He loved Honor to-night as he had never loved her before,—with the despair with which men and women love the thing that is just beyond their reach. He had forgotten how lovely she was, and now that she seemed to be almost given back to him, the woman whom he had hungered and thirsted after, the woman whose love he had flung away to propitiate the brazen god,—he must leave her side at the command of that high-priest of Mammon, Michael McFarren, to whom he had sold himself body and soul.

He hesitated a moment, saying,—

"How can I leave Mrs. Archer alone?"

"I will stay with her," whispered the hostess: "only go; go at once. Anybody can take Mrs. Archer in to supper, but you are the only person who can help us to get that brute out of the house quietly."

There was nothing for it but to do as she asked, and, resisting a strong desire to curse everything in general and Dick Cole in particular, Hastings left the two ladies together, and made his way through the masses of brilliant animated men and women who were talking and laughing in the great hall, to the dining-room. In a small inner room where the wine was served he caught a glimpse of a green satin gown amidst a mass of black coats. The room was filled with men, eating and drinking, after the manner of men on such occasions. As the wine was served without stint, and there was evidently no danger of its running short, a more jovial spirit was observable than on some similar occasions. There was no ungenerous sequestration of bottles of champagne, and the feasters had less the appearance and manners of a horde of starved Goths than is sometimes seen in like circumstances. Wedged in among this mass of eating and drinking humanity, the only woman in the room, stood the stout ex-washerwoman, Mary Ann Cole. There were tears in her eyes: she was ashamed and mortified at the condition



of her liege lord and master, but she stood by him bravely, after the manner of her kind. She laid one broad hand on his arm, saying, persuasively,—

"Come, Dick, old man, it's time for old folks like us to be going home. There's Tom and Hannah Maria as has never been out of their beds later nor ten o'clock afore to-night, and it's long past twelve now."

The boozy giant had passed through the good-natured, loquacious phase of intoxication, and was now inclined to be quarrelsome.

"Be quiet, Mary Ann," he said, sharply. "You go home, and take the kids along with you. This ain't no place for women and children, nohow. I come all the way from Sacramento City for this yere blow-out of McFarren's, and I'm darned if I won't see him through. McFarren and me was partners, recollect that; and if it hadn't been for his being as sharp as an A No. 1 razor, where would you be now, I should like to know? Where'd yer dimond ear-rings be, and yer silk gownd, and yer parlor-car,—you as crossed the Plains in an emigrant-wagon, and glad of the chance, too?" He had raised his voice, and the bystanders were taking in the scene thoroughly. The poor woman turned in despair to McFarren, who was standing beside her, and whispered to him,—

"For the love of all the saints, get him out of this room, can't you? He hain't been like this for two year. If we don't get him home soon, he'll be fighting drunk, and then there's no two men here as could tackle him."

Cole, meanwhile, had wrested another bottle of champagne from a terrified waiter, the contents of which he poured into a tumbler, keeping the bottle under his left arm.

"Let's get out of this room, Cole," said McFarren: "it's too hot here. Come into my office with me: I want to talk to you about some important business."

"I come here to-night for pleasure, and not for business," roared the drunken man, "but, if you must talk business, talk it here: I want witnesses. You're a d—— slippery hand, Mike McFarren, and if I hadn't er cornered you in that San Diabolo mine business I might ha' been living underground still, and you," looking savagely at his wife, "might ha' been taking in washing, for all you put on so many airs. You see, the way of it was this," he continued, laying his hand familiarly on the shoulder of Stobbs, the butler, who had come to see if he could help his master. "This was how it was: McFarren was boss at Dog's Ear, being at oncet the head of the San Diabolo and the owner of the mill. Them greenhorns of directors didn't know what that meant, but I suspicioned his game from the start." He paused in his torrent of talk to fill his glass as well as his unsteady hand would allow. The scene was growing interesting. There was silence in the room. Everybody looked at McFarren, who was as cool as ever, and, save for a slight nervous twitching about the eyelids, gave no sign of what he felt.

"It was only just afore we found the great lead as we become partners; and if I hadn't threatened him when I did, I should never have had my share of that bit of good fortin. I'm the richest man in California today. I could buy out 'most any of the nabobs of New York City." At

this moment Cole's speech was interrupted by Hastings Delavale, who pushed his way through the crowd and touched the brawny giant on the shoulder, saying, "Mr. Richard Cole, I believe, of Sacramento? I have just come from your hotel to tell you that a delegation have waited upon you there to offer you the Democratic nomination for governor of the State. I have a carriage waiting. Can you come back with me immediately?" Cole, of whose political ambition Hastings happened to know, drew himself together, and, laying down both glass and bottle, gravely shook hands with Stobbs, and, nodding a defiant good-by to McFarren, answered,—

"Sir, I'm glad to meet ye. I'm at your service and that of the committee."

He took Hastings's proffered arm, and with its support managed to get out of the room and the house without falling. His wife and children followed behind, silent and bitterly mortified. The candidate for governor of California was put in his carriage, where he soon fell into a sound sleep, from which he did not awake until noon the next day. His remembrances of "McFarren's Folly" were hopelessly confused with some political nomination, of the nature of which he was never able to learn anything more.

When Hastings came back to look for Honor, she had gone. He spent the rest of the evening in doing his duty by such of the ladies present as were least likely to bore him. He and his mother were the last to leave, and as they drove home together through the quiet streets she said to him,—

"On the whole, it has been a great success. This has been the entering wedge: it remains to see whether the foolish, underbred little woman has the wit and the sense to drive it home. Don't you agree with me?"

Hastings, who had been leaning out of the window to catch a glimpse of a certain house as the carriage drove through Washington Square, had not heard a word of what his mother had been saying, but, instead of telling her so, he said,—

"Of course, mother: you are always right about that sort of thing."  
And there the conversation ended.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### TEMPTATION.

THE sleep from which Honor awoke the next morning had been a peculiar one. She had lain motionless, dreamless, sunk in that unconscious slumber which seems almost a swoon. It was like the sleep that people experience after they have been magnetized, when the spirit seems to be folded in the innermost heart of sleep. She awoke to full consciousness of the present, but with a confused remembrance of what had happened the night before. That Hastings had come back, and that she had been for some time alone with him, she realized; but of their conversation nothing remained in her mind. It was long past her usual breakfast-time, and, knowing that her husband must have left the

house, she rang the bell and ordered her coffee to be brought to her room. Her maid drew back the curtains, and let the white sunlight, with its dazzling reflection of the new-fallen snow, stream into the luxurious bedroom. Honor took the odd lacquered tray, shaped like a lotus-leaf, and, resting it on her knees, lifted to her lips the polished jade cup from which she always took her coffee. The cup was many hundreds of years old, of that wonderful green color of "sea-moss in sea-water." Stuart had given it to her years and years ago, and she never took it in her hand without a thought of him. She was full of more than thoughts of him this morning. This was not the first moment in her life when she had felt an intense need of his presence, his advice, his sympathy. In all times of adversity,—on the day when Hastings had left her, on the night when she was wedded, and now that her old lover had come back,—something within her turned towards that dear distant friend, her child-lover, the man who had always cared for her more than any other person in the world. This feeling was instinctive: she had never reasoned with herself about it, and it had never been so strong with her as in that first waking hour.

Yielding to this yearning, necessity almost, of reaching out towards him, she drew her writing-materials from the table and wrote Stuart a long letter, giving an account of her life and the happenings in it which would interest him, and ending with a description of last night's festivity. As she sealed the letter she gave a little sigh of relief: she felt better, stronger, more like her old innocent self again, after she had held that spiritual communing with the man whose influence had always stimulated everything that was best and highest in her nature. There was a singular ingrained purity in Honor Archer, which was as unlike the measured virtue of women who are good from principle or education as the song of the wild wood-bird differs from the note of the caged goldfinch. That thing in her which leaned towards her absent friend made her recoil from any unworthy thought or action with a feeling of positive repulsion. She had been a good woman without ever thinking about it, through instinct, and not through principle. There was a quality of lawlessness born with her which induced a contemptuous disregard for laws moral and social in themselves. Right in her nature was an impulse never arrived at by any statute or code. Her whole moral nature had been sadly jarred and thrown out of equilibrium by the shock it had received in her loss of faith in Hastings Delavale. She had endowed this handsome, graceful young man with all the virtues which she believed made a man admirable. She had fashioned unto herself an ideal, and proceeded to fit her lover to it. Strong, brave, unselfish, tender, pure, wise, and without guile Hastings Delavale certainly was not, nor would he have laid claim to these qualities; but Honor had claimed them for him, and had insisted upon regarding him as "a knight like Bayard, without reproach or fear." For this misconception of his nature Hastings was not responsible: he had often, to do him justice, told Honor that he was not at all the sort of man she persisted in believing him to be. The disillusionment was cruelly sudden. If she had married Hastings, the process would have probably been slower; she would have very gradually learned to know

the real man as he was, and quietly accepted him, with all his weaknesses and faults, in place of the ideal which had lived only in her heart. But the mask had been suddenly stripped from the face; and, though it had been of her own fashioning, the discovery was none the less bitter for that. She was like a ship without a compass, drifting at the mercy of wind and tide: wind and tide had carried her into the port of matrimony, but the harbor was not a safe one, and she had not yet found an anchorage.

The morning after the ball, as Honor was sitting at her piano, swept along on the torrent of her own song, Hastings Delavale's card was brought to her. The letter she had written to Stuart lay beside her, waiting to be posted. She took the letter in her hand and placed the card where it had lain, before saying to the servant,—

"Say that I am not receiving to-day."

When she was alone, she tore the card across and across, and threw the pieces into the fire.

Hastings heard her strong young voice ringing out in the measures of an old French love-song.

Her refusal to see him was like a blow in the face. He made the servant repeat her brief message of excuse, and left the house, angry and mortified.

After this he often met her driving in the Park, he came into her box at the opera, he was received at her house with other friends, and once or twice in the course of the winter dined there.

With an exquisite tact, which only he and one other perceived, she avoided, as persistently as he endeavored to secure, a *little-a-little*. Delavale was puzzled and fascinated by this new illusive quality in her. Honor, who in other days had bared her heart to him as he had never seen another human heart unveiled, whose open frank nature had sometimes almost wearied him with its simplicity, whose love had shone upon him with the unchanging warmth of a summer's day, cloudless and untempered by the faintest breath of doubt,—this woman, whom he fancied he knew better than he knew himself, was altered almost past recognition. This pursuit and its evasion were carefully watched by a third person, who appeared to see nothing, yet who saw everything. Oliver Archer stood passively by and watched the siege,—saw through the snares, and made no sign, gave no help to the woman who had striven so faithfully to do her duty by him, the wife he had sworn to love and cherish. He watched and waited. "She must fight it out herself," he said to himself. "If she is strong, as I think her, she will not yield; if she is weak, it is better that I should know it now." Meantime, he made his will.

That night when Hastings had come upon Honor unawares he had been sure that she still loved him. Her will had yielded to his. She had been strongly moved by him; the old magnetism by which he had so often swayed her had not lost its power. But now, though he saw her continually, he was not so sure. There was sometimes a look in those odd yellow eyes of hers that it did not please him to see there. It was half scornful, half defiant. Meanwhile, the season moved on, and the round of social pleasures and duties continued as in other



winters. There was the inevitable divorce-scandal, the great failure in Wall Street, the suicide of a spent worldling, who, having thrown away all that makes life precious, finally throws away the divine gift of life itself. In the other scale of the balance there was the work among the rich for those who are poor, sick, and sinful; there was the honest labor of the vast army of those who are neither poor nor rich, the happiest class in every community, the fruits of whose labor are sufficient unto the needs of their existence. McFarren, McFarren's Folly, and McFarren's wife were still topics of endless conversation. "These new people" had, of course, made some blunders, but they had made more successes. They had been hugely laughed at, but they had, on the whole, succeeded better than Mrs. Hastings Delavale in her most sanguine hours had thought possible. They gave the best dinners in New York. By the never-sleeping watchfulness of their social sponsor, ostentation was pruned to the limits of elegance, and extravagance subdued to an æsthetic luxury. Mrs. Delavale was a woman who never did things by halves. Not a dress, not a bonnet, not a bit of jewelry, was allowed to the foolish little *parvenue* that was not submitted to her rigid scrutiny. She and the *chef* made out the *menus*; she and the butler decided on the wines; she and her son agreed on the guests. Mrs. McFarren could hardly be said to have enjoyed her social success. She had to submit in all matters concerning society to the inexorable will of this cold, silver-haired matron, who never lost her temper and never raised her voice. The situation would have been an impossible one with any less impassive arbiter of affairs than Mrs. Delavale. When Mrs. McFarren lost her temper, Mrs. Delavale changed the subject with her grand air, and paid no more attention to Mollie's impatient outbursts than she did to the impertinences of one of the children. Meanwhile, Hastings was known to be doing well in Wall Street. Everything he touched seemed to rise in value; everything he dropped, to fall. At the end of the season, when Ash-Wednesday had put its gray seal on the gayety and goings-on of the social world, the two allies, Michael McFarren and Mrs. Delavale, met by chance on Fifth Avenue. They rarely saw each other alone. Gravely baring his head, McFarren took the lady's proffered hand.

"Madam," he said, "I have a great deal to thank you for."

"Not at all," she answered, with equal gravity. "The weight of the obligation is on my side. Any one else could have done the little that I have been able to do for your wife as well as I, while there is no one who could have given my son the good advice that you have given him."

"That is true, madam; but it is equally true that you have been quite as important to Mrs. McFarren's success as I may have been to your son's. I am not given to flattery, as you know, and I mean it when I say that you are the cleverest woman that I have ever known."

A smile of pleased vanity lighted up Mrs. Delavale's cold face, and as these two partners stood together, saying some parting words, John Greyerstone, with his daughter Honor on his arm, passed by. The smile faded from the elder woman's lips and her face flushed deeply as she returned the bow of the man who had once loved her, and whose

scornful eyes made her ashamed of her new ally and of the terms of their alliance.

Whoever may have regretted the advent of Lent, it was wholly welcome to Mr. Oliver Archer. He had been ailing all winter; his old enemy the gout had pinched him oftener and more severely than usual. His heart, too, was in a bad condition, and his doctor warned him that a complication might easily result in his case the effects of which would be dangerous, possibly fatal. He must give up business, avoid all excitement, and take a trip to Europe without loss of time. He told his wife nothing of this, and she only knew that he seemed out of spirits and looked a trifle paler than usual. He began making his preparations for a year's absence without giving any hint of them to Honor. It suited him to feel that he had a right thus to control her actions, and to tell her perhaps at the last moment that she was to leave New York for an indefinite absence. He felt a certain savage pleasure in the thought that if her untrammelled spirit was beyond his reach its case and outward vesture were his to command. He was bitterly jealous of Hastings Delavale, though he knew his wife too well to believe for a moment that she would deceive him.

Lent fell very late, and the air was full of the whisperings of spring when, on the first of the penitential days, Honor and her husband left New York to spend a few days in their cottage at Tuxedo Park.

Hastings, who had never seen the place before, came down to spend the following Sunday at the club-house. His being there for the first time on the occasion of the Archers' visit was one of those coincidences which only Hastings could have explained. Honor was in no wise responsible for it. She had not mentioned their proposed absence to him, and Delavale had learned of it by chance only; but to Archer, always on the lookout for some concession on Honor's part, the young man's presence was ominous indeed. Archer had left his cottage with the idea of going up to New York for the afternoon, and it was only at the station that he heard of Delavale's arrival the night before.

Hastings had come down with some friends, dined at the club, and the next morning joined a riding-party to a neighboring town. It is possible that the young man knew that Oliver Archer had important business to transact with Michael McFarren on that Sunday evening and that he would be obliged to take the afternoon train for New York. It is certain that he left his friends an hour before they were ready to return, and rode back to Tuxedo as fast as his tall sorrel could carry him. The horse was worthy of the rider. As they flashed through the quiet country lanes, sweet with the aromatic odors of the swelling buds, the young man sang over and over again the burden of that sweet old French love-song that Honor used to sing,—

*J'ai perdu elle pour qui j'avais tant d'amour,  
Elle, si belle, qui je plains chaque jour.*

Hastings Delavale had never looked handsomer than on that afternoon. His heart was full of love and hope. He felt intensely alive: the exhilarating exercise, the keen, invigorating spring air, the beauty of the country, had brought a deeper color to his cheeks, a new brilliancy to

his blue eyes. He was happy and hopeful, and he had no thought that his hope was a sinful one,—that the happiness he hoped to win had dishonor for its yokemate. There was no wicked feeling in his heart: it was overflowing with kindness. He stopped his horse to give a gold piece to a poor old woman toiling up a hill with a bunch of fagots on her back: the tears rushed to his eyes at the thanks the astonished old creature poured out for this unexpected charity. Hastings Delavale was not a bad man, but he lacked all sense of moral responsibility. He was hungry, and would eat: if the fruit was another's, still he was hungry, and his first instinct was to satisfy that hunger. When he reached Tuxedo he left his horse at the stables and made his way directly to the Archers' cottage.

The sun had just set, and the sky was still bright with the primrose after-glow. He caught a glimpse of Honor sitting near the window, looking listlessly out towards the west. The cottage door had been left ajar. He entered and quietly shut it behind him, passing silently and unannounced into her presence. She was sitting in a low chair, her head thrown back, her hands clasped over her knees, looking out into the sunset. Her loosened hair, her softly-flushed cheeks, the slight disarrangement of her dress, which parted at the throat, giving a glimpse of an ivory-white neck from which a knot of violets was falling, and something in the languorous grace of the attitude, suggested that she had been asleep. Her soft black lace draperies fell about the grand lines of her figure in drooping folds; her small arched feet in their satin slippers were fully exposed, and a glimpse of her slender ankles was caught, where the hem of her dress was turned back. He stood still for a moment in the shadow of the door-way, and looked at her with his deep, consuming eyes, drinking in every detail of her loveliness with such an ardent intensity that she seemed to feel his gaze, and moved instinctively, arranging her hair and the flowers in her breast as she looked about the room to see if there was any one there. As she rose, he came forward, took her hand in both of his, and stood looking down at her with an expression of masterful determination.

"How cruel of you to move so soon! you never looked so beautiful before, you never can look so beautiful again, as you did just now, when you fancied yourself alone with your thoughts."

"How you startled me!" said Honor. "I must have been asleep. Did you come in with Mr. Archer?"

"No: I found your door open, and I came to you. It was the natural thing to do: it is always the natural thing for me to come to you."

He still held her hand, though she tried uneasily to free it from his ardent grasp. She was confused and startled: a warm wave of feeling swept over her, and she trembled as the wind-flower trembles in the wind.

"Honor, you have been very cruel to me," he murmured.

"I have been cruel to you?" she interrupted, fiercely, with a laugh that was not good to hear.

"Hush, dear: let me speak. You have been cruel, and God knows

I have deserved it. But you have never realized nor let me tell you of the pressure that was brought to bear upon me all those years ago."

"That is all past now: what use is there in bringing it up again?"

"Because we must understand each other; because you must let me tell you that it was for your sake that I acted as I did, though you despised me for it."

"I understood you then, Hastings. I understand you now. Enough of this."

"No, Honor, you do not understand me: you are so strong, so good, so noble, that you cannot understand my weakness, my want of faith in you, in myself, in the power of our love to conquer all the obstacles in its path."

She tried to interrupt him, but he would speak:

"You have never let me tell you what I have suffered; you have denied me a hearing; you have treated me as if I were a stranger,—I, the man you once loved, and who loves you as you have never been—never can be—loved again. Now my chance has come, I must speak, and you must hear."

Hastings was so intent upon what he was saying, Honor was listening to him in such an agony of suspense, that neither of them heard the front door softly opened and shut, nor saw the shadow that passed through the hall, or the slight trembling of the velvet curtains which hung between the boudoir where they stood and the library beyond it. Hastings still held Honor's hand in both of his: he was so near her that she felt upon her cheek the breath of her old love, handsomer than ever before, a hundred times more her lover than he had ever been, pleading with tender eyes and voice. She dropped her eyes, that she might not meet the passionate longing in his; she tried to unclasp her hand from his clinging grasp, but he pressed it so strongly that she cried, piteously,—

"Let me go, Hastings: you hurt me."

He fell on his knees beside her, and kissed her hand desperately, murmuring, "Honor, my darling, I will let you go when you have told me that you have forgiven me. Look into my eyes and let me read in yours that you have not forgotten all that we have been to each other, all that we must always be to each other, and I will leave you, if you tell me to, and never try to see you again."

Honor did not speak aloud, but she repeated to herself the word "mother—mother—mother!" over and over again.

"We have been mad to think we could live without each other, my own heart's blood; and yet, Honor, I, who love you as I believe man never loved woman before, will go away from you, will never seek the heaven of your presence again; but not until you have forgiven me,—not until I have held you once more in my arms."

His voice was broken, his face aflame. Honor dared not look into his eyes. He stood beside her now, with outstretched arms; he had loosed her hand, and stood waiting for her answer. There was a moment of silence, which seemed to Honor longer than all the rest of her life. Her heart seemed the ground where a mighty battle was raging,—a fight which, whatever way the victory fell, would leave the field a



seared and withered plain, wherein no good or lovely thing could ever live again.

Husband—father—mother,—the thought of these three who loved her came to her mind, but it had no power to still the tempest, to drive back the flood that was breaking over her. The man for whose love she had pined came a step nearer to her.

"Forgive me, Honor; love me! You are mine by love's right: nothing can ever take you from me." Honor loosened the velvet band about her throat: she had once narrowly escaped drowning; she remembered that the sensation had been very like what she felt now.

"Help!" The cry was a silent one, rising from her passion-tossed soul. As if in answer to her cry, there seemed to grow from out of the darkness which had gathered in the room, a face,—the pale face of a man, with a wide, white brow, a mouth firm and beautiful, and eyes that looked at her sadly, reproachfully, imploringly,—deep gray eyes, with a shadow in them,—the eyes of her child-lover, Henry Stuart. She knew that he was not there, she never doubted that what she saw was only a shadow, but the power of that phantasm of a face was stronger than the will of the passionate lover beside her. With a supreme gesture she turned from Hastings, a look in her face at which the hope in his heart grew faint. "Go," she cried, "go! and never let me see you again, false friend and false lover. You have never loved me; you have never loved anything but yourself. You ask me to love you,—you! And yet I did love you once; and what a thing it was I loved! A man who broke my heart, whose falseness drove me to wrong a man who had always been my friend, to utter a lie before God's altar, to sell myself like a chattel, that I might save the sisters that I loved from such a grievous lot as mine; and, now that you have wrecked my life, you come to me, whom you deserted in the hour of need, and tempt me to the last suffering which life can still hold for me. But you have gone a step too far, and I am speaking heaven's truth in saying that I love you no longer, and that, if I had known you before as I do now, I never could have loved you."

She paused, breathless from the storm of words which had fallen like a stroke of lightning on Hastings Delavale. He was quite pale; he had set his teeth and listened to every word of that terrible sentence, which seemed to be engraved in burning letters on his brain.

Again there was that slight trembling of the velvet curtains, behind which the outlines of a man might have been seen, had either of them looked in that direction. But they were too intent on the parts that they were playing in this great scene of the drama of their lives to have a thought of any possible listener.

Both were now silent, grief-stricken, like mourners standing beside their dead love. The space between them seemed to Honor like an open grave, and the hot tears that streamed from her eyes were the last tributes laid on the pale, cold brow of the love which in the morning of life had been so radiant and beautiful. There was a long pause, in which it seemed to her that both took their last look at that hope of youth.

"Good-by, Honor,—good-by forever. You will never see me again in this world."

"Good-by, Hastings. I am sorry if I have hurt you: let us forgive each other."

"I have nothing to forgive," he answered, taking her hand in his cold grasp for a moment. "I deserve it all. Good-by,—God be with you." In another moment Honor was alone. She heard the house door close behind him, and a few minutes later her name was called, in a faint voice, from the inner room. She dried the tears that were still flowing, and, drawing back the curtains, entered the library, at the farther end of which she could just make out the figure of her husband lying upon a divan.

"Honor," he said, in the same odd, faint voice, "I am not quite well: give me a glass of wine."

She brought him what he asked for, and when he had taken the wine she made the cushions comfortable beneath his head, spread a warm rug over him, placed a light so that it should not fall in his eyes, doing all these necessary things quietly, and without any of that anxious haste which is so irritating to tired nerves. She was a woman for an emergency. The strong maternal quality of her nature, the instinct that makes the good sick-nurse and the good mother, had asserted itself instantly, and, for the moment, obliterated the memory of the terrible interview she had just passed through. When she had made her husband quite comfortable, she sat beside him, and waited till he should speak. At last he said,—

"I walked up from the station too fast. It was very cold, and I had forgotten my overcoat. I ran part of the way. I should not have done it. I have been warned. But it is nothing,—only a little pain about my heart. I saw that you had visitors, and did not want to disturb you until they were gone."

He spoke slowly, and with some difficulty. Was he telling the truth? Was the pain from which he was suffering caused by an over-quick walk? Had he heard what had passed between Hastings and herself? She asked herself the question with a dreadful sinking at her heart.

With the assistance of his valet, she got her husband up-stairs and into his bed. He seemed to be growing rapidly worse; and when the physician came, one glance at his anxious face showed her how ill her husband was.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### COMPOUNDING A FELONY.

SINCE Michael McFarren had been numbered among the princes of the earth, he had conquered every will and every interest opposed to his own, with perhaps one trifling exception, by the force of that mighty weapon, money. There is no article in the creed of the Mammonites which is more universally accepted among them than that one which teaches that every man and every woman in the world has his or her price. McFarren had seen no reason to doubt this article of faith, and he had always acted on the strength of its being a sound one. He had bought men and women,—gentlemen, even, and gentlewomen. There

was a pleasing variety in these purchases, and in the manner in which they were made, which was a source of unfailing amusement and interest to the buyer. He had bought more than one judge, several juries, an election or two, and a city government; he had even carried on his negotiations under the shadow of the great dome at Washington, and such and such "honorable members" were known by the initiated to be in his pay. He had bought the moral support of a certain eminent preacher and that of his whole congregation at the price of a wonderful new church, in the erection of which no cost had been spared. Over the groined roof of this place of worship lay the shadow of the cross which surmounted its imposing façade, and the sunlight that sifted through the rich jewelled windows streamed across the altar dedicated to the God of the Christians by one of the mightiest of the worshippers of Mammon. All Christendom revolted at the act of the cynic Voltaire, whose chapel at Ferney still bears the inscription

DEO EREXIT VOLTAIRE,

but no voice of protest was raised against this more grim satirist of to-day.

McFarren made few friends among his myrmidons, preferring to treat them as allies or servants, as the mettle of the man or the emergencies of the case required. He was little given to forming partnerships, and few people shared his confidence. This saved him the annoyance of pensioning such of his men as were past service. They were engaged for certain campaigns, and, as they had little knowledge of their chief's tactics, they were easily paid off after their term of service had expired.

McFarren was a practical man, and his imagination was for the most part busy with forming practical schemes for the future; but there were hours in his life when certain scenes from the past rose before him with a strange vividness. He would sometimes awake, with a beating heart and trembling limbs, from a familiar dream, in which he was forever making his way across a narrow path overhanging a terrible precipice, at the base of which angry figures were flinging their arms over their heads and crying out for his blood:

"Kill him! kill him!"

His waking hours were sometimes made irksome with the thoughts of two men, the only persons in the world of whom he was afraid,—Henry Stuart and Elias Nelson. Nelson was in his pay, and would hold his peace, unless it were made better worth while for him to speak and tell what he knew of certain dealings carried on at Dog's Ear at the time when he was assayer of the mine and McFarren was at once its superintendent and the owner of the adjacent tailing-mill. Nelson could tell a story that would set all New York agog, if he were paid handsomely enough to do so. What Stuart knew would have no legal weight against McFarren; but if Stuart and Nelson should combine against him they would have a pretty strong case. McFarren knew of all the younger man's efforts to track Nelson down. He had been responsible for the half-dozen false scents which he had so patiently fol-

lowed up. Though Stuart had been so often baffled and disappointed, he had never once flagged in his determination to find Nelson,—that link absolutely necessary to complete the chain of evidence which should convict McFarren and his tool Richard Cole of the foul play which had made their fortunes and ruined John Greystone and so many other innocent people. Many incentives had led Stuart to this determination,—friendship, professional pride, and a strong desire to see justice administered to the pair of knaves whose trickery and deceit had outwitted him. The young man believed that they could be made to suffer the full penalty of the law, and be forced to refund what they had stolen from the San Diabolo mine, and to serve a term of imprisonment as well. His first desire was that his friend Mr. Greystone and those who had suffered with him should have the money of which they had been robbed refunded to them, and with this he had a very natural wish to see Michael McFarren and Richard Cole in the costume and locality most appropriate to them,—the striped suit and the State's prison.

McFarren's restless nights were followed by anxious days, when it was only with great difficulty that he settled his mind on the business of the hour. One morning, after the familiar nightmare had visited his dreams, he was seated in his office, his thoughts, at last, intent upon his latest financial scheme, which if it should prove successful would militate against the well-being of the whole nation. He was planning some detail of a gigantic operation or corner in wheat, which could hardly fail to bring several more millions into his coffers. In his calculations he omitted one side of the matter, the figures of which would perhaps have been too large for even his powerful intellect to grasp,—the number of men driven to desperation, the number of broken-hearted women, the number of children robbed of their birthrights, that the great wheat corner might be responsible for.

A clerk entered, and silently laid a despatch on the table beside him. McFarren did not break the seal until he had carried out the train of thought in which he had been absorbed when the message was brought in. Then, after jotting down a memorandum, he read the telegram, which was dated Melbourne and contained the following words: "Nelson sailed with Stuart to-day." McFarren's keen, subtle face grew more intense and alert, his pulse beat quicker: the news was a fillip to that excitement which had become as necessary to him as the dram to the drunkard. He must make ready for action, for the game had begun in downright earnest at last. Stuart and Nelson, the only two men in all the world he was afraid of, were matched against him and his partner Mammon. He never doubted who would win. He had not yet played his first card, and he held a long suit of trumps. He rose from his chair and began walking nervously up and down the room, rubbing his small, covetous hands briskly together. He had an odd trick of talking to himself when alone, always in too low a tone to be overheard.

"So they've pooled their interests," he murmured, "and mean to make a good thing out of it. It's either that, or else Stuart is backed by the old directors."



Whichever hypothesis should prove the true one, he would be prepared to meet it, and he marked out a campaign with the clearness and penetration of a Napoleon. They must hold strong cards who hoped to win the game from such adversaries as Michael McFarren and his partner. The information telegraphed from Australia gave him, at the smallest reckoning, forty days to prepare for the struggle that was to come. Though he had not been able to control the actions of his old accomplice Nelson, they had been always shadowed, and "to be forewarned is to be forearmed." McFarren remembered with a deeper regret than he had before felt that his trusty lieutenant Oliver Archer was laid low, that his fighting days were over, and the very hours of his existence numbered. This was an annoyance; but his place must be filled and his work must be done by some other of the band of soldiers leagued together under his banner.

McFarren found time that afternoon to call upon Mrs. Archer and inquire about her husband. It is a characteristic of most people with intensely full and busy lives that they above all others are sure to find time to discharge these minor duties of human intercourse. He found Honor very pale and sad. They had told her that her husband must die. Archer had been very kind and generous to her. Moreover, she knew that, though he had asked her to marry him without loving her, he had, after she had become his wife, fallen deeply and painfully in love with her. She was very gentle and remorseful, and through those last days tended him with an untiring devotion. McFarren went into the sick-room and spoke for a moment with his poor friend, coming out from that brief visit with the shadow of the suffering he had seen on his own face. The thought of death was terrible to him,—terrible as it only is to those who have given every energy to piling up treasures on earth, and whose whole capital has been invested in the goods of this world. We are not moved with great compassion at the death of a poor man, if he be not our friend: he has had little in life to attach him greatly to it; death, perhaps, may bring him compensations; but when one of Fortune's princes is summoned to his account, what a universal sympathy is expressed for him!

Poor Dives! how hard it must have been for him to go! He had so much to live for; he had such a sure and comfortable existence in this world; and to be suddenly hurled out of it, with as little ceremony as if he had been the beggar at his gate!—somehow it does not seem right!

The weeks, every day of which brought Henry Stuart and Elias Nelson nearer to New York, passed heavily and slowly over Michael McFarren's head. The illness, death, and funeral of his tried friend Oliver Archer cast a melancholy tinge over the time. He grew feverishly impatient for the arrival of the two men who meant to make so much mischief for him. He knew that the train was laid, the torch lighted, and every arrangement completed for a sudden onslaught upon him. He was prepared to meet it; and, moreover, his adversaries reckoned on one powerful element in the struggle which they had already lost,—that of its being a surprise to him. At last the day which he had so anxiously awaited came. In the list of arrivals from

Europe by the steamer *Scythia*, published in the day's paper, he read the name of Henry Stuart: there was no mention of Nelson; but two hours after the travellers stepped on shore, news was brought to McFarren that Stuart was accompanied by a tall, thin individual having red hair, pale-blue eyes, and a slight limp in his walk. The two went directly to the Brunswick Hotel, dined there together, and in the evening received several visitors, among whom was Mr. John Greyerstone. The guests remained late into the night; and after their departure Stuart and Nelson went to bed, their rooms being connected by the sitting-room in which they had received their callers. That Stuart should live on such terms of intimacy with a man like Nelson could be accounted for by McFarren only upon the supposition that Stuart was not sure of his man and was not willing to have him out of his sight.

Stuart's professional duties as a mining expert had led him to many parts of the world since his experience at Dog's Ear. He had started with only a day's warning on an expedition to Chili to examine the condition of certain copper-mines. He had lived for months in the alkali-desert of Arizona, enduring the terrible climate which had proved fatal to more than one of his predecessors, in order to regulate the affairs of an almost hopelessly mismanaged company. He had visited and reported upon the ruby-mines of Burmah and the asphalt-mines of Trinidad. He had received a commission to examine the Spanish copper-mines at Huelva, and, before he could return to New York, was engaged by a mining syndicate to visit the distant nickel-mines of New Caledonia. The promise which Stuart had so early shown developed into a sound reputation, and in the scientific world he was already widely known. The importance of his services had been fully recognized, and the very remarkable series of appointments which had kept him so constantly employed was regarded by his friends as a long run of luck. He himself must be forgiven if he believed that his marked and growing success was entirely due to his own honest work and conscientious research. It would have been a bitter mortification to him to learn that Michael McFarren, the man he was trying to unmask, was a very important factor in the sum of his success. McFarren, after his failure to buy Stuart, recognizing the value of a man who was not to be bought, determined to make use of him. To keep Stuart at a distance and actively engaged in his profession, and at the same time to benefit by his unimpeachable judgment, was a manner of killing two birds with one stone which was peculiarly gratifying to McFarren. Mixed up with these two motives, and possibly underlying both, was a genuine admiration for Stuart's character, and a shamed remembrance of the debt for his very existence which he owed the young man. The sense of the favor conferred was galling to him, and the nightmare of the precipice was always accompanied with the thought that it was Harry Stuart who had saved him from the Denver mob. Without ever appearing to be connected with the various enterprises in which Stuart had embarked, McFarren had in every case thrown the appointments in his way, so that they seemed to come quite naturally; but chance took the matter out of his hands when an Eng-

lish company engaged Stuart to visit a newly-discovered gold-field in the vicinity of Melbourne, just as he had completed his investigation of the nickel-mines in New Caledonia.

During all these adventurous journeyings Stuart had never flagged in his determination to find Nelson, and had at last stumbled upon his man, quite accidentally, in the dining-room of the hotel at Melbourne.

As the object of Stuart's presence in the place was well known, there was nothing to put Nelson on his guard. He was a weak, convivial fellow, good-natured and lazy, and he had always had a strong liking for Stuart. It was he who first spoke and renewed the acquaintance begun at Dog's Ear.

Now that he had found his man, Stuart realized how entirely repugnant to his own nature was the rôle of the detective. That same night he had told Nelson frankly that he had been looking for him ever since his sudden departure from Dog's Ear, and had put the matter for which he was wanted clearly before him. Nelson's evidence was needed to convict of fraud and embezzlement the two men of whose rascality he and Stuart held the only available evidence. The original directors, whom Stuart represented, were anxious to obtain that evidence, and were willing to pay handsomely for it. Would Nelson return to New York and give his testimony?

Nelson, who had been dining very well, had sense enough to sleep on the matter before giving his answer. He was thoroughly tired of Australia. The income that was paid him quarterly to remain in that enforced exile seemed to him an inadequate one. He had read in the newspapers accounts of what McFarren was doing, and had a pretty clear notion of that gentleman's greatly-augmented fortune. He had, by letter, suggested that what had been a fair price for his silence at the time of his departure was, now that it had permitted McFarren to double, triple, quadruple, turn over that fortune an infinite number of times, a mere pittance. But his plea had been ignored. Ever since he had read in an American newspaper the elaborate details of that gorgeous festivity, McFarren's Folly, he had felt more and more moved to break his contract and turn up one day in New York. Stuart's proposal came just when this resolution was ripe, and the morning after their meeting he announced his readiness to start for New York as soon as the business which had brought Stuart to Australia could be transacted. Each man had taken the other's measure pretty accurately. Stuart knew that if Nelson could see McFarren and make better terms with him than with the directors, all his trouble would go for naught. But he also knew, what the other seemed to ignore, that once in the United States, Nelson could be detained as a witness in the suit which was to be brought against McFarren.

On the night of their arrival in New York, a meeting of the men interested in the prosecution of Michael McFarren was held at Stuart's rooms. Nelson was unable to avoid being present, though he refused to give any evidence, beyond admitting that he was the assayer of the San Diabolo mine during the term of years that Michael McFarren had served as its superintendent, and that he had in his possession the notes he had made at the time. Notwithstanding Stuart's watchfulness,

Nelson contrived to let McFarren know all that had happened, but, to his discomfiture, no notice was taken of the hurried note which he had secretly sent to him.

On the day after Stuart's arrival, the men who were interested in exposing the robbery and fraud by which Michael McFarren had laid the foundations of what was now one of the great fortunes of the world, were assembled in the office of Mr. George Von Shack, one of the old directors of the company. There were present, besides Harry Stuart and the attorney by whose advice they hoped to profit, the Earl of Blankshire, John Greyerstone, Horatio Giddings, and Mr. Von Shack. These four gentlemen had been the largest stockholders, as well as the directors, of the San Diabolo Mining Company. They had each held large blocks of the stock, the balance of which had been held in small amounts, chiefly by persons living in Denver and other Western cities.

Stuart made his statement with the precision and authority which belonged to him, and was about to introduce Nelson, who was waiting in an adjacent room, when a message was brought in that Mr. Michael McFarren was outside and desired to be admitted. A sudden silence fell upon the group. Stuart was the first to speak.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I know this man better than you do. I beg, I implore you not to submit to his insolent intrusion. It can lead to no good."

The men looked doubtfully at each other, and Mr. Von Shack, turning to the lawyer on his right, asked his opinion. The lawyer, a judge, who for years had sat upon the bench and judged the just and the unjust, was not of Stuart's opinion, and thought "that it was always fair to give a man a hearing."

A minute later, McFarren entered the room. He bowed gravely to the company, and, declining the seat offered him by Mr. Von Shack, took his stand at the foot of the table round which they were all seated. There was a moment of awkward silence, which was broken by McFarren's saying, in a quiet voice, which was not without a certain dignity,—

"If I have not been misinformed, gentlemen, this meeting is connected with the affairs of the San Diabolo Mining Company, of which I am now the president and was formerly the superintendent. Am I right?"

"Yes," said John Greyerstone, coldly; "though I do not know who has given you your information: it is correct. Be so good, sir, as to explain to us the meaning of your interference: we have important business before us, in the transaction of which you can be of no assistance."

"There you are wrong, Mr. Greyerstone," said the ex-superintendent, coolly. "As I am responsible for any carelessness which may have occurred during the time that I was in charge of the mine, I am the person most interested, and can best explain any point in its management whose expediency you question."

McFarren had assumed from the first the tone of an injured person against whom some conspiracy was being meditated. John Greyerstone was silenced by the matchless impudence of the man, and the



others seemed nervous and ill at ease, as if they were conscious of having been discovered in some unfair action. McFarren saw the impression he had made, and followed it up before it had time to grow cold:

"I cannot help thinking, gentlemen, that it would have been easier and better all round if you had communicated directly with me. It would have saved time, trouble, and expense to some of you; it would have prevented all misunderstanding and ill-feeling between the past and present management of the company. I am a man both willing and able to pay for my mistakes. What are the complaints that you have against me?"

George Von Shack held a hurried consultation with the lawyer before he answered:

"There are two distinct charges against you as former superintendent of the San Diabolo mine. First, that the milling of the ore was, with your knowledge and consent, improperly done, so that three-quarters of the yield was sold as refuse; and, secondly, that false statements concerning the condition of the mine were made by you, which caused the stock to become valueless at a time when it was in point of fact of greater value than ever before."

After this concise statement of McFarren's misconduct, the gentlemen at the table sat up straighter in their chairs and began to look less like a pack of school-boys discovered in plotting against their master than they had done while McFarren was speaking.

"I deny that any such careless work as you describe was permitted, either with or without my knowledge," began McFarren, in a loud, stern voice, such as injured innocence might use. "I also deny the statement that any false report of the condition of the mine was made by me. The fraudulent reports which caused the sudden fall of stock, you will remember, were made by telegraph. Have you any proof to show who sent those messages?"

"How is that, Mr. Stuart?" asked the lawyer.

Harry shook his head, and answered, gloomily,—

"No, sir; but we have proof that the telegraph-operator at Dog's Ear resigned immediately after the rise of stock, and that all traces of his whereabouts have been carefully concealed. We have proof that he changed his name on leaving Dog's Ear, and reason to believe that, though he did not apply to the telegraph company for the wages due him for the last month of his services, they did not go unrewarded."

McFarren began to speak as soon as Stuart was silent.

"I know the nature of all the evidence you can bring forward in this matter," he said; "and I know, moreover, that it is absolutely worthless and without any legal weight. On the other hand, I am a man not given to lawsuits. I have always deeply regretted that you gentlemen should have lost so much money on that fraudulent rumor which proved so disastrous to you. While it was quite natural that I, knowing the value of the property, should have secured it as it came on the market, it is also natural that you should resent my having made money by the turn of affairs that cost you yours. I have some idea of the amount lost by each of you, and I shall be glad to make it

good to you, on condition that you will agree to take no further steps in this matter. I will here and now write out a check payable to Mr. Von Shack for the sum of five million dollars,—an amount which I believe fully covers the losses you have suffered, and any expenses you may have incurred in collecting worthless evidence against me which in your eyes was of some value.”

McFarren had spoken in a low, clear voice, which grew lower instead of louder as he concluded his proposition. There was a moment of silence, and then a confused clamor arose, every one speaking at once. Mr. Von Shack hammered on the table and endeavored to restore some semblance of order to the meeting. When he could make himself heard, McFarren continued,—

“I shall give you a half-hour to consider my proposition. At the end of that time I will return for your answer.”

As he turned to leave the room, McFarren glanced, for the first time, at Stuart. There was a smile on his thin lips, a cold twinkle in his shallow blue eyes as they met the younger man's, and the smile and the eyes seemed to say, “There, young man, take that trick if you can.”

When he was gone, there was a silence which not one of the men present wished to be the first to break. Finally Mr. Von Shack turned to the lawyer with a resumption of his polished, courtly manner, which he had lost in that moment of confused surprise, and asked him for his opinion of the proposal to which they had just listened. The lawyer's opinion was quite ready: it came so pat when it was asked for that it seemed to Stuart that it must have been prepared beforehand:

“My advice, gentlemen, is that you close with Mr. McFarren's offer without further delay: it is a handsome one. Even if we should win our case,—which I have warned you from the first is very doubtful,—we could hardly hope to make better terms. Taking into consideration all the delays and uncertainties of the law, my advice is that we accept Mr. McFarren's offer.”

There was a movement of assent among the men, and Stuart looked at John Greystone, to see if that friend whom he had always loved and respected like his own father had no word of protest to utter. The old man reddened under the honest eyes that met his, and, rising to his feet, made a vigorous protest against the proposed course:

“To let this man, whom we have now got at our mercy, slip through our fingers, after all the trouble and pains we have been at to prove the fraud by which he cheated us, would be perfect folly. Do you suppose that McFarren would put down his five millions so quickly if he did not know that we had him in a tight place? If he is glad to escape with paying five millions, it is because he owes us, and others who are not here to speak for themselves, ten times that amount. It is against all common sense to think of accepting his impudent proposal, which is nothing less than a bribe offered by this man to induce us to hold our tongues, when, by speaking, we can denounce him to the whole world.”

A storm of eloquent denials followed John Greystone's speech. His protest was drowned in a flood of reasons for the signing of the treaty of peace. He was angrily accused of being vindictive and malicious in his desire to disgrace a man who, whatever his past might

have been, was doing his best to atone for it. His protest was dubbed uncharitable, ungenerous, venomous, and unchristian. One of the speakers urged that bygones should be bygones, and that any further action by those present against the ex-superintendent would be most improper. Another speaker proposed that a statement should be drawn up, and signed by those present, withdrawing any adverse criticisms which might have been made on the management of the San Diabolo mine by its actual president and late superintendent, Michael McFarren.

In their eagerness to justify their action, the speakers seemed to forget the presence of Henry Stuart, who, as the half-hour named by McFarren drew to a close, rose and prepared to take his departure, with a bitter sinking at the heart. The sight of these men, who an hour ago had seemed to be actuated by a disinterested love of justice, grovelling at the feet of the image of the golden calf and endeavoring to convince themselves that this brutish idolatry was Christian forbearance and mercy, took the very heart out of him. The rich man had but held up his purse, as the nurse holds a gilded bauble before the eyes of an infant, and they had been dazzled by the brightness of the gold and stretched forth their hands to grasp it. As Stuart was leaving the room, Mr. Von Shack seemed to remember his existence, and in the name of the committee thanked him for all the efforts he had made, and for the gratifying results to which they had led, assuring him in the most graceful language that his services would be gratefully remembered, as well as substantially rewarded.

There was a moment of silence, and then Stuart spoke, in a loud, ringing voice that penetrated every corner of the great office, and was heard even at the end of the corridor, where Michael McFarren stood, watch in hand, waiting till the last second of the thirty minutes should elapse.

"Gentlemen," said Stuart, "I have acted in this matter for the honor of my profession and for the ends of justice, and not as an agent for blackmail. I shall not accept one penny of the hush-money that is to be paid you, for if I did I should lay myself open, even as you are doing, to the charge of compounding a felony."

Stuart waited a moment to see the effect of his words. Mr. Greystone sighed and shook his head gravely, the lawyer moved uneasily in his chair, the Earl of Blankshire struck a match and lighted his cigar, while Messrs. George Von Shack and Horatio Giddings gazed steadfastly at the inkstand in the middle of the table. No one spoke; and, with an angry sense of discouragement and defeat, Stuart set his hat defiantly on his head and strode out of the room, leaving the door ajar for the man who was coming leisurely down the passage towards him.

"It is agreed, then, that we accept?" he heard Mr. Von Shack ask. There was a murmur as if of assent, broken only by John Greystone, who qualified his consent by saying,—

"Remember, gentlemen, that I agree only under protest, and because I am in the minority."

And so the bargain was struck.

## CHAPTER XVI.

THOUGH THE MILLS OF GOD GRIND SLOWLY, YET THEY GRIND EXCEED-  
ING SMALL.

McFARREN'S *coup* having been successful, he had nothing more to fear from Harry Stuart, for on the day after the signing of the check that had silenced the voices of his accusers Elias Nelson discovered that the memoranda which he had kept as his most powerful hold over McFarren had been stolen from him while he slept. Nelson was now as harmless as the cobra whose venom has been drawn. He had been robbed, but the robbery was the work of an expert, and no trace of the thief had been left behind. There was nothing for Nelson to do but to acknowledge that he had been outwitted by the superior rascal he had thought to overreach. The two talked the matter over, and came to the agreement that if Nelson would return to Australia his allowance should be still paid him, on condition that he should never again lift his voice against McFarren.

"Let this be a lesson to you," was McFarren's parting advice, "never to try to get ahead of me again. You ought to have known better than to have tried it on. Do you suppose if you could beat me you would stand where you are to-day, and I should stand where I do? You may call it luck, if you like, but I call it brain. If I live ten years I shall be the richest man in the country; and if you make one more move against me you will die in an almshouse."

It seemed, indeed, as if the boast was not a vain one, for in every financial crisis that convulsed the country during the next few years McFarren was always on the winning side, and his vast capital became more and more potent an influence in the land. It was always a malign influence: it stood behind all that was undemocratic in the councils of the nation. His money carried a taint with it, corrupting the hands of many a public servant who, without its temptation, might have served his country honestly. The people have two charges against such men as Michael McFarren. Had such a one as he stood before the bar of the Roman populace, their tribune would have accused him first of robbing the people of their money, and secondly of turning that money into a weapon against them, by which their officers were seduced and law and justice bound hand and foot and delivered over to the mighty high-priesthood of Mammon.

Bitter as Stuart's defeat was, he gave little time to grieving over it. His active life, with its many cares and interests; was too absorbing to allow of any useless retrospect. A new duty had devolved upon him as executor of Oliver Archer's estate. His cousin's will appointed Stuart and Mr. Greyerstone as trustees of the property, the whole of which was left to Honor on condition that she did not marry again. In the event of a second marriage, his aged cousin Mehetabel Archer was named by Oliver Archer as his sole heir. Honor was in Europe with her mother, and Stuart, who had never seen her since her marriage, found it almost impossible to realize that she had been his cousin's wife and was now his widow. He could not write her name without



a tremor of the hand, and the sight of her signature on a law-paper was enough to set his blood surging back upon his heart in a painful flood. In spite of this, he persisted in believing that his love for Honor was dead. He had never forgiven her marriage to his cousin, and despised himself for the weakness in him which was moved by those evidences of her existence which sometimes reached him,—her name in the newspaper, or a passage referring to her in a letter of Aileen's. The least look or gesture which reminded him of Honor in another woman made that woman dear to him. It happened more than once that he was drawn, as by a magnet, to follow for hours at a time some young girl whose hair reminded him of hers.

For the present, Stuart's wandering career was at an end. He was glad to be at home and among his own people again. His time was passed between Archerville and New York, where he sometimes met his old enemy Michael McFarren, with his wife, ponderously cutting their way into the social cheese, and was often struck by the politeness which the mining-king always showed him. Mollie had grown to be less and less dependent on the advice of Mrs. Delavale, the younger woman having developed under the careful tuition of the elder into a much better imitation of a lady than the instructress had at first thought was possible. Hastings continued the most intimate house-friend of the family, and, though by this time his affairs had prospered so well that he was quite independent of McFarren, he still bought his horses for him, and had a general supervision of his patron's town and country places, as well as of his stables, his kennels, and his steam-yacht. The mining-king's keen, active mind was too much occupied with more important matters to allow of his giving attention to such trivial details, and the wealth with which he could have gratified the tastes of an emperor gave him little real pleasure. There was no geniality in the man, and his dinner-parties bored him sadly. He was afraid to ride his blood horses, he was deadly ill on board his yacht. He was a hopeless dyspeptic, and was obliged to live on the plainest and coarsest food while his guests ate and drank of the best. He lived in a state of mute rebellion against Stobbs, the butler, who had given him some valuable hints concerning the etiquette of the dinner-table, whose keen glance followed every mouthful that he ate, and whose severe disapproval of tripe and cabbage had banished these and other of his favorite dishes from the table.

Altogether, McFarren's domestic life in the great house in New York was no happier than it had been in Paris, and it was not wonderful that he should throw his whole energy into the financial intrigues which were his only interest. He had kept his word to his wife: her name was on the visiting-lists of almost all the fashionable women in New York, and her children were the intimates of their children. In the fulness of time those early intimacies would, by fostering, grow into permanent connections, and by alliances with the leading families the McFarrens would become firmly established in the society of New York. Husband and wife were not so far apart as they had been in Paris, but the old happiness they had known in the days of their poverty was but a memory, and to McFarren a painful one. Hastings

Delavale's brilliant personality was a most welcome element in this house where there was so little sympathy between the master and the mistress. McFarren basked in his high spirits, his bright talk, and that gift which had been denied to himself, of living fully and glowingly.

"You are better off than I am," McFarren had said to him one day, "for I only pay for my yacht, my horses, and my wines, while you enjoy them."

The McFarren children adored Hastings as cordially as they disliked his mother, and to Mollie he remained the most perfect flower of the new world of sentiment, art, poetry, song, and fashion to which he had introduced her. If her admiration was tinged with a deeper feeling, she never let her husband see it, and believed that she kept all knowledge of it from Delavale. She did not know that he had guessed her secret long before she had known that it existed, and Michael McFarren, acute observer as he was, never doubted his wife's loyalty, and believed her as faithful to him in thought as she was in deed. He knew that he had lost the treasure of her love that shameful night when he had crawled along the house-tops a scared, hunted creature and left her and her children to face the mob that was seeking him; but that the treasure which he had lost had been given to another he never suspected.

John Greyerstone and Henry Stuart soon found that the administration of the Archer estate was not an easy task. It necessitated a certain amount of business intercourse with Michael McFarren; but in these interviews Mr. Greyerstone usually represented the trustees. The railroad between Archerville and Lincoln, which had been the last enterprise Oliver Archer had embarked upon, became the cause of some contention between his executors and McFarren. Archer, who in this matter had acted with great generosity and fairness towards his townspeople, had built the pretty station and assumed a large portion of the stock. The railroad was of great importance to the town, and largely increased the value of the property. It was a short line, and, as there was much traffic and no competition, it soon became a valuable investment, chiefly held among Archer's friends and neighbors. He had been encouraged and aided in this enterprise by McFarren, who controlled the main line between Lincoln and New York, with which the smaller one connected. Now that the small road had grown plump and prosperous, the big railroad opened its jaws and proposed to swallow the fat plum. If poor Oliver had not been a trifle blinded by his desire to pose as a benefactor of Archerville, he would have foreseen this result; but he had been the great man's dupe as well as his servant, and, the partridges being roasted, they were all ready to drop into the ever-hungry maw of the insatiate money-getter. In an interview with Mr. Greyerstone, McFarren had proposed that the large block of stock held by the Archer estate should be suddenly thrown upon the market, causing the stock to drop to a very low figure, when it would be secured by some of McFarren's brokers and the proceeds of the subsequent rise shared between Honor Archer and Michael McFarren. This pretty little pastime of wrecking a railroad had been so often participated in by McFarren that he was somewhat surprised at John Greyerstone's objections to being made a party to it. It was evident

to both trustees that in order to force this move McFarren would take some action which would threaten other of the properties which they held in trust for Honor, and it seemed best to summon the widow back to New York to share their councils.

During the first months of her widowhood Honor was fated to pass through a period of deep depression. She looked forward to the long life that might be hers with a sense of hopeless despair. Her widow's veil cast a chill shadow between her and life's sunshine. She had not loved her husband, though if he had lived it is probable that the habit of domestic companionship, which is so often a very fair substitute for love, would have grown up between them. The shock of his death, and the haunting fear that the seizure which caused it might have resulted from his overhearing that terrible interview between Hastings and herself, were only the last of a long series of troubles. Honor was a woman capable of the intensest enjoyment and the most poignant suffering. Her nature was clinging and persistent in its desires, and when these were defeated a strong reaction of despair succeeded. She had loved Hastings in spite of his desertion, in spite of her own hapless marriage; she had seen that the feet of the idol were of clay, but it was still her idol, and the more she suffered for it the stronger its power over her became. An old faith is outgrown as insensibly as a new love blooms.

It was not until that day at Tuxedo that she realized that her love for Hastings was at an end. She had been like some poor distraught mother carrying a lifeless child in her arms and refusing to believe that it is dead. The months of grievous mourning for a lost hope and a wasted youth grew into years. Spring and summer had kissed four times before this fair woman learned the great lesson that love and youth are immortal. Dear Nature surrounds us with a thousand illustrations of this great truth every day of our lives, teaching us as children are taught by objects before they know how to spell.

One brilliant spring morning Honor had thrown open her window to let in the soft, sweet air, and, looking out into the garden, saw a wonder that is always new: a dark, gnarled old cherry-tree, which she had fancied dead, had stretched out a white hand from its bare limbs towards the sun. All that day she watched the tree. By sunset it was dressed like a bride, in a veil of blossoms of dazzling whiteness. From the garden Honor looked out over the pretty village of A—, and down the dusty high-road leading to Paris. In the door-way of a cottage on the other side of the village green a young peasant girl was standing talking to her lover, who had brought her a bunch of blossoms from Honor's tree. The girl put the flowers in her bodice with a shy grace; but when her lover tried to enter her cottage she shook her head saucily, and, slipping from him, shut the door upon him. The man, who wore the dress of a soldier, turned away and crossed the common, stopping at the door of the inn to pass the time of day with the inn-keeper. Something in the soldier's face and figure reminded Honor of Harry Stuart: he had the same sunny bronze hair, the same gray eyes, something, too, of the gait and manner of her old friend.

"You will have a fine day to-morrow for your wedding, Albert,"

she heard her landlord say. "You have been talking with Françoise? A lucky dog you are to get that girl. The lads have all been after her while you were away; but she only laughed at them. She has a tidy bit of property from the old grandmother, eh? A little money in the bank, besides the house and furniture, I fancy?"

Honor did not hear the answer, for the two men entered the inn, where Honor and her mother had been staying for several months. Of all the quiet days passed in the sleepy, picturesque little French town, this day seemed to Aileen the most uneventful; she and Honor walked together, read aloud, and sewed, and in the evening Honor sat in the dark at her piano, playing and singing softly; and yet the day was one of the most important in Honor's life. When she went to her room she folded away her black widow's veil and sombre garments for the last time, and laid out a soft white dress for the morrow. In the morning she leaned from her window and gathered a bunch of blossoms from the cherry-tree, putting them in her breast, as the little peasant girl had done the day before. When she was dressed, she stood before the glass and looked at herself critically. What she saw in the mirror, or some thought suggested by it, brought a sudden flush to her face. She never had been so beautiful before. The refinement of the long suffering was transfigured by the light of a new hope. She felt herself all kindling with life and joy; she was hungry for happiness; and yet no one brought her flowers as Albert had brought them to Françoise, and no one was the richer for all her warm loveliness. She gave a little grieved sigh at the thought, and then turned to greet her mother, who had just entered the room.

"Dear, I shall never put that ugly veil on again. I think it has hurt my eyes," she said. Aileen kissed her daughter silently. She felt that a great change had come over her, and that a veil had indeed fallen from before her eyes, which had long darkened their vision. Later in the day they went together to the village church, to witness the marriage of their little neighbor Françoise and her soldier, to whom she had remained faithful for so many years. The bride was very pretty in her simple dress. Her only ornaments were a wreath of cherry-blossoms which Honor had woven for her, and the string of gold beads, the gift of the handsome stranger who looked like Albert, which she always wore about her neck.

From that day Honor was a changed woman. The expression of her face, the ring of her laughter, her delight in the very most trifling pleasures of their quiet life, showed that she had served her apprenticeship to grief and was free again.

"I verily believe," wrote Aileen Greystone to her husband, "that Honor Archer is no more, and that the old Honor Greystone has come back to us again. She is weary of her yokemate regret, and has divorced him forever. She is beginning to live her own life again, for the first time since our troubles began. She is more beautiful than ever, and every man in the village, from the *cure* to the landlord, is in love with her. If it were not for that iniquitous will of Oliver's!"

It was in the merry month of May that Aileen and her daughter received their summons to return, and within a week they sailed for



New York. When they landed, June had just begun, and Archerville, whither they went directly, seemed to Honor a Paradise of bloom in the perfect summer weather. The old homestead had been greatly embellished; the garden was lovelier than ever; there was a new stable, some good horses, and a generally improved air about the place. The Grange was now unmistakably the home of well-to-do people who lived in the country from choice rather than from necessity. Mr. Greyerstone had never felt the slightest desire to return to New York: he had given up all active business, and raised calves and chickens which were famous in the county, and cultivated roses and radishes which took prizes at all the horticultural fairs.

A few days after Honor's arrival at her old home, Harry Stuart came down to Archerville. His card was brought to her in the garden, where she had been at work training the rebellious branch of a climbing rose-bush. Throwing down her tools, Honor hurried back to the house, and came just as she was, to find her old friend in the drawing-room.

"I am so glad to see you, Harry!" she cried, heartily, holding out her hands and advancing to meet him.

"You are very kind," he answered, coldly, and, taking her hand for a moment in his, dropped it after the slightest pressure. Honor's face changed. She had come in prepared to meet her best and oldest friend: she found a stranger, having, indeed, Harry's face and voice, but nothing more. It was the trustee of her property who had called upon her on a matter of urgent business, and not her old playmate and sweetheart who had hurried to welcome her back. She cast her eyes down, that he might not see the tears that rushed to them; but Stuart was looking at the carpet too, trying to recover from the surprise he had received. He had hardened himself to meet the new Honor, the woman who had sold herself to Mammon, the rich widow of Oliver Archer, and he had found the old Honor, unchanged, incomparable. Instead of the formal widow's weeds which he had pictured to himself, she was dressed in the very linen gardening-frock, he believed, that she used to wear when he and she worked together among the flowers which it had always been her delight to tend. The face, the hair, the glorious figure, were just as they had always been,—only lovelier, he thought; and the eyes, those matchless yellow eyes of hers, wore a kinder look than they had ever worn for him since their childish romance had come to an end. In a moment Honor had recovered her self-possession, and, with a gravity equal to his own, led the conversation directly to the business which had brought him. Mr. Greyerstone joined them shortly, and the morning was given to going over the details of the affairs which had required Honor's return.

McFarren had, as had been foreseen, brought a direct pressure to bear, which he believed would force Archer's executors to consent to the sale of the Archerville railroad. Should they persist in their refusal, McFarren would, by the manipulation of certain stock, in which a large part of Honor's fortune was invested, wipe out about a third of her property. For years they had fought their wily antagonist, but the time had now come when one of the two alternatives must be accepted.

"What is your advice, papa?" asked Honor, after the matter had been thoroughly laid before her.

"My dear, we must yield to the inevitable: there is no other course open to us. We have already jeopardized your interests in trying to protect those of the other stockholders in the railroad; but now, when it is a question between your loss and theirs, we are bound to protect you."

"On the other hand," interposed Stuart, "my cousin acted in good faith towards the Archerville people, and I believe would have kept faith with them at any cost, if he had lived."

"I am sure he would," Honor gravely assented.

"Another point we must not lose sight of is, that Michael McFarren's ill will might cost us even more dearly than we can now foresee. He is an enemy to be feared." It was Mr. Greyerstone who spoke.

"I would rather be his enemy than his friend," murmured Honor.

Harry's heart gave a great throb at these words. He looked at Honor with all his soul in his eyes, but she would not return his glance.

Stuart spent the day at the Grange, and the restraint that had been on him at their first meeting gradually disappeared. Before he left that evening, Honor said to him,—

"I shall never consent to the sale, and I shall trust to you that good faith is kept with the Archerville people, at whatever cost."

They were alone in the very room they had met in that morning.

"Honor," said Stuart, taking her hand tenderly in his, "you are the noblest and best woman in the world."

"I am nothing of the sort, Mr. Stuart," interrupted the implacable one, who, after a day's tender devotion, remembered only the morning's momentary coldness. "I am your cousin's widow, and even more anxious than you can be that he should always be gratefully remembered by Archerville."

With that parting stab, Honor sweetly bade him good-night, and sent him away more deeply in love with her than ever before. The next day he was called to New York, and had the pleasure of reading in the local items of the newspaper that Mr. Hastings Delavale had taken rooms at the Archerville hotel.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### DETHRONED.

MRS. ARCHER'S return to America affected more people's lives than she could well have imagined. That the event would have any interest to Mrs. McFarren she certainly could never have foreseen; and yet the paper which announced Honor's return was found by Justine in her mistress's room, torn across and across. Not many days after this, McFarren brought a message to his wife from Hastings Delavale, begging her to excuse him from dining with them that night, as he was obliged to leave town.

"Where has he gone?" Mollie asked, abruptly.

"To Archerville, I believe. He needed a change of air, and has gone to see the widow, I suppose."

"Do you think there is anything between Hastings and that woman?"

"How should I know? You women always know more about those things than anybody else."

"Do you suppose she would have anything to say to him now, after his jilting her?"

"Why, wife, how can I know? If she likes him better than her money, I should think she might. He's a good fellow, Delavale, but a weak man."

"He's a deal too good for a woman who could sell herself like a black slave for so much money."

Mollie spoke hotly, and at her words Michael McFarren looked at her with an expression of doubt in his keen gray eyes that was not very common to them. It quickly passed, and the man blushed at the moment's thought which had come to him.

"Tiffany sent me word yesterday that he had matched your ruby, Mollie. Will you stop there and tell them how to set it?"

The stone had been the gem of an empress's jewel-case, and with the gift he thought to make amends for the silent question. With all his craft, Michael McFarren was to his wife and children as frank and guileless a man as ever lived. And Mollie put her arms around his neck and thanked him, with tears in her eyes. Later in the day she visited the ruby, and on her way home stopped at an obscure little Catholic church, and for the first time in many months had an interview with her confessor.

If Hastings Delavale was in need of a change of air, his patron suffered for one. McFarren had not spent a week out of New York in all the years of his living there. His great schemes required his constant watching, and he never rested, on high day or holiday. His body was much worn and wasted, and his face had grown to look like a waxen mask, from which glittered a pair of eyes in whose intense glance all the vitality of the man seemed to be concentrated. The face was impassive and immovable, but the eyes had gained such an extraordinary power that they seemed to magnetize those who attempted to scrutinize them.

The day that had opened with the above conversation between Mollie and himself brought nothing but annoyance to McFarren. On his way down-town, one of his horses slipped and fell, hurting itself seriously and damaging the carriage. A dog snapped at him as he stepped out of the wrecked vehicle, and a beggar to whom he gruffly refused alms cursed him in a foreign language. When he reached his office and prepared to answer his letters, he noticed that the date was Friday, the 13th of the month; and on his way home an empty hearse raced with the omnibus in which he sat, and passed it. McFarren had inherited from his Scotch mother a strong superstitious tendency, and, though his hard, practical common sense in a great degree counterbalanced this, no bad sign ever escaped his observation. He swore at Stobbs as that worthy man helped him with his coat, and, instead of

going up to the children's part of the house, where the happiest hours of his life were now spent, he went directly to the library and began to work out some problem in the mathematics of finance. He could not settle his mind on his work; there was an odd sensation at the base of his brain, of which he often was conscious in these days, a heat and irritation which, if he persisted in working, communicated itself to his whole nervous system, until he seemed to be encased with a fine network of hot wires from head to foot. He started at the sound of a discreet knock at the door, and bade the servant "come in" with an oath. He was a kind master, and thoughtful for his servants. He was as much puzzled at his own irritability as was the man who brought in a visitor's card and laid it on the table beside him.

"What is the matter with me to-day?" he asked himself, as he took up the card and read Mr. Henry Stuart's name.

"It is the gentleman I have been expecting. Show him in here, and do not let me be disturbed," he said to the man.

Immediately after, Stuart entered the library. He had never been in the house before, and as he took the seat indicated by its master he could not refrain from glancing about the truly beautiful room. The walls were furnished with shelves, on which stood rows and rows of books of the choicest editions. His eyes caught the titles here and there of the famous works of famous writers, sleeping peacefully and undisturbed in straight, unbroken ranks, as only the books of those who never read repose. Near the window stood a dainty table, on which lay a piece of some feminine fancy-work and a book bound in the fashion of the slumberers, but, unlike them, showing signs of having been diligently studied. In the course of the interview Stuart got a nearer look at the volume, which proved to be a set of fashion-plates.

McFarren gave his visitor little time to admire the rare pictures, the rich wood-carving, the precious bits of porcelain, which the room contained, opening the conversation the moment Stuart was seated:

"I am much obliged to you for coming so promptly, Mr. Stuart. You have brought me your decision about the Lincoln and Archerville matter, I presume?"

"Yes, Mr. McFarren, I think we can settle the affair this afternoon."

"You have without doubt seen that the plan I propose would be a most advantageous one to Mrs. Archer's estate?"

"No, sir."

"But I understood from John Greystone that he would agree to the sale."

"He was inclined to do so; but, as Mrs. Archer takes my view of the case, Mr. Greystone has finally accepted it."

As he spoke, Stuart firmly returned the steady stare McFarren fixed upon him.

"Do you mean to tell me," said the latter, slowly, "that you refuse to offer the stock for sale?"

"Exactly. We decline to have anything to do with the operation you have proposed."

"Do you think you realize the consequences of this refusal, Mr. Stuart?"



"I think I do, Mr. McFarren."

McFarren's pale face worked nervously. He set his teeth, and, getting up from his chair, walked the length of the room before speaking again. A blind, unreasoning rage sprang up in him, which threatened his wonted coolness and discernment. His heart was beating too fast: he counted its quick pulsations as he stood at the window, saying to himself, under his breath, "Steady now, steady, McFarren."

He put his hand to his head, almost expecting to feel the heat of the burning iron which seemed to sink every moment deeper and deeper into his brain. He hated Harry Stuart at that moment as he had never before hated a living creature. Every sensation which life had held for him was as naught beside that ardent, passionate anger. Restraining by an effort an animal desire to spring upon him, he turned upon Stuart, and said, savagely,—

"Take care, young man. You have put yourself in my way before this. I might have crushed you like an egg-shell then; but I let you go. My patience is about worn out now."

"I am not afraid of you, Mr. McFarren, and I never have been. You cannot hurt me; and you know best whether you can say the same thing of me or not," answered Stuart, firmly.

"If I cannot hurt you, I can hurt those whose interests you ought to care more about than your own beggarly savings. Do you not know that I can, and, —, I will, too, ruin your cousin's widow, if this infernal obstinacy is kept up any longer? What is your game? Do you want me to buy your consent to the sale?"

"Hardly: you couldn't pay the price. What I want is fair play. If you wish to buy the Lincoln and Archerville road, you must tell the directors so. If the thing is open and above-board, we will use all our influence that the terms of the consolidation should be advantageous to all concerned; but I mean to see that the good faith in which Oliver Archer acted with the Archerville people is kept."

It seemed to McFarren that the iron at the back of his head grew hotter and hotter, and that every word of Stuart's was a burning screw driving it deeper and deeper into his brain. There was a new numbness in his temples, and his heart throbbled painfully. Again that impulse of insensate rage within him, like a hot wave, rising and rising, till at last it broke upon his lips in a scream:

"Damn the people of Archerville!"

He came towards Harry as he shrieked out the malediction, his eyes aflame, his hand raised to strike, but before he had taken two steps he stopped. His face, which had been of a marble paleness, suddenly became suffused and purple. He staggered a few steps farther, and then without another sound fell crashing to the floor, a shuddering, shapeless mass. After a moment of horrified silence, Stuart bent over him, loosening his cravat and sprinkling his face with water from a glass that stood on the table. Stobbs, who came in answer to the bell, brought a cushion, which they placed under his head.

"You must go for the doctor directly," whispered Stuart. "Your master's in some sort of fit. Do you know if he has ever had one before?"

"I never heard so, sir," answered the terrified servant; "but he have not been himself, to my thinking, for ever so long."

It seemed to Stuart as if the doctor would never come. The half-hour passed in that splendid room with the poor stricken creature who, as he lay gasping on the floor, seemed to have lost all his humanity, remained in Stuart's memory as the most awful experience of his life. A hope that was almost a prayer filled his soul, that the man might not die with that oath upon his lips,—that he might live to speak other words, think other thoughts, and not go out of this life with his last word a curse upon the people he had tried to rob, his last thought one of impotent rage.

At last the physician came, and, when all that was possible had been done for the senseless sufferer, Stuart waited breathlessly for the doctor's verdict. It was given with professional gravity and indifference:

"Mr. McFarren has had an apoplectic seizure of the gravest kind. It is hard to foretell in these cases, but it looks to me as if he would pull through. If he does, he may live on for years in a state of imbecility. If he had listened to me, and paid some attention to the laws of health, this need not have happened for twenty years. You are a friend of the family, I suppose, sir," the doctor continued: "will you remain till Mrs. McFarren returns, and break the news to her?"

"No, doctor, I was never in this man's house before. I only know his wife by sight. I—I am not fit to tell her: it had much better come from you. If there is nothing more that I can do, I will go now."

"There is nothing more to be done at present, sir. I advise you to let my carriage drive you wherever you are going. You have been a good deal upset by what has happened."

Stuart declined the offer: he felt the need of exercise. Before he had walked three blocks, he met George Von Shack, who joined him.

"Are you ill, Stuart? You are as white as a sheet."

The horror of what he had seen was so strongly on him that Stuart could think and speak of nothing else, and in answer to the broker's question he told him all that had happened.

"He *may* die, you say," said Mr. Von Shack, after a decent expression of regret, "and even if he recovers his mind is gone? That is serious news, my friend, and not to be spread carelessly abroad. In justice to the man and to his family, this must be kept quiet until his broker, or his lawyer, or whoever was in his confidence, is told. When it comes out, it will make things lively at the Exchange. His friends ought to be prepared."

"His friends! Had he a friend or a confidant in the world? Did he trust any man? Was not his hand against every man's, and every man's hand against his? Since Archer's death I supposed you knew more about his affairs than any one else." Stuart spoke impatiently.

"Delavale should be here," continued Von Shack, not noticing Stuart's outbreak. "Will you telegraph him in my name to meet me at the house? I was on my way there, and will stay till he comes. One thing more: Will you give me your word of honor not to speak of this matter until it gets into the papers? You hardly realize the tremendous effect it may produce upon the market."

"No: I have been thinking more about the man than about his property."

"That is quite natural; but I am bound to protect his interests, of which, as you infer, I have some knowledge,—very little, it is true, but more perhaps than another. I have your promise?"

"On the condition that you will pledge me your word not to use the knowledge in the interests of any other person or persons except those of Mr. McFarren and his family," Stuart responded, looking keenly at the other. George Von Shack colored under that searching glance, and answered, shortly,—

"I give you my word of honor."

And without another word the possessors of the valuable secret parted company.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"One ruddy drop of manly blood  
The surging seas outweighs;  
The world uncertain comes and goes,  
The lover rooted stays."

HASTINGS DELAVALLE left Archerville without seeing Honor. He called more than once at the Grange, but was always received by Aileen and one of her younger daughters, Honor on each occasion asking to be excused on some trivial pretext. The telegram which Stuart had been nothing loath to despatch found Delavale quite ready to return to New York.

When Harry Stuart's news was old, he came down to Archerville. For some days he did not visit the Grange. He had been much shaken by the scene in which he had been so important an actor. He was deeply discouraged, and fancied that he was ready to give up the battle of life. Honor seemed more unattainable to him than she had ever been. Stuart was by nature an optimist, and was now passing through one of those moral eclipses which many habitually cheerful people occasionally undergo. Your pessimist looks so constantly through the smoked glasses of his own gloomy convictions that his eyes become accustomed to the darkness, and are not much incommoded by an extra shadow on the sun of his prosperity.

One afternoon, as he sat alone in his library enjoying the society of his pipe, he reviewed the chief events in his life with an unwonted gloom, and arrived at the conclusion that it had contained nothing but failure. Our hero was, in truth, cast in a somewhat heroic mould: if he had lived in the days of chivalry he would have been one of the knights who joined the great order in all sincerity, and would have understood the significance of the bath of purity, the white robe of faith, the red cloak of blood to be shed in the cause, and the black vesture of death. He had the heart of a patriot in his breast, and a strain of generous blood in his veins: his earliest recollections were of a time when heroic self-sacrifice for an ideal of duty was the strongest feeling in the community. He remembered himself a child in his grandfather's house on that morning when his gallant young father caught him up and carried him for their last gallop together on Black

Bess ; he remembered the day when, standing clinging to his grandfather's hand, he bared his head, as he saw those about him do, as the flag-draped coffin which held what was mortal of his young soldier sire was borne into the house of mourning. He had lived to see the golden calf set up in the holy places of the nation, the friends and heroes of his youth sacrificing before it, the woman he loved sold like a chattel in its shadow. He had tried to fight the good fight, and been worsted and well-nigh overcome in the struggle. He was very weary, and the ever-recurring "*oui bono ?*" came persistently to his mind.

In the drawing-room below some one was talking. A visitor had come to see his sisters. Presently two or three chords were struck on the piano. Stuart started from his seat as if the music had been drawn from his very heart-strings.

"My darling!" he cried, and went to the door, paused, turned back, took up his pipe again, and resumed his seat.

Honor had come to sit with his invalid sister. She was singing now ; her voice floated through the open window like a prayer. A message was brought that Mrs. Archer was in the drawing-room. As if he needed to be told that ! He would not go down, though. She had played with him long enough. He compared her to a cat with a mouse, which will neither kill its prey nor let it escape. It was not a very original comparison, but it had the merit of being time-honored. He would never see her again ; he would not marry her now even if he could ; he—— Just how far Mr. Stuart might have carried this line of reasoning does not appear, for at that moment he heard the sound of Mrs. Archer's carriage-wheels on the gravel of the drive-way. She was going, and he had behaved like a churl towards her,—his Honor, his little sweetheart, the one woman that the world had ever held for him ! There were hot tears in his eyes, a bitter self-reproach in his heart ; he could never forgive himself for his brutality towards her,—and now she was gone ! The loss of seeing her that day seemed irreparable. But no, there was one chance left : if he could take the short cut to the village, he might meet her half-way between his home and the Grange. He leaped down the stairs and out of the house, and ran at full speed until he saw the high-road. There was no sign of the carriage. He had missed it ! He vaulted over the wall and turned to go back, when he saw a cloud of dust, out of which was presently shadowed the Greystones' carriage. As it drew near, he began to regret having yielded to his weak desire to see Honor ; and when the carriage passed him he lifted his hat civilly and let it go by. Again there was that indescribable wrench at the heart, and he cried out, at the top of his voice,—

"Stop a moment, please !"

Mrs. Archer reined in the black ponies ; and, without either of them quite understanding what the other said, it was agreed that Harry should drive back with her and dine at the Grange. Both were very silent during the drive, and very brilliant during the dinner. At sunset they went out into the old garden together ; and, as they paced up and down the box-screened walks, Harry gave Honor an account of his last interview with McFarren.



"His poor wife!" said Honor: "I am sorriest for her."  
"Women always sympathize with women, *abstractly*," Stuart rejoined; "but think for a moment of the man's fate. He may live for years, perhaps even to the natural term of his life, a helpless, hopeless idiot, and yet, the doctor wrote me, keeping some confused memory of the past. At first I hoped that one good result would come of this sad business, and that the pressure about the railroad matter might be removed; but it seems now that Von Shack and the others will carry on McFarren's tactics."

"I should think it was probable," replied Honor, indifferently, stooping to pick a rose. The action brought back to Stuart that other moonlight night of a dead summer, and the hope that had then been his.

"You do not seem to be much concerned about the affair," he said, coldly.

"What do you mean?" asked Honor. "I have shown my interest in the most practical way I could, by refusing to be a party to the forced sale of the road."

"I do not mean that you have not been interested about the other people's money, but about your own."

"What would you have me do?"

As she spoke, Honor looked at him gravely.

He had often likened the light in her deep eyes to that of a false beacon which had wrecked the highest hope of his life. The light in them now could not be false, he said to himself, if there was truth in woman. But doubt was still too strong for hope, and he answered her question rudely:

"Do? Oh, I hardly know: something to protect that most precious and sacred of human institutions, your property."

Honor flushed, but she checked the quick retort which sprang to her lips, as the old high-spirited Honor never could have done.

"Does it seem to you, Harry, that I overestimate its value?" she said, gently.

"That is not for me to say."

"Do you really fancy that I value it more—more than anything else in the world?"

"Judging you by your own actions,—yes."

"I do not think that you quite understand me."

There was a quiver in her voice, and a tremulousness about her sweet mouth. They were passing a tall rose-bush in full bloom, and Honor, turning from him, bent her head over a deep-hearted rose, touching it for an instant with her own flower-face, and then walking on in advance of him. When Stuart broke the great blush-rose from the bush, he found two shining dew-drops in its petals, which had not been there before. He was at her side in an instant, murmuring,—

"Forgive me, Honor: I did not mean to hurt you."

She did not answer him, but took the rose from his hand and put it in her breast. They stood so near together that each must have heard the other's heart beat. Stuart saw the pain his words had given her, he felt the divine forgiveness which she was ready to hold out to him if he would only make amends for his cruelty, but he would not yield to the

love and hope that were tugging at his heart-strings: pride and world's wisdom bade him hold his peace and not give this woman another opportunity to reject his love. They stood thus an instant, each waiting for that one word which neither was willing to speak. Honor was looking out into the sunset, while Stuart's eyes were moodily fixed on the ground. At last Honor took a great resolve, and, attracting his glance by a sudden movement, she raised her lovely eyes to his, and, throwing off the veils of coquetry and reserve, let him read all the tenderness they held for him.

"Can it be true, Honor?" he murmured, cautiously lifting her small hand and looking at it, still half fearfully, as it lay in his own broad palm. "Dare I believe what you say?"

She had not said a word, but he thought that she had spoken.

"Yes," said the eyes.

"Do you remember what the penalty of loving me is?"

"Yes," her deep-toned voice rang out, in a triumphant tenderness, — "to be your wife."

"Think of all that you must give up."

"All that I give up is as nothing beside that which I have gained."

Then the earth seemed to rock, the dying fires in the sky to blaze up again, the whole universe to reel from its accustomed course, as Stuart held out his longing arms towards the love of his life, and she came happily and trustfully to them.

The doctor's prediction concerning Michael McFarren proved accurate. In time he recovered from the seizure, and grew to be stout and strong, while his mind was like that of a young and dull child. His little five-year-old son was his favorite companion, and one day when the boy brought some of his toys down into the great library where the father passed his empty days, the man's delight at the playthings brought the tears to the eyes of his faithful servant Stobbs, who was in constant attendance upon him. He was quite gentle, and gave very little trouble to any one. On fine days his vacant face, with its fixed, fatuous smile, may be seen from a carriage window as he drives, with his attendant beside him, through the least-frequented avenues of the Park. He is pleased to receive visits from persons whose faces are familiar to him, and his wife sits with him for an hour every day.

Mollie is now an important figure in New York society: she has a marriageable son and daughter, and her house is one of the centres of the great world. Her natural social gift, carefully trained as it has been by her skilful old preceptress, has made her a really popular woman. There is much gossip about her of a vague sort, but her confessor knows that if she is vain and foolish she is an honest woman. Mrs. McFarren enjoys the revenue of a queen, but she remembers the price that has been paid for her palace and her jewels, and is faithful to the poor stricken creature who lives in one wing of her great house, who smiles when she enters his room and weeps piteously when she leaves it. Her life is a constant round of pleasure and gayety, but it is not social dissipation which has touched her dark hair with streaks of silver and drawn the deep lines across her white brow. She is a

better mother now than she was in the early days of her prosperity, and in the lives of her children she is learning to find the first happiness she has known since Michael McFarren's great operations made her one of the richest women in the world.

At last it came about that his heart's desire was granted to Henry Stuart, as it is granted to all those who are strong enough and faithful enough to wait. His life is not without troubles and temptations, but with the woman he loves by his side he can meet them bravely. Honor has forgotten all the sombre past, and lives only in the sunlit present and the glowing future. Their marriage created much surprise among their friends; the worldlings marvelled at it, and some of them laughed at the folly of the woman who threw away a fortune for a lover. But all the world loves a lover, and most people were pleased by the romance of it, and remembered the time when they, too, would have been capable of a like folly in a like cause. On the day of their wedding, which was quietly solemnized at the Grange, Miss Mehetabel Archer came into the great Archer property. The old lady came to the wedding, like the wicked fairy at the christening, uninvited. She was the only guest, and promptly took her leave at the end of the service. An hour later, as Harry Stuart and his wife beside him drove through the main street of the town, he saw Miss Mehetabel entering the office of the family lawyer.

"There goes Cousin Hitty," he said; "she told me that she was going to make her will to-day, and had decided upon the particular charitable institutions between which she intended to divide her money. I hoped she would leave something to the dear old town; but the African and Polynesian missions will have the lion's share of it."

"I hope she will use it wisely," Honor answered. "It is a great responsibility. I think I never enjoyed it very much, for I was never allowed to give what I wanted, or as I wanted. People demanded such and such sums of me for various objects, good, bad, and indifferent. I was expected to give ten thousand to the Art Museum, and five thousand to the Woman's Hospital, and twenty thousand to the Working-Girls' Home. If they had only let me give spontaneously, and because I liked to, and not because it was my duty, I should have had more pleasure in my stewardship. But that is all past now, Harry, and I have not one regret for it on our wedding-day."

"Honor, my real wedding-day was the day when I first saw you," murmured her lover.

Cousin Hitty may have changed her mind, or she may have told a deliberate falsehood; it is certain that the will she signed that day, and which still reposes in the safe of her attorney, devises all her property to Henry and Honor Stuart, their heirs and assigns forever. The contents of the document are known only to her legal adviser and herself, and both mean to keep the secret as long as Miss Mehetabel lives.

THE END.

## AN OLD SONG.

OF TENTIMES there come to me  
Scraps of music-memory  
That have slept, alas, how long !  
In the quiet night of song.  
I can mark the measured time,  
I can catch the notes that rhyme,  
Till it seems I almost hear  
Whispered words within my ear ;  
Yet, for all I listen so  
To them as they come and go,  
Shreds of only one refrain  
In my memory remain.

Long ago the song was sung,  
Long ago, when I was young,  
And my heart in time would beat  
With the music soft and sweet.  
There was something that would start  
Glad emotions in my heart,—  
Something in the words which made  
Joy grow bright and sorrow fade,—  
Something in the notes of joy  
Giving courage to the boy  
Long ago ere he began  
Dreaming of the present man.

Never come these scraps but I  
Seem to feel her standing by.  
Oh that all the notes might come  
Back from lips forever dumb,  
So that I might render whole  
This marred music of the soul !  
Oh that I again might bring  
Back this song she used to sing !  
I should sing it till my eyes  
Through a rift in Paradise  
Caught a vision of her face  
Smiling from her dwelling-place ;  
I should sing it line by line  
Till her lips should answer mine ;  
I should sing it o'er and o'er  
Till I seemed a boy once more,—  
Till my dream became in truth  
Her who sang it to my youth !

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*



## THE EASTERN SHORE OF MARYLAND.

PERHAPS this quaint and conservative, though now rapidly-changing, region may be called the most interesting which is tributary to Philadelphia: at least there is no other having so much interest of the same kind. For one thing, the Eastern Shore stands quite alone among subdivisions of States in having a special legal right of representation in the United States Senate. Back of this curious prerogative there lies a bit of even more curious history.

About a year after the landing at Plymouth Rock, William Claiborne (or Clayborne, for the name was spelled both ways), secretary of the young Commonwealth of Virginia, was engaged in surveying and mapping out the bay of the Chesapeake for colonial use. The intricate system of water-ways and estuaries, necks and islands, which varied the outline of the long Eastern peninsula, then untrodden by the foot of a white man except where a feeble offshoot of Jamestown had taken root in Accomac, attracted his notice by its facilities for coast-wise and inland traffic. With a view thereto he obtained first a license from Virginia, and then one from King Charles himself, and then—probably about 1628—proceeded to establish a colony on the "Isle of Kent."

The royal license was a rather anomalous document, which might mean much or little, for kings were very well able to trim and hedge in those days. Perhaps it might be defined as a commission of discovery and government without any explicit cession of territory. Both parties to the subsequent controversy laid more stress upon it than it deserved, for Claiborne's case as against the Calverts rested, it would seem, on a better foundation.

In a word, Lord Baltimore's charter covered *unsettled* lands only, and Kent Island had been settled for some time before that charter was granted. It is no wonder that, in a day of intense religious feeling and growing passion for liberty, the Protestant occupants of the soil should have furiously resisted what they regarded as the unrighteous and illegal pretensions of a new-made Roman Catholic lord. Thus William Claiborne, reputable, if adventurous, gentleman of Westmoreland and Virginia, became, almost before he knew it, "Claiborne the traitor,"—and a very diabolical personage indeed.

His first effort, if we may credit the accounts of his enemies, was by way of artifice. He boarded the vessel of the proprietary at Old Point Comfort, and laid before the intending colony an exaggerated picture of hardship, disease, and danger. Traffic—at least traffic with Indians—improves several other qualities more than it does truth-telling. Moreover, the weak was dealing with the strong. But the trick, as might have been expected, did Claiborne no manner of good. Probably the nest was overestimated on account of the wiles used to protect it. At any rate, the expedition went on to the Potomac, with the avowed intention of shortly calling for the submission of Kent Island. Both parties fitted out armed vessels, the proprietary issuing a proclamation of re-

bellion ; and then Catholic and Protestant stood at war, with a strip of mainland and the great bay between them,—two handfuls of European pugnacity made ridiculous by the immensity of primitive nature around them and the multitudinous savages who came to look on at the killing.

For there *was* killing very shortly,—the first armed encounter between English-speaking men in the New World. Lieutenant Ratcliffe Warren had been sent by Claiborne with a pinnace and fifteen men to cruise against the supply-vessels of St. Mary's. Captain Cornwallys with two sloops and about a double force put out from the latter to cruise after *him*. These two formidable navies encountered one another off the mouth of Wicomico, some say Pocomoke, river ; and in a sharp action Ratcliffe Warren and several of his men were killed, the remainder being made prisoners. Then Cornwallys with the living and the dead, including among the latter one of his own men, sailed home in triumph. Claiborne withdrew to Virginia, the island was forcibly annexed, and a thousand confiscated acres, the kernel of the settlement, were duly erected into the Manor of Kent Fort and presented to the brother of the proprietary as a reward for his distinguished services. The Jesuits also were dutifully introduced without delay.

But the islanders somehow did not appreciate these blessings. On the contrary, aided perhaps by outside adventurers, they seem to have turned to half-aquatic Robin Hoods. At least official documents allude to their "many piracies, insolencies, mutinies, and contempts ;" to the issuing of warrants of arrest "under the great seal of the province," and the rescue by arms of the "malefactors" after being arrested. The charge is further made that the offenders did "maintain and protect themselves" and "conspire with the Susquehannoughs," so that another expedition in force was found necessary. "Captain John Evelin, of the Manor of Evelinton, in the baronie of St. Mary's," was then installed as "Commander of Kent," with very despotic powers.

This feudal potentate can hardly have enjoyed his dignity. The isle men continued about as intractable as those of the Hebrides at the same period. Even at a later date we find one of their leaders, Captain Thomas Broadnax, rieving in true Celtic style and dining in the wilderness on stolen cattle, like a second Donald Bean Lean, with sentinels posted around his encampment. The commander—not of the faithful—had a court-house built, and a court leet was decreed with all the machinery of justice ; but the people persisted in believing that they did not have the thing itself, and in trying—somewhat wildly—to get it.

Probably it was the renewal of disturbance which set his lordship to playing the offended monarch at St. Mary's in rather cruel fashion. Poor Ratcliffe Warren—first martyr to civil war in our land—had a second in command not honored by any title, but bearing the plain name of Thomas Smith, planter. By this time he must have grown accustomed to captivity. He was now put on trial for his life before an assemblage of his enemies, who promptly voted him guilty and sentenced him to be hung, with confiscation of all that he owned,—“saving that your wife shall have her dower, and God have mercy upon your soul.” The latter recommendation was very pertinent, since

there seemed little use in asking the tolerant Lord Baltimore to have any. One member alone, John Halfhide, voted for acquittal.

Meanwhile, Claiborne had been attainted and the governor of Virginia called on for extradition; which the former avoided by slipping off to England, where he urged his cause before the king. Failing there, he raised a force of his own, obtained a ship, and set out across the Atlantic. A party was sent from St. Mary's to observe, and presumably to intercept, him; but he landed in spite of them, and again appeared at the head of his people. A force despatched to dislodge him was promptly repulsed. Then, taking the offensive in his turn, he crossed the bay and swept Calvert across the Potomac into Virginia. The "pirate and traitor" was now the government *de facto*.

But in the seesaw of the factions neither could long keep uppermost. Virginia was at that time crowded with adventurers; and Calvert gathered many of these to his support by a timely hint of "pillage in Kent." The recruits thus raised crossed the Potomac in 1646 and (apparently after some fighting, for there is mention of "bloodshed") re-established the authority of Lord Baltimore on the Western Shore. The Eastern Shore, with its usual stubbornness, held out for about a year longer. A proclamation issued by Calvert during that period speaks of "this time of war," and commands that "no person entertain any communication or give any entertainment to any person coming from the Isle of Kent." This embargo was followed by an expedition in force, a fourth conquest, and confiscation. Many of the islanders fled from the colony.

Still, Claiborne's defeat was not final. In 1650 he was sent out by the Commonwealth, with a coadjutor named Bennett, to reduce the royalist provinces about the Chesapeake. Lord Baltimore's authority was overturned, Kent Island was restored to Claiborne, and a government selected by him was established on the Western Shore. It retained control for four years.

In the early part of 1654 there was a rising of the Catholics on the Western Shore, which gained them about a month's supremacy during Claiborne's absence. This was promptly suppressed on his return; but it proved a forerunner of more serious troubles. By this time a considerable body of Dissenters had founded the village of Providence on "that part of the Western Shore over against the Isle of Kent,"—about ten miles distant. The two Protestant settlements were near enough for mutual protection; near enough, too, for the tale of old wrongs endured by the men of Kent to rouse all the Mosaic wrath in the Puritans of the Severn.

Near the end of 1654 the Catholics rose again. Their forces grew rapidly. Their first movements were all successful. They overwhelmed the few Protestants in the southern part of the colony, and seized on the capitol and colonial records, besides all the public arms. Then Captain Stone, with between one and two hundred armed men, set out to capture Providence.

The Puritans had organized a force of one hundred and thirty under Captain Fuller, and avowed their determination rather to "die like men than live like dogs." But there was no need for dying. The

weak cry of "Hey for St. Mary's!" went down at the first onset under the tremendous slogan "In the name of God, fall on!" In twenty minutes all Lord Baltimore's dignitaries and nearly all his armed men were dead on the field of battle or prisoners in Puritan hands. Everything was captured. This was the first land-battle fought between Englishmen in America.

The stern fanatics followed Lord Baltimore's example. Several of their prominent captives were executed. Wholesale confiscation ensued. The iron heel of conquest was ground into the men of St. Mary's. Nevertheless, partial revolts occurred from time to time; and there was more or less turbulence on the Western Shore until Charles II., on his accession, reinstated Lord Baltimore, with full power over the whole colony.

Claiborne, finding the contest hopeless, withdrew to Virginia. Here he founded the county of New Kent, in memory of the isle in the Chesapeake which he had struggled for half a lifetime to retain. He represented his new home in the colonial legislature, and ended by a gallant death at the Indian battle of Moncock, a career that reads like romance in even the barest statement.

During the long civil contest, the confusion was increased by the hostile conduct of the Eastern Shore tribes, and especially the Ozinies of the Chester,—who have left large kitchen-midden-like banks of shells to mark the site of their town on Corsica Neck. In 1641 the commander of the Isle of Kent issued a proclamation declaring it lawful to kill any Indian found thereon, and denouncing severe penalties against all who harbored them. The absence of any provision for protecting settlers on the mainland of the peninsula indicates that it was still unoccupied.

But it did not long remain so. Before 1650 the population was dense enough to require two churches, one near the Chester, the other on the Wye; and not many years afterward a third was built, at Church Hill. The two latter are still in constant use, and rank among the most venerable structures of our country. Chester church, which was of extraordinary size, has unfortunately been destroyed. These three edifices were all within a circle of eight miles' radius; and the (now ruinous) church on Kent Island lay but little outside of the same.

The new-comers then pouring in numbered some names well known in the Old World, besides many of the less distinguished rural gentry. Their influence soon moulded the colony into the social likeness of an English county.

The Indians gave way slowly before this influx, and tribe after tribe passed northward out of the peninsula; the most remarkable migration being that of the Nanticokes about the middle of the eighteenth century. It is doubtful whether a single Indian of unmixed blood now remains on the Eastern Shore.

The land was held in large estates, sometimes termed manors, the oldest of which was the Manor of Kent Fort, granted to one Brent in 1635. These were mainly devoted to tobacco-culture, which became very profitable, since the soil was absolutely fresh, and slavery (with all its defects and injustice) supplied a reliable fund of labor.



As wealth increased, a certain large baronial feeling pervaded the ruling class. Men built great wide-halled thick-walled houses of English brick, which are only half occupied to-day, though they bid fair to outlast the republic. They prided themselves on the spread of their acres, their lavish hospitality, their retinues of servants, their pedigrees, their etiquette. Everything was done in a broad-flung dominant way.

The eighteenth century was but as a slumber to the Eastern Shore; yet those old idyllic days have a charm for my fancy. Queer, not-altogether-to-be-commended days, when a clergyman thought it no shame to ride after the hounds and it was necessary to legislate him out of gambling! Uncouth, clumsy days, when (for lack of a mechanic) the lumbering family coach had to be bricked up on one side or go unattended! Tedious, slow-dragging days, when the only way to reach in winter the brilliant little capital of Annapolis was by a long journey behind horses around the head of the bay! Yet hearty, plentiful, epicurean days, when every house was open, every halt was a *fête*, and every season brought its luxuries!

In truth, no part of the colonies was supplied by nature with more rich and varied materials for good living in the gustatory sense. Even the Indians had learned to rake fine oysters from the beds of all the rivers. In the short winter great flocks of wild swan whitened the shallow waters, and tested the skill of the rifleman or rewarded a torch-light battue, while smaller wild fowl of several score species swarmed in every inlet. There was no need that any planter's table should lack canvas-backs or red-heads in their season. When the warm weather came, fine fish came with it. The tailor (or blue-fish), the rockfish (or striped bass), the white perch, the shad, the herring, and the rich sheep's-head were only a few of these visitors. The colonists grew dainty in this plethora, and turned over to the negroes (who often in turn rejected them) the "yellow neds" or perch, the pike, and other fish, well esteemed elsewhere. The pre-eminent virtues of the terrapin had yet to be discovered; but all three kinds of the little delicacies, from the diamond-back down, were far more numerous then than now. As an offset to this lack, it is likely that a haunch of venison was sometimes still obtainable; and perhaps the wild turkeys and ruffed grouse had not all disappeared. At any rate, the Carolina dove, the bull-necked plover, and the gray sandpiper, which bears a similar popular name, could always be found in the late summer, the little ortolan dotted the weedy fallows and reedy marshes about the same period, snipe were fairly plentiful in their favorite haunts during spring, coveys of partridges fed in every stubble, and the bare white-oak woods swarmed in November with woodcock.

The same ingenuity that went elsewhere to the getting up of new poems, machines, or theories here gave birth to special methods of preparing food. There were certain traditional rules as to cooking and carving which ranked almost with the Decalogue. But, beyond these, every household had its own peculiar excellencies, its petty triumphs, quite beyond the reach of one who had not been behind the veil. Some of these are said to mark even yet the high-water line of culinary genius.

But the gentry of that day were not wholly taken up with eating

and drinking. They had a fair share of mental and social culture, though not exactly of the modern type. They called Annapolis, in their preposterously high-stepping way, "the Athens of the colonies;" and the one great delight of the year was to gather there in midwinter with their retainers and mimic the court ways of Europe. But they were not utterly dependent even on their little capital. Every large proprietor was in direct communication with England. The ships of Bristol and London brought news and books directly to his wharf; and his eldest son, as well as his tobacco, was often shipped across in return. Any one who has ever raked together the fragmentary libraries of an old Eastern Shore manse will remember thick-sown traces of this intercourse. One such aggregation is before me as I write.

Contemporary schools can hardly be said to have effected an entrance; those which sprang to life with our century or soon after are represented solely by the romanticists,—Byron, Scott, Southey,—and there is very little indeed which dates back of the reign of Queen Anne. But *that* period makes a very different showing. Eighteenth-century volumes, both in the sense of composition and publication, abound. Swift, in a great array of small volumes headed by a Gulliver which has seen hard service; Pope, minus the Iliad (a mere translation), but plus all the letters he ever wrote or that anybody ever wrote to him; Sterne, on his Sentimental Journey, with Tristram Shandy and more letters behind; The Spectator and The Rambler; Rasselas and the Journey to the Hebrides; letters on letters,—Cato, Ganganelli, Middleton, Hervey; sermons on sermons,—Tillotson, Butler, and a mass of lesser lights; for science, Goldsmith and Watson; for history, Hume, continued by Smollett, Robertson, an odd colonial brochure or two, and some more recent additions; for travels, Cook, Piozzi, Bartram, and the Tour to Morocco, dedicated to His Royal Highness Prince Edward; divers annuals and "morals," compilations and translations; some of the French and Italian classics in the original; a considerable array of Greek and Latin text-books; Baron Trenck, the much incarcerated; Locke on Education; Zimmermann on Solitude; The Memoirs of Ninon de L'Enclos.

This list is, of course, far from complete, but gives what is most characteristic. Perhaps one should add a liberal supply of comparatively recent works in defence of slavery, and a few volumes of Southern poems and tales belonging to the period before the war,—Kennedy's "Swallow Barn" for example. There are also Porter's very frank narrative of experiences in the South Seas, which must have prompted Herman Melville's "Omoo" and "Typee," and Emory's business-like chronicle of Kearney's old New Mexican campaigns, in which I think I can discover the germs of Mayne Reid's southwestern tales. Nevertheless, when all is said and done, "that old Georgian day" and the period immediately before it are greatly preponderant. One of these old calf-bound books says, "The judgment of Swift and the most eminent writers in the first part of the present century seems to have been that the period of Queen Elizabeth was the golden age of the English language. Ask the scholars and men of taste of the present day; they will perhaps for the most part give their suffrage to the

reign of Queen Anne. . . . It is the purpose of this essay to show that the English language was never in so high a state of purity and perfection as in the present reign of King George the Third." I can imagine this sentiment surviving in the colony for generations.

The very great number of theological treatises—a great box of them have been already given away as altogether unavailable lumber, though more remain—shows that there was in those days a deep under-current of religious interest below all their attention to fashionable literature and physical enjoyment. This ordinarily went to swell their conservatism by endowing the clergy with special claims to reverence; but now and then, when priestly shortcomings became too scandalous, it took the shape of loud complaints to the home government. The planters protested that all manner of scapegraces and ne'er-do-weels were shifted to their convenient shoulders; while their children were growing up under the tutelage and example of worthless younger sons, moral bankrupts, and even sheer impostors. The lower classes complained less, but felt more. So when the great awakening of Wesley and Whitefield came, it swept them like a whirlwind. Unluckily for the Established Church, that storm coincided very nearly in time with the struggle for American independence; so that it was assailed almost at once for Toryism and for corruption. The conservative instinct of the Eastern Shore gentry preserved it for themselves and their descendants; but the common people never returned.

The Revolution found eight counties of Maryland on the peninsula, which have retained their names and boundaries to the present day. A ninth, Wicomico, has recently been formed from parts of Somerset and Worcester. The last-mentioned is the only one having an Atlantic front; which doubtless met the eye of Cabot as early as 1498. Six of the other counties—Cecil, Kent, Queen Anne's, Talbot, Dorchester, and Somerset—extend in single file along the Chesapeake. Caroline, the only inland county, separates Queen Anne's and Talbot from the neighboring State of Delaware. It will be observed that all except Wicomico have old English names. When Queen Anne's was carved out of Kent, the former took with it, oddly enough, the island which Claiborne settled: so that there are two Kents now instead of one, though the island makes merely an election-district of Queen Anne's.

The upper counties of the Eastern Shore were ardently attached to the Whig interest, though, even there, branches of the most prominent patriot families were represented in the royal navy. But in the lower counties the loyalists were very numerous. Indeed, one of the earlier episodes of the Revolution was a small civil war on the peninsula. Governor Dunmore, expelled from the mainland of Virginia, had taken refuge in Accomac; whence emissaries were readily despatched by land and sea to light the fires of counter-insurrection among his neighbors.

Soon several camps were formed in Worcester, and hundreds of Tories were under arms. The situation looked grave. But Matthew Ward Tilghman, Chairman of the Committee of Safety, and his seven Eastern Shore colleagues, promptly called out a thousand militia and suppressed the rising before worse came of it.

But as soon as this levy was withdrawn, the king's men were up

again. It was now determined to reach the core of the disease. Two companies (one from Kent, the other from Queen Anne's) were sent south for the invasion of Virginia. By rapid marches they crossed Dorchester and Somerset, reduced Accomac, and finally took post on Chariton Creek in Northampton. Dunmore considerably moved his head-quarters to the sloop Otter. With this and two other armed vessels, he proceeded to lay waste the outlying islands and capture the coasting-vessels of the Eastern Shore.

One of the latter had taken refuge under the rifles of the men of Kent; and the two companies had thrown up a breastwork to strengthen their position. Dunmore, now grown bolder by success, determined to stand in and take the prize. Accordingly, one or more of his vessels entered the creek and opened fire. The colonists had no artillery, but they stood their ground like men used to such work, and retorted so sharply with rifles at close range that after an hour's cannonading the British drew off baffled.

The two victorious companies, with a third from Talbot, were soon afterwards recalled and embodied in Smallwood's regiment, the renowned First of the Maryland line. This regiment was (it is said) the first of the Continentals to use the bayonet on the regulars. Perhaps the most brilliant exploit of the whole war was the stand made by four hundred of this body, under Lord Stirling, on the fatal day of Long Island. In six successive charges they beat back the greatly superior pursuing force of Cornwallis, and were on the point of dislodging him entirely, when Grant, with nine fresh regiments, overwhelmed them by a rear attack. They lost two hundred and forty killed and wounded, but they saved the right wing of the American army. The names (De Courcy, Wright, etc.) of the few prisoners show that the Eastern Shore companies constituted a part if not the whole of this self-immolating body of men.

The Second Maryland Regiment was wholly recruited on the Eastern Shore; and the names of Earle and Goldsborough, still well known there, are found on its list of officers. Pulaski's legion and Baylor's cavalry, besides several other organizations, also drew largely from this section. It sent, moreover, seven hundred militia, under Gist, to the battles of Brandywine and Germantown; furnished Washington with one of his most valued staff-officers, Lieutenant-Colonel Tench Tilghman; and kept up a little standing army of its own for resisting incursions and curbing the Tories at the South.

These last were a never-ending source of trouble. The royalists of Worcester, though overwhelmed twice in 1776, were up again in February of 1777. In the next year those of Somerset were in arms. Thus the patriots of the peninsula (though from *their* point of view the Tories deserved that name as well), exposed continually to naval incursions at any point of a very extended coast-line, were forced in addition to ward off blows in the rear while they hurried on their men to the front. Under the circumstances, the amount of their contributions to the common cause is a matter of surprise. At the same time they were sending to the councils of the State and the nation Matthew Ward Tilghman, William Paca, Edward Tilghman, Thomas Ringgold, and other men of high character and marked ability.



The quarter of a century which followed the Revolution was marked chiefly by an increase of gayety in the State capital, and a gradual settling of the excited rural communities into the old dream-life of colonial times; yet something of the former courtliness had probably been lost by the severance of European ties; and the gradual substitution of wheat and corn for tobacco marked the increasing poverty of the soil. With the change of tillage their nomenclature changed too. A farm was no longer a plantation; planters became farmers.

The war of 1812 revived the old military traditions. Admiral Cockburn repeated Dunmore's exploits and improved on them. Every exposed point was assailed. At last a force landed and marched inland on Chestertown. But the men of Kent had hurriedly snatched up their arms, and handsomely turned the invaders to the right-about with the loss of an officer or two. This little fight is known as the battle of Caulk's Fields.

In the early half of the present century drunkenness and violence were certainly more common on the Eastern Shore than they have ever been since. But duels were less frequent and less fatal than in the States farther south, and feuds that outlasted a generation were quite unheard of. The gentry of that period, with very grave faults, too ready with lethal weapons, nevertheless possessed some notable merits in high degree. They were as uncompromising truth-tellers as any upon earth, unless in the way of unintentional narrative exaggeration, and their honor included the highest honesty. More than this: they sincerely abhorred sordidness. A mere money-getter was a man to be shunned. A self-seeker at the cost of the state was a man to be stamped out of being. There was something large and noble in their public aims and hopes.

The Eastern Shore was, after all, but a severed fragment of England. The ordinary agencies of change left it nearly untouched. The German went on to the cheaper and freer lands near the Mississippi; the busy Northerner scarcely paused to knock at their doors as he hurried by; an occasional Jew might open a store in some county town, or a squad of Irishmen pass through, digging ditches to spare the negroes; but that was about all. The centuries came and went over pretty nearly the same population on the same soil. There were just three castes,—the "gentlemen born," the "plain people" (ranging from the yeoman to the rough dweller in the woods), and the negroes. In nineteen cases out of twenty any member of any one of them belonged by heredity to the spot where you found him.

Each class married strictly within its own limits, exceptions to this rule being very rare. Thus, half a dozen surnames would sometimes include nearly the whole gentry of a county; and the appellations of bride and bridegroom to-day might tally exactly with those on the century-old tombstones of their common ancestors. Indeed, an entire name often became no designation by reason of the number who shared it. Some distinguishing addition was then made in each case,—a mental, moral, or physical trait, the mother's name, or, more commonly, the father's given name; as, for example, "James — of John." When males in the direct line of descent had the same Chris-

tian name they were distinguished numerically. Thus, a tombstone some three miles from Centreville bears the inscription "daughter of Richard the Fourth" following the full name of the lady. These cases are so far from being exceptional that an old resident will wonder why they surprise you. The need for such discrimination will appear when you consider that the estate known as The Hermitage, for instance, never, from the year 1660 to that of 1881, passed out of the hands of a Richard Tilghman. Confusion is further obviated by using the names of homesteads (generally dating back to colonial times) instead of those of the owners. Thus, "I am going to Reedburne," or Melfield, or Winton, as the case may be, is a more common form of statement than "I am going to visit such and such a person."

The continual intermarrying above mentioned caused then, even more than now, a genial spirit of clanship. Almost everybody of equal standing was "cousin," and every cousin was in a special sense at home everywhere. This harmony was increased by the unanimity in thought, taste, and custom. Field-sports of all kinds gave universal delight. It was thought nowise derogatory for a judge with his train of lawyers to halt midway on a circuit and join madly in the view-halloo and the headlong chase. The first requisite of a gentleman was to be a fine horseman. Ladies often joined the hunt. Every one loved the music of the hounds.

Again, for the upper classes of the older neighborhoods there was still but one Church. The old walls were there, the old glebe-lands (sometimes) were there, the old traditions were there. They had listened in the same seats to the same service for seven generations. They took the communion wine from a chalice that was new in the merry days of the Restoration. Some of them could show ancestral souvenirs of the Martyr King. Easter and Whitsuntide were universally recognized holidays. Quaint old observances still clustered around the minor festivals.

The Anglican theory entered into the very framework of society. The greater part of almost every patrimony descended to the eldest son, and he was accorded during his father's lifetime a degree of precedence unusual in this country. The younger sons were trained for the various professions, or supplied with smaller estates. Even late in life they rallied around their elder brother as a natural head. The practical effect of entails was often compassed by will; but iron-bound custom left little need for them.

It is curious to note how the patrician spirit had adapted republican forms to its not over-creditable use. Each rural magnate could bring to the aid of his party most of his near relatives and friends, his overseers and tenants, the poor whom he had aided, and the little circle of lank "swampers" who had taken him for their oracle. But there still remained a sprinkling of the doubtful,—the few who were really independent in opinion, small farmers between two fires, drunkards too fuddled to know one side from the other, mercenaries waiting for a bid, indifferent Gallios who "cared for none of these things." All these classes were grouped under the generic name of "pigeons," and were regarded as fair prey for either side. Blandishments, strategy, and even

something very like kidnapping, were freely practised, both in "cooping the pigeons" till election-day, and in "getting the pigeons out of the coop."

There were few, if any, public schools; yet education was not utterly neglected. The sons of the wealthier gentry were sent to the Northern colleges, and in after-life spread the knowledge thus gained through all classes,—often strangely distorted by forgetfulness and absence of criticism. The intimate and kindly relations of the rich and the poor favored this dissemination. The social lines were so strongly marked that the one side rarely thought of presuming, and the other had no need to be exclusive. Once every week (Public Day) the greater part of the male population gathered at the county towns, where they heard impromptu discussions and lectures from their leaders. As both political parties were pretty sure to be represented, a shrewd mind might sift out a good deal of more or less reliable information from these harangues; and it was of a kind most useful to a citizen as such. Many an old forester who could neither read nor write was well posted on the history of his country and its relations to the rest of the world. Yet of course this sort of training was a great prejudice-breeder.

But the Eastern Shore had not thriven since the separation from England. The soil had gone from good to bad and from bad to worse. The health of the community was at its lowest point. At certain seasons "the chills" were almost as inevitable as warmth in summer or snow in winter. The population of Queen Anne's had decreased from fifteen thousand to ten thousand in half a century. The young planters, with their slaves, were continually streaming southward. In 1840 the Eastern Shore of Maryland presented the dismal spectacle (doubly so in hopeful America) of a country worn out in its youth.

But about the time of the Mexican war there was a spontaneous movement of reform. Beginning, I believe, in Talbot, it spread from county to county, and has never since ceased; though checked for a time by the loss of slaves and the turmoil of civil war. Fertilizers were introduced, and improved breeds of stock. Machinery took the place of hand-labor in farm-work. Worthless fields were limed and drained into fertility. Malarial disorders grew less frequent. Schools sprang up everywhere. Yet there was not, I think, at the end of our civil war a single mile of railroad or telegraph-line in this section. Indeed, the large county of Queen Anne's (the oldest tract in the State) was quite uninvaded by wire until more than another decade had passed. The telephone is in all its nooks and corners now. The people of the Eastern Shore were chiefly intense Secessionists. Many of their young men went South as volunteers; and they contributed largely to that cause in every way. After its ending they were for a time in a rather unsettled state. Neither white man nor black man could at once assume his new relations. But all this has now long been ended. Queen Anne's is every bit as orderly as any part of New England, and the same can probably be said of all the other Eastern Shore counties. Every year brings immigration and improvement. The whole region is becoming modernized. An enlightened mind will wish the process hastened rather than retarded; yet in certain moods it is impossible not to feel some quali-

fyng regrets for old quaintness supplanted by more business-like and practical ways. If there be a single region of our country which one could wish to keep under glass until it could be thoroughly studied as an interesting survival, that region is the Eastern Shore of Maryland. But already this has become impossible. Yet in taking its part in the general movement of the nation it must nevertheless retain for generations to come some relics both tangible and intangible which will have a value to the intelligent student of history, society, and man.

W. H. Babcock.

### THE CICADA.

**H**ARPER, why that strident tune  
Flung upon the drowsy noon?  
Now that all the meadows lie  
Parched beneath a brazen sky,  
And the robin, lingering  
In the hedge, forgets to sing,  
We would hear a strain more sweet  
Float across the seas of wheat  
Than the notes so clear and sharp  
Quivering from your high-keyed harp.

Strange the sounds so shrill to us  
Should have charmed Theocritus!  
Or did you in twilight dim  
Softer, sweeter play to him,  
Where beneath the olive-trees,  
By the smooth Sicilian seas,  
On the flowery slope he lay  
Watching the decline of day,  
And the mountained moon upsail  
Eastern sky-realms, opal pale?

Have your strains, once liquid, grown  
Querulous and harsh of tone  
With each swiftly-speeding age  
Passing on its pilgrimage,  
Until now you cannot key  
Lower your sharp minstrelsy?  
Be it so, for through your notes  
Still some silvern music floats:  
You shall be beloved by us  
Since you charmed Theocritus!

Clinton Scollard.



## MY REASON FOR BECOMING A WOMAN-SUFFRAGIST.

WHEN I was quite a young infant my father moved from the State of Tennessee with his family (consisting of my mother and myself) and several slaves down into Alabama, then occupied by many Indians. It is not of those strange times, but of causes which acted upon me, that I propose to write. The first memory I have of giving my sympathy to sorrow not directly my own was in the case of the Indians of the Creek and Choctaw tribes who had been removed to the Arkansas reservation from their homes by the banks of the lovely Coosa, one of the most romantic and beautiful streams in America. Nothing my father could tell me concerning their going could ease the keen pain their sad faces and flowing tears inflicted on my childish heart, leaving memories that lay, like coiled snakes frozen in winter, chill in my childish memory, to spring to life again, with the recognition of other wrongs, in later years.

My father was a Jackson Democrat. As my mother died while I was very small, I was thrown much into his care, and was allowed to hear a great deal of discussion of a political character between him and his male friends. One of my early-developed traits was a desire to know the meaning of words,—a desire increased, no doubt, by the narrow range of study in the South of those days. Two columns in the dictionary, of words with their definitions, were given out daily to pupils.

In the often stormy discussions I listened to, I heard the changes rung upon the "Whigs" and the "Democracy," until I was as wild with excitement as any man engaged in the discussion. My father, in reply to my inquiry, defined Democracy as "The people, all the people," while the Whigs meant the aristocrats. What an intense Democrat I was! My soul rioted in the idea of such breadth and freedom,—all people, high and low, rich and poor, corralled in the Democratic herd. Never did it cross my mind that any soul could be excluded.

But one day when I heard my father discussing a favorite candidate I incidentally asked for whom Mrs. Conant was going to vote.

"Women don't vote: she is not going to vote for any one," was his startling reply.

"Why," I cried, "she is one of the Democracy!"

My father kindly gave me the information that, as women had babies and the home to care for, men made the laws and did all public work to shield them from its cares. I did not then know that women would not be allowed to vote.

Time passed on. I was a precocious, impulsive child, and watched everything with interest. I lived in a small town, and saw only domestic servitude. Up to this time I had never seen a grown slave struck a blow. Two little girls played with me, and my step-mother was very strict and switched all the children with great impartiality. Near my tenth year she died, and I was allowed to go into the country

and visit on a plantation with many slaves upon it. The family were summering at the plantation. Two girls and a boy were my playmates, and I was free to ramble where I chose. My father had gone a journey, and I was to stay three weeks. For the first time in my life I saw the bloodhounds, and learned their hideous use; for the first time I saw a branded slave; for the first time I saw a grown person *whipped*, and heard the screams, and the sounding lash that I did not see, many times. The food sickened me. The red curtains of the carriage seemed bathed in blood. I cried to go home; but no, I must stay until my father came home before I could return.

No shipwrecked mariner was ever so glad of release from a storm-beaten wreck as I was to leave that splendid retreat and go to my humbler home, where Cato and Mammy and Major were part of my world, and where no one ever cried in pain, nor slavery had ever seemed cruel. My dear father had given me a lovely picture,—a tall white figure with long flowing drapery, sixteen stars about her head, and the eagle poised on an upraised hand, the word "Freedom" beneath it. We had very few pictures in that early time, and I had treasured this: it was gotten out near the time Alabama had come into the Union as a State.

When my father came home that night I flew into his presence like a wild thing, and all my pent-up rage and shame and childish scorn burst forth. My father said afterwards that he had never realized what slavery was himself until a clean white soul poured out its horror before him in such unmeasured but impotent rage. I flew at my picture of Freedom and rent it in pieces; and only after a fit of almost frenzied weeping, that ended in violent headache and fever, did I become calm enough to cease talking.

I can't tell just how long it was after this when an election was about to take place, and my father was going with some friends up in town to vote. He was giving me directions to tell Major what to do about going on the mountain with other hands for wood.

"Why, pa," I said, "he can't go, for he won't be back in time to vote."

"Liz, don't be foolish: niggers don't vote," was his careless reply, as he turned to Mr. Laprade and continued speaking to him.

"Why," I said, "Major and Cato are men: you said all men voted among the Democrats."

"Go and give the order at once," he said, sternly.

I was filled with a strange, sad pain. "Pa," I said, "please let me ask you something before I go. Is there anybody else that don't vote besides women and negroes?"

Mr. Laprade seemed amused, and cried out, laughingly, "Yes, Lizzie. I'll tell you who don't vote;" and he told them off on his fingers: "Indians, negroes, idiots, children, criminals, and women. None of these vote."

I looked at my father. "Is that true?" I asked.

"Yes, it is true. Now go and attend to what I told you."

I turned and walked blindly out. Tears filled my eyes. I recalled the weeping Indians I had seen going away from their old holy ground,

carrying their little all away, without any home. I remembered the old plantation visit. My father had been my comrade: we had talked and reasoned and read together, child as I was. Now I felt that I was not as he was,—that I never could reach his stand-point, as I could if I were a boy. A gulf seemed to lie between us, and I went out alone to my reading, and never again was the same old spirit mine.

Though my father saw how keenly I realized this degraded association, he never comprehended the pain that discovery gave me until long afterwards.

The old common law prevailed everywhere then, and once he took a ring from off his finger and quoted the words, "With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow," and, laughing in boisterous scorn, declared that it was utterly false; for that under the law, unless a marriage settlement had been made, though the woman who married were dowered as a princess, she lost every dollar, and her husband became the owner not only of her person, but of every dollar of her father's hard-earned money.

I was young when I married, and before this took place my father often deplored my sex. "If you were a boy," he frequently exclaimed, "what a splendid lawyer I would make of you!" Alas! no high school was open, no college such as would have served his purpose.

I married at less than sixteen. People assert that early marriages are the result of earlier development in warm climates. My own impression is that early marriages are the result of ignorance among women, far more than climate. Early marriages decrease just as education increases among women. My health had been like a mountain-goat's,—never an ache nor a pain. What did I know or care for a doctor? Before I was seventeen, my hour of supreme suffering had come, and then as never before I longed for a woman doctor, and my very soul burned within me at the shame to womanhood in this denial of woman's place at woman's side; and in every conversation, in every article I wrote, I called the thought of women to this need.

Years went by, and I removed to the city of New York. By this time I had read enough of State laws to realize woman's condition in every phase of it. I found, among other shames, that in every State the old common law was the prevailing law bearing upon woman's chastity, placing the age of legal marriage at eighteen, and that no woman could control her property until that age; yet as soon as she had completed her tenth year, if any man could so corrupt or persuade a child to accompany him in his evil desires, and prove that she went willingly and was bad, no punishment could be meted out to him.

I implored the clergy to cry out and spare not, for in my work among unfortunates I saw the evil of this cruel one-sided law; but, alas! they declared, "It is not our place to do this," and I then saw that here, if anywhere, the adage applied, "Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow," and I turned every effort to secure for my sex the power to help unmake bad laws and remake better.

And, though the ballot is still ungained, every other good law has grown from this agitation.

*Elizabeth L. Saxon.*

## OUR ONE HUNDRED QUESTIONS.

## I.

IN "Our Monthly Gossip" will be found the announcement of the awards in the amicable contest that came to a close in our June number,—with the comparative standing of all the competitors. In framing these questions it had been our object to make them such as would prove generally interesting to all lovers of good literature; and we are sure therefore that the publication of answers by the clever and painstaking ladies and gentlemen who competed will prove not only agreeable reading, but also valuable and instructive.

We had expected to publish four or five of the best answers to each question, and to complete the series in August, September, and October. But we had not then received many answers. Now that the whole are before us, we have changed our plans a little. Our correspondents have sent us lengthy and exhaustive answers. A large proportion are bright and clever. We have not room for more than one or two answers. Amid such a host to choose from, it would be invidious to say that the one or two selected are in every case, or in many cases, emphatically *the best*. They are only one or two among the many excellent ones, selected almost at random.

1. *Who was the original of Thackeray's Warrington in "Pendennis"?*

This question has drawn out a great many valuable and curious replies. The larger number quote R. H. Stoddard to the effect that Thackeray's own experience in the diverse characters of a reviewer, a correspondent, an editor, and an author is partly reflected in the history of Pendennis and partly in the history of Warrington. "One of a Thousand," a most painstaking correspondent (let us trust there are many thousand like him), adds, "Thackeray's own life, afflicted as it was by a separation from his young wife on account of her incurable mental disorder, resembles Warrington somewhat." This is undoubtedly true, so far as it goes. Others see in Tom Taylor the prototype of the character,—an unlikely supposition. "Davus" says,—

James T. Fields is credited with the assertion that Barry Cornwall (Bryan Waller Procter) served as a model to Thackeray for the character of Warrington in Pendennis. Procter was several years older than Thackeray, but was his dear and intimate friend for many years; and the qualities of his disposition and genius were such as might well have fitted him to sit for the portrait of Warrington.

But the where and the when, O noble "Davus"? (a modest but inappropriate name for one who is a leader but no follower.) Fields's intimate acquaintance with Thackeray makes his authority valuable, and one would like to know page and chapter if possible.

"Mirah" sends us this note, which is interesting, but provokingly incomplete, through no fault of "Mirah's."



Warrington in "Pendennis" was a professor of Latin in the University of London. When a boy he went to the Charter-House School with Thackeray, and in a school-boy fight with him broke his (Thackeray's) nose. This fact Mr. Thackeray himself told to a gentleman in Philadelphia; he said that Warrington was a fine fellow. The gentleman has forgotten the name of the original, but it might be inferred that it was "George Waddington," as he went to the Charter-House at that time, and afterwards became a distinguished Greek, Latin, and Hebrew scholar.

One of the most interesting results of the propounding of this question is that it has drawn forth the following letter from Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie, sent to a reading-club in the East, and forwarded to us by "Prose Laureate of the Fools" (ye gods! what pseudonymical modesty, and what injustice!)

My father scarcely ever put real people into his books, though he of course found suggestions among the people with whom he was thrown. I have always thought that there was something of himself in Warrington. Perhaps the serious part of his nature was vaguely drawn in that character. There was also a little likeness to his friend Edward Fitzgerald, who always lived a very solitary life. . . . When I was a girl the Blanche Amory type was a great deal more common than it is now, and I remember several young ladies who used to sing and laugh and flirt very amusingly, but I am quite sure you will not find anything *definite* anywhere.

Yet as to Warrington we must quote Thackeray against his daughter. When "Pendennis" was published, he sent a copy to one of his intimate friends, George Moreland Crawford, Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News*, who had nursed the novelist through the long and dangerous illness which had nearly interrupted "Pendennis" forever. The copy was accompanied by the following letter:

"You will find much to remind you of old talks and faces,—of William John O'Connell, Jack Sheehan, and Andrew Archdeane. There is something of you in Warrington, but he is not fit to hold a candle to you, for, taking you all around, you are the most genuine fellow that ever strayed from a better world into this. You don't smoke, and he is a consumed smoker of tobacco. Bordeaux and port were your favorites at the 'Deanery' and the 'Garriek,' and War. is always guzzling beer. But he has your honesty, and, like you, could not posture if he tried. You have a strong affinity for the Irish. May you some day find an Irish girl to lead you to matrimony! There's no such good wife as a daughter of Erin."

Warrington, therefore, seems to have owed his being to the novelist's acquaintance with Crawford, although there is undoubtedly (and possibly unconsciously) much of Thackeray himself in it,—more, perhaps, than in the character of Pendennis.

The letter to Crawford, which was originally published in the New York *Tribune* and copied into the *Critic*, has fallen under the eyes of just twenty-two of our correspondents, and among them "Olive Old-school."

## 2. What and where is the Lia Fail?

The parenthetical "and where" in this sentence was introduced by the wily questioner for the purpose of drawing out a discussion as to

the identity of the Lia Fail with the Scotch Stone of Scone and the English Coronation Stone. The questioner has not been disappointed. Intelligent, ingenious, and interesting answers have been sent in, which treat the matter from all points of view, legendary as well as historical, and quote scores of authors, ancient and modern.

"Olive Oldschool," "One of a Thousand," "Davus," "Ædipus," "Monument City," "Ulm," "Owego," "Prose Laureate of the Fools," "Incognita," "Hohenfels," "Bibota," "Curious," any one of these, or of a dozen more, might be quoted with advantage. A concise yet sufficient answer is the following by "McNox," who was prevented by sickness from entering the lists as a competitor, but whose few answers are all admirable:

The Lia Fail was the "Stone of Destiny of the Irish kings," their "Coronation Stone," set up on the Hill of Tara when that was the royal centre of Ireland.

Other names given it were the Tanist Stone, or Stone of the Heir-Apparent; Innisphail, or Stone of Fortune; and a local or popular name of Bod Fhearghaia. It was also called the "roaring stone," from its supposed miraculous property of sounding when the rightful king was placed upon it, and remaining mute under a pretender; and it was believed to carry with it the destiny of Ireland, giving the sovereignty of whatever land in which it was established to one of Irish blood. A long legendary history of wonderful wanderings connects it on one side with Jacob's Pillar at Bethel, and on the other with the Ancient Scottish Coronation Stone of Scone, now in the Coronation Chair at Westminster Abbey.

The identity of the Lia Fail with the Stone of Scone has been accepted as veritable fact by many unimaginative books of reference, even "Lippincott's Gazetteer." (See "Tara.") Dean Stanley, in his "History of Westminster Abbey," shows a lurking leaning toward the romantic history, as if it were half against his will that he accepted the testimony of sober-minded antiquarians and geologists.

The traditional story is too long for repetition here. A writer in *The Spectator* (the article is copied into *The Living Age* in July, 1884) shows how little historic basis there is for even the latter part of the legend,—the transfer from Tara to Scone,—and how much to disprove it, declaring it to be impossible that the Irish royal stone ever left Tara at all. He quotes Mr. Petrie, a searching investigator of 1839, as saying that the Lia Fail was originally placed on the side of the "Hill of Hostages," and there remained "till some time after 1798, when it was removed to its present position in the Rath, called the 'Farradh,' to mark the graves of the rebels slain at Tara in the insurrection of that year." Stanley says, "One of the green mounds within that venerable precinct [Tara] is called the Coronation Chair, and a rude pillar" over the rebel graves "is by some thought to be the original Lia Fail."

Quite as convincing is the evidence of the geologists, Professors Ramsay and Geikie, as to the witness borne by the stone (of Scone) itself. They pronounce it to be of red sandstone precisely similar to that found in the neighborhood of Scone and of Dunstaffnage Castle. Professor Ramsay says, "It can never have been derived from any of the rocks of Tara, which are of the Carboniferous era, or from those of Iona, where no red sandstone exists; and it is equally impossible it should have belonged to the limestone rocks around Bethel or the nummulitic strata of Egypt."

Mr. Skene authoritatively sums up the discussion thus:

"It was the custom of Celtic tribes to inaugurate their kings on a sacred stone supposed to symbolize the monarchy. The Irish kings were inaugurated on the Lia Fail, which never was anywhere but at Tara, the *sedes principalis* of Ireland; and the kings of Scotland, first of the Pictish monarchy and afterwards of the Scottish kingdom which succeeded it, were inaugurated on this stone, which never was anywhere but at Scone, the *sedes principalis* both of the Pictish and Scottish kingdoms."

### 3. What is the legendary city of *Is*?

Many correspondents sent in as an answer Herodotus's description of the city of *Is*. But this is an historical city, identified by historians with the Babylonish *Hit*, and it was to avoid this confusion that the word "legendary" was inserted in our question. These correspondents were, therefore, credited with only three marks.

Among the many excellent answers sent in, the following is by "One of a Thousand":

The legend of the city of *Is* or *Ys* is related in the early chronicles of Brittany, and has been celebrated in verse by Villemarqué and Brizeux, and in prose by Emile Souvestre in his "*Foyer Breton*," who, however, has "improved" slightly on the original.

In the fifth century King Gradlon, or Grallon, ruled over Cornouailles; he was brother of one of the early British kings, and is connected with the legend of the hermit St. Corentin. The king once lost his way while hunting (about 495), and begged shelter from the hermit, who fed the king and his attendants bountifully from a single slice of carp, the carp remaining whole and alive. The king was so impressed by the miracle that he gave Corentin dominion over the neighboring country, and when Cornouailles was erected into a diocese he appointed Corentin bishop, and, that the latter might have full jurisdiction, the king transferred his court to *Is*.

*Is* was a magnificent city, filled with luxury and vice. It was built below the level of the sea, on a wide plain, and surrounded by stout walls to keep out the sea. Now, Gradlon, though a good and pious king, had a handsome but wicked daughter, named Dahut, who dwelt in a lofty tower, where she held impious revels with a succession of lovers. When tired of one lover she had him thrown into a well, and chose another. Once her paramour begged her to obtain for him the silver key which locked the great sluice-gates in the walls, and which her father always wore around his neck. Dahut consented, and stole the key from Gradlon's neck while he slept; either she or her lover opened the gates in idle folly, the waters rushed in and submerged the town. Gradlon was awakened by a voice bidding him rise and flee; he mounted his horse and took with him Dahut, whom he loved in spite of her crimes, but the floods pursued them, and the voice called to him to cast away the demon beside him. Dahut fell into the billows and was drowned, while her father escaped. The waves stopped their course at the very spot where Dahut perished, but the city was lost forever. Gradlon established his court at Kemper, now Quimper, the capital of Cornouailles.

A variation of the story represents Dahut as an enchantress, who built the walls of *Is* by the aid of spirits. When her father, urged by Corentin, reproved her for her profligacy, she imprisoned him, and warned the hermit never to approach *Is* again. Corentin, however, disguised himself as a prince, won her love, and, obtaining the key in the manner above described, freed Gradlon, and let loose the waters upon *Is* and Dahut.

*Is* is said to have stood where now is the Bay of Douarnenez, between the Baie des Trépassés and Douarnenez, a little west of Quimper. The pier at Audierne, built on a mass of rock called the Cammer, has at its southern end the foundations of *Is*, which reach beyond the Pointe du Raz. At Troquer are to be seen on the shore great stones, which the peasants call "*Mogueru Guer-a-Is*," or "the walls of the city of *Is*." Beneath the water, and visible at low tide, are huge blocks of stone which were once part of the buildings. Poul David at Audierne was originally called Poul Dahut, and here the souls of the princess and her last paramour flutter in the shape of two crows. Many spots in the region are considered haunted, especially the Baie des Trépassés, in whose depths the lovers of Dahut lie drowned, not to speak of the additional dread of it as the place where the souls of the dead hover, waiting to be ferried over to the Ile de Sein. The trampling of Gradlon's horse, which carried him from the fated city, is still heard at night, and upon a rock called Garree, near Le Riz, is shown the mark of his hoof.

Every five years on the first night of May the peasants say that the city, with

all its castles and towers, rises at the first stroke of midnight and sinks again at the twelfth. If any one succeeds in entering the palace of Dahut while the clock is striking and possessing himself of a magic ring of nut-wood which is in one of its apartments, he will thereafter have every wish gratified. A young man named Kurd made the trial, but did not make his escape in time, and sank with the city beneath the waters.

Such was the magnificence of Is, or Ker-is as it is sometimes called, that Paris is said to have derived its name from being equal to Is,—Par-Is. Near Laonal is a chapel where a phantom priest waits to say mass. The saying goes,—

“Sept manteaux d’écarlate et soixante,  
Sans nommer les autres,  
Venaient de la ville d’Is  
A la messe à Laonal.”

The country-people say that they can hear sometimes the church-bells of the submerged city ringing with the motion of the current. Ernest Renan uses this as a simile in his “Souvenirs,” saying that just as the peasants catch the sound of the Is bells, so can he at certain moments hear from the depths of his soul the faint echoes of the old religious beliefs in which he was trained.

There is probably some foundation for this legend,—i.e., a town probably once stood on the fabled site of Is; though the tales of luxury and wealth are probably as mythical as St. Corentin’s carp or Dahut’s sorceries. Besides the many remarkable relics of stone, etc., the tale is supported by the fact that the French shore has been gradually sinking, and within the last seven centuries seven parishes are said to have disappeared. This is proved by an old map found at the abbey of Mont St. Michel. On the coast of Brittany a forest was recently discovered after the displacement of a mass of sand during the last high tides, which, according to the geologists, must have been buried for at least twenty centuries. The forest is supposed to have once extended from St. Malo to beyond Mont St. Michel; it is situated now just opposite St. Malo, at the foot of the cliffs of St. Enogat and St. Innaire. It is estimated that the gradual sinking of the soil of Brittany, Normandy, Artois, Belgium, and Holland is not less than seven feet a century; and at this rate Paris itself will become a maritime city in about ten centuries, and in another ten centuries may be submerged like its ancient model Is, unless some counter-influence should preserve it from such a fate.

At Penmarch there is now only a little fishing-village, where once was a thriving town of ten thousand inhabitants. This was partly destroyed by the inroads of the sea, and partly by the famous siege of Fontenelle in 1404.

Considering these facts, it is quite probable that Ker-is is not wholly fabulous. There is, however, an extensive myth of submerged cities, etc., to which certain parts of the legend are allied. The Greeks believed that an immense island or vast continent had been swallowed up by the sea to the west of Europe. Plato and others mention it. In Croker’s “Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland” and Kennedy’s “Popular Fictions of the Irish Celts” we read of “Thiernana-oge,” or the Country of Youth, sunk beneath the Atlantic. The Connemara fishermen see towns and villages at the bottom of the water, and believe that they will some day reappear; rivulets of milk or wine run through these towns. Sometimes it is said that the cities with their palaces and minster appear above the waves at dawn on Easter day or are seen by moonlight in the still depths of the lake.

In Washington Irving’s “Wolfert’s Roost and Other Papers” is an account of a convent near Toledo, which at the time of the Moorish conquest was miraculously engulfed by the earth to protect it and its band of nuns from sacrilege. The bells, organ, and choir could be occasionally heard during forty years, at which time the last of the sisters must have died, for no sound was heard afterwards. The spire of the convent projecting out of the ground is still shown.

4. *Was there any chime called the Brides of Enderby, as celebrated in Jean Ingelow’s “High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire”?*

“Enderby” sends in the following answer:



From this side of the water I have gleaned two answers to the Brides of Enderby question: one is, "Yes,—Scottish," the other "Yes,—rung as an alarm on the coast of Lincolnshire,—origin not known." Not satisfied with these, I wrote to the Vicar of Boston, England, whose answer I transcribe: "I beg to inform you that the name 'The Brides of Enderby' is entirely a creation of Miss Ingelow's fancy, no such name being known in connection with the bells of St. Botolph. There are *villages* of the name of Enderby not far hence, but no tradition whatever of any *tune* of the name, either on these bells or (as far as I know) in any other form, although it is quite true that the high tide alluded to in the poem really occurred."

I am inclined to accept the vicar's opinion as the true one.

Enderby's conclusion is undoubtedly correct, as is proved by a copious correspondence in the *English Notes and Queries* (sixth series, vol. ii.), which is thus summed up by "Davus":

A writer who asks for the words and tune of the "Brides of Enderby" is assured by R. R., of Boston, Lincolnshire, that he cannot have them, because they never really existed. R. R. thus states his knowledge of the matter:

"A few years ago, when the chimes were put in Boston Church, a friend of mine, thinking this tune ought to form a part of them, wrote to Jean Ingelow for information. She replied that there was no foundation for the tune,—that it had been 'purely a matter of invention on her part.' Then follows a communication from Mr. North (Isle of Wight), which helps to answer the query: "When Messrs. Gillett and Bland of Croyden erected the chimes at Boston, to play on the carillon bells cast in Belgium, their machine consisted of four barrels, which were constructed to play twenty-eight tunes on the forty-four bells, one of the tunes (according to the makers' published list) being the 'Brides of Enderby;' but as only seven of these tunes are now played, and the 'Brides of Enderby' is not one of them, the tune so called cannot now be learned from the Boston bells, although I imagine it is not unknown in their region." To which R. R. replies, "There is some ground for Mr. North's statement. Some of the most active promoters of the new chimes, after receiving Miss Ingelow's reply, wrote to 'Claribel,' who lived at Louth, and asked her to compose a tune to be called the 'Brides of Enderby.' She very wisely declined; and a local music-master was then applied to. He did compose one, but on trial it was, fortunately, found to be so florid and otherwise unsuitable that after a short time it was very properly abandoned. If this tune had been adopted, we should have been in the peculiar position of being obliged to explain to strangers that the tune they heard was not the one rung in the time of the great flood of 1571, but the very tune which would have been rung if the ringers had known it!" There are three villages in Lincolnshire, within a few miles of each other, called Enderby (so Miss Ingelow's use of that name is a very natural one), about which the farmers have a mild joke. They tell how a gentleman on horseback, a stranger, asked a boy the way to Enderby. "Mavis, Wood, or Bag, sir?" said the boy. "Tell me the way to Enderby, or I'll lay this whip across you." "Mavis, Wood, or Bag, sir?" again asked the boy. The rider, thinking he was being jeered at, gave the boy a good beating, and rode on, cursing his impudence. Enderby is a common surname in this county, and the names of the three villages are Mavis Enderby, Wood Enderby, and Bag Enderby.

##### 5. Did Milton invent the name and character of the archangel Abdiel?

Among the best answers to this question are the following:

Milton did not invent the name of Abdiel, for, as Keightley points out, he uses in most cases, both for his good and his evil angels, names taken from the Scriptures, Zophiel and Ithuriel among the seraphim being exceptional names coined by himself. Sometimes he chooses Biblical names of angels, sometimes those borne by heathen gods, and in other instances adopts names of men. Abdiel is one of the last class, and is found in the Bible in 1 Chronicles v. 15 as the name of one of the chiefs of Gad whose family genealogies were recorded in

the time of Jeroboam. We find it also under an alternative spelling, Abdeel, in Jeremiah xxxvi. 26, as the name of the father of one of the chiefs in attendance upon king Jehoiakim. It is the same name as the Arabic *Abdallah*. Most books of reference say that Abdiel is an angel mentioned by the Jewish Cabalists; but it is not one of the seven archangels of the angelic hierarchy described by the pseudo Dionysius the Areopagite. Keightley says the Jewish ideas of angels were much modified by the Light-religion of Persia, and that the seven principal angels spoken of answer to the seven amahaspands of Zoroastrian theology. The character of Abdiel, "servant of God," "faithful found among the faithless," is not an original one, though probably nowhere else given to one called Abdiel.—McNox.

He did not. The name, meaning in Hebrew "servant of God," is that of an angel mentioned by the Cabalists.

In his character, and in the part assigned to him by Milton, Abdiel is almost identical with the herald angel Raphael in the choral drama of "Lucifer," by the greatest of Dutch poets, Vondel. "Faithful found among the faithless, faithful only he," applies equally well to either. "In each case a single seraph opposes Lucifer at the moment of his violent action, alone, in his own palace, and undaunted by the hostile scorn of myriads."

That this cannot be a mere coincidence is shown by innumerable other similarities between the Dutch drama and the English epic. Vondel's masterpiece was published four years before Milton is supposed to have begun "Paradise Lost" (1658), and thirteen years before it was given to the world. It is known that Milton had friends among the literary men of Holland, then in the golden age of its literature, and it is likely that they kept him supplied with the noteworthy works appearing in their country. It has been shown that Milton first thought of the dramatic form for his poem, and, indeed, there are overwhelming evidences that he knew this Dutch work and borrowed many ideas from it.—OWEGO.

The pressure of matter upon our available space prevents any further selections this month, but in the September number we trust to be able to give a more generous instalment of these very entertaining answers.

### THE WHIPPOORWILL.

THE old moon coffined in a cloud  
Withholds her beams from vale and hill,  
While through the sultry silence comes  
The quaint song of the whippoorwill.

In leaf-bound quietude he sings,  
And does not crave the boon of light,  
Save those small lamps the fireflies bear,  
Winged nomads of the summer night!

William H. Hayne.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP

### WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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ABOUT the 15th of June the Gossip began to realize the amount of work he had cut out for himself in propounding the prize questions. Packages, large and small, began to arrive by mail and by express. From the 15th to the 20th they came in so largely that "an avalanche" seems only a mild figure of speech. Over four hundred sets of answers were received. Some were elaborately and beautifully gotten up in the regal splendors of morocco covers and red edges, of tasteful embroidery and exquisite penmanship.

The care and intelligence with which these answers had been prepared were worthy of the most gorgeous outer garb. The competitors had ransacked the libraries, and used excellent judgment and literary skill in writing out their own answers. Perhaps in no country but this could such a contest have drawn out such excellent results.

Here, indeed, was an *embarras de richesse*. It was only by the most careful re-reading, by sorting out the leaders after the first examination, and going over their marks again and again, that the final result was attained, as follows:

The first prize, One Hundred Dollars, is won by "Olive Oldschool," Miss Catherine Sargent Olds, 33 B Street, S. E., Washington, D.C.

The second prize, Fifty Dollars, by "Davus," Mrs. Margaret H. Gangewer, Burlington, New Jersey.

The third prize, Twenty-five Dollars, by "Curious," M. N. Robinson, 502 E. King Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

The fourth prize, a copy of "Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary," by "One of a Thousand," Louisa Trumbull Cogswell, 40 Pleasant Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

"Olive Oldschool" has 439 marks (out of a possible 450); "Davus," 428; "Curious," 420, and "One of a Thousand," 412.

The system of marking was to give five as a maximum "for the best, fullest, and completest answers" to each question, and to mark down accordingly. As there were ninety questions, the highest possible number was 450.

The winner, it will be seen, has won only by a neck. The competitors who have achieved a place are closely bunched, and are hard pressed by "Bibota," with 410 marks; by "Eidon," with 408; by "Prose Laureate of the Fools," with 407; by "Cedipus," with 405; by "Owego," with 403; by "M. A.," "Langweilig," and "Ray Le Brun," with 400 each.

An analysis of the tally-sheet shows that "Olive Oldschool" sent more or less acceptable answers to every question, and was credited with 5 each for 83 answers, 4 each for 4 answers, 3 each for 2 answers, and 2 for the remaining answer. "Davus" and "Curious" received only one blank, while "One of a Thousand," with six blanks, pulled up her average by the excellence of her answers to the other questions.

The following is a list of the names, and credits of the standing, of competitors who fell below four hundred marks. The arrangement is alphabetical:

A. C. Bird	...	.....	380
A. G.	...	.....	210
A. Lamb	...	195	.....
A. R. L.	...	.....	280
A. Serkee	...	150	.....
Ad Astra per Aspera	...	.....	388
Adder	80	.....	.....
Address	...	.....	250
Adipose	75	.....	.....
Aedipus	...	.....	240
Aeneas	67	.....	.....
Alma	...	.....	295
Alpha	...	.....	302
Alphaeus	75	.....	.....
Anabasis	61	.....	.....
An Iowan	...	.....	224
Andromeda	...	.....	298
Anna Laurel	...	.....	200
Annie Laurie	95	.....	.....
Aroff	...	.....	373
Arthur Dimmesdale	64	.....	.....
Arthur Salome	...	.....	275
Arthur Sketchley	72	.....	.....
Ashley Allen Royce	...	.....	386
Aunt Polly	...	.....	246
Babec	...	.....	290
Barrett	91	.....	.....
Beatrice Brevoort	...	.....	325
Beladine	...	.....	321
Beulah Steel	...	.....	240
Blehm	...	180	.....
Blenheim	62	.....	.....
Black Diamond	...	.....	270
Black Opal	...	.....	280
Blackiston	...	.....	280
Bluebell	...	.....	250
Bogardus	...	195	.....
Bonafer	60	.....	.....
Bookworm	71	.....	.....
Borax	...	.....	326
Box 211	...	.....	245
Burley	...	.....	394
Burney	65	.....	.....
C. C.	...	.....	250
C. H. May	...	.....	295
C. J. Von H.	...	198	.....
C. Y. C.	...	.....	250
Caole Harrick	...	.....	320
Carino	61	.....	.....
Caritas	...	.....	269
Carla	...	.....	240
Carlotta Conrad	...	.....	340
Carolina	...	.....	371
Cathcart	...	.....	275
Catherine	65	.....	.....
Celongael	...	.....	220
Charles L. Nellup	...	.....	300
Charley Jones	50	.....	.....
Chif	...	.....	379
Chippa	...	.....	220
Claire S.	...	.....	309
Clio	...	.....	215
Clodia	...	.....	318
Clytemnestra	...	100	.....



Commonwealth . . . . .	...	210	.....
Competere Quaestio . . . . .	...	224	.....
Conditioned . . . . .	91	.....	.....
Czeka . . . . .	...	265	.....
Dabster . . . . .	65	.....	.....
Daisy Bell . . . . .	...	200	.....
Daisy Jones . . . . .	70	.....	.....
Daisy Pearl . . . . .	...	195	.....
Delinquent . . . . .	...	200	.....
Denis Carr . . . . .	...	250	.....
Detur Digniori . . . . .	...	285	.....
Dexter . . . . .	63	.....	.....
Dorothy Dale . . . . .	...	...	393
Dot . . . . .	...	175	.....
Doting . . . . .	85	.....	.....
Durantrum . . . . .	...	...	389
E. A. E. . . . .	...	...	340
E. B. Marlow . . . . .	...	297	.....
E. C. . . . .	90	.....	.....
E. H. M. . . . .	...	210	.....
Edna Carter . . . . .	...	298	.....
Ellason . . . . .	...	190	.....
Eleanor I. Van Arsdale . . . . .	...	286	.....
Elf, The . . . . .	...	...	311
Elf King . . . . .	75	.....	.....
Elsie Marley . . . . .	...	...	345
Embla . . . . .	...	...	391
Emily Ethal . . . . .	...	216	.....
Eothen . . . . .	...	145	.....
Epma . . . . .	...	...	348
Ermingarde . . . . .	...	125	.....
Ernest . . . . .	...	140	.....
Ethel Gray . . . . .	...	...	300
Etta Shannon . . . . .	...	195	.....
Eugene Edgefield . . . . .	...	...	396
Evelyn Hope . . . . .	...	...	324
Exmoor . . . . .	...	...	395
Fanchon . . . . .	...	...	360
Favette . . . . .	...	...	300
Favorita . . . . .	75	.....	.....
Fay . . . . .	...	150	.....
Fayette . . . . .	92	.....	.....
February . . . . .	...	...	305
Felix . . . . .	...	190	.....
Fenelon . . . . .	...	150	.....
Fiasco . . . . .	...	208	.....
Firenze . . . . .	...	...	381
Fiume . . . . .	...	106	.....
Foca . . . . .	...	...	301
Folly . . . . .	...	...	361
Fordham . . . . .	...	...	320
Forlorn Hope . . . . .	...	296	.....
Foster Brother . . . . .	78	.....	.....
Frangipanni . . . . .	...	...	308
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## BOOK-TALK.

IS the literary detective one of Nature's favorites? In the struggle for existence which we are taught is constantly eliminating the weakest and leaving ampler room for the strongest and the fittest, the literary detective emerges buoyant, smiling, self-satisfied,—immortal in his folly and his impudence. He may live to be the famous Last Man, he may cry "Chestnuts," or its equivalent, when the angel Gabriel sounds the last trump, he may detect "coincidences" in the judgment that consigns him among the accursed. Here is how he has been disporting himself in the pages of the London *Literary World*: "To-day, for the first time, I read the world-famous poem, 'Curfew shall not ring to-night.' As the incident therein chronicled seemed familiar to me, I turned to 'Pictures of Life,' by Albert Smith (Kent & Co.), and there found the identical story in prose under the title of 'Blanche Heriot, a Legend of Old Chertsey Church;' the time of action being, not Cromwell's, but during the Wars of the Roses. A melodrama on the same subject, under the same title, by the same author, was produced at the Surrey Theatre in 1841 or '42. The authoress of the 'Curfew' has complained of unscrupulous persons filching from her the credit of the poem. I wonder what answer she will make to this, should it ever meet her eye." Probably she would say that she had as much right to use the story told by Albert Smith as Shakespeare had to use the stories told by Lodge and Boccaccio, as Tennyson had to use the stories told by Malory and Walter Map, as all poets and romancers have to use the legends and facts of history. Or still more probably she would assume that the charge was too absurd to impose upon the most thoughtless, and say nothing.

But the crowning achievement of the literary detective has been recently performed in America. A New York paper has just discovered that "The Quick or the Dead?" is plagiarized from "Mrs. Lorimer," by Lucas Malet. The similarities pointed out by the detective are that in both cases a widow falls in love for the second time, in both cases the widow is "morbid" and "hysterical," in both cases she decides not to remarry. In the same charming style of reasoning it would be easy to prove that Howells's *Indian Summer* was plagiarized from "Friends, a Duet," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and that "Friends" in its turn was stolen property, filched from the Amelia Osborne portion of "Vanity Fair." In all three cases a widow falls in love for the second time, in all three she is amiable but foolish, in all three she ends, after a considerable struggle, by remarrying. Nothing quite so amusing has occurred in literary history since the days when Edgar Allan Poe brought his charges of plagiarism against Longfellow and others, and was worthily answered by the burlesque counter-charge that he had stolen his "Raven" from the "Ancient Mariner," because in both the chief agent was a bird, in both the bird boded evil to the hero, in both there was an affectation of quaintness in the phraseology.

The trouble with charges of this sort is, not that they can do any real or lasting harm, not that they will be accepted by any person of average intelligence who is familiar with the facts, but that they are bandied about among the thoughtless and the unknowing until they entirely outgrow their original proportions. Thus, the Reviewer was gravely assured that it had been discovered that Amélie Rives had stolen her Elizabethan stories entire from "an old book," and that a New York paper had exposed the fraud.

## CURRENT NOTES.

**BAKING POWDER vs. CREAM OF TARTAR.**—It will not help the matter any, if, to avoid the impurities and poisons in the cheap baking powders, the house-keeper returns to the use of cream of tartar and soda. The cream of tartar of the present day, as found on sale at the grocers', is quite as impure as many of the baking powders. Tests made by the Massachusetts and New York State Boards of Health have developed the most astonishing venality on the part of cream of tartar manufacturers and vendors. Twenty-seven samples, claimed by dealers to be pure, were analyzed. They were found to contain from three to ninety-three per cent. of alum, lime, etc. Samples of soda analyzed showed the same extent of adulteration. Not only is it unsafe to use such leavening agents in bread, biscuit, or cake, because of their deadly effects upon the system, but they cannot be relied upon to produce light food. The result of their use will be heavy bread, yellow or bitter biscuit and cake.

Most of the baking powders and bread preparations of the market are made from the very cream of tartar above described, or from alum, which is poison, or from phosphates derived by disgusting processes from the solution of old bones in sulphuric acid, so that their use and the use of the adulterated and impure cream of tartar are attended with the same dangerous or unsatisfactory results.

The only way to overcome all difficulties attending upon the use of a leavening agent would seem to be in the selection of a baking powder of a thoroughly well-established reputation, whose absolute purity, wholesomeness, and effective power as a leavening agent have been confirmed beyond contravention. The Royal Baking Powder unquestionably meets the mark. Indeed, it has been found to be the only baking powder upon the market that is free from lime, alum, and phosphates, and chemically pure. Prof. Mott has explained the reason for this absolute purity. It exists in the new methods of refining cream of tartar, owned and employed exclusively by the Royal Baking Powder Company, by which only can the chemically pure article be produced. A portion of Prof. Mott's report is worthy of reproduction in this connection:

"The Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure, for I have so found it in many tests made both for them and the United States government. I will go still further, and state that because of the facilities that company have for obtaining perfectly pure cream of tartar, and for other reasons depending upon the proper proportions of the same, and the method of its preparation, the Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public.

HENRY A. MOTT, Ph.D., etc."

"FROM 18 to 20" is a new society novel, written by a young lady well known in Philadelphia, whose identity has been a matter of much curious speculation. The book is the talk of all the clubs, where the author's name is variously given. The New York *Town Topics* with great show of confidence attributes it to one person; other papers have mentioned other names. The book is bright and clever and agreeable, and is gotten up in novel and attractive style.

MAUD HOWE's excellent novel of "Mammon" in this number has proved longer than the average *Lippincott* novel, and, although an extra form has been added to the number, Tourgee's "With Gauge & Swallow" has been unavoidably crowded out.

THE answers to the Prize Questions, also, are fewer than we had hoped to be able to give. In our next number we will continue the series with answers to at least twelve and possibly to twenty more of the questions, and will go on at this rate until all the answers are published.

We find that these answers contain a great deal of curious and interesting information on literary matters that cannot be arrived at in any other form. Indeed, many of our readers, not themselves competitors, have suggested that a book made up from the answers would be a valuable publication. Perhaps they are right.

MUSTARD was little known at English tables until 1729, when a Mrs. Clements, residing in Durham, began to grind the seed in a mill, and to pass the flour through several processes necessary to free it from its husks. She kept her secret to herself for many years, during which she sold large quantities of mustard throughout the country, but especially in London. Here it was introduced to the royal table, where it received the approval of George I. From the circumstance of Mrs. Clements being a resident at Durham, it obtained the name of Durham mustard.

ST. ENGRACIA (from the Latin *Encratis* or *Enkratides*) was the daughter of Ont Camerus, to whom the Romans had given the city of Norba Cæsarea, in Spain. She was brought up a Christian, and while still a young girl was betrothed to a governor on the Gallic side of the Pyrenees and sent to him with suitable escort. Their way lay through Cæsarea Augusta, the modern Saragossa, where the governor, Publius Dacianus, one of the bloodiest ministers of the tenth persecution, was at that time endeavoring to extirpate Christianity. Engracia visited him for the purpose of remonstrating on his cruelty. When Dacianus learned that she was a Christian he seized her and had her put to the torture. Some accounts make her survive the rack, but the favorite legend represents her as having fallen a victim to torture. Angels are said to have descended at her death, and to have officiated at her funeral, bearing tapers and thuribles and singing hymns of triumph. During the Moorish captivity her relics disappeared, but they were discovered in 1889, during the excavations necessitated by the rebuilding of an old church dedicated to the martyrs of Saragossa. Seventy years afterwards Juan II. declared that by St. Engracia's intercession he was cured of a complaint in his eyes,—in consequence of which he resolved to enlarge the church and build a monastery adjoining it and dedicate the whole to St. Engracia. He began the work, but died before completing it, leaving that charge by will to his son, Ferdinand, the Catholic King. He continued the building, but it was not finished till the reign of Charles V.

THE *American Notes and Queries* (619 Walnut Street, Philadelphia) is publishing a series of Prize Questions, for the best answers to which they offer One Thousand Dollars.



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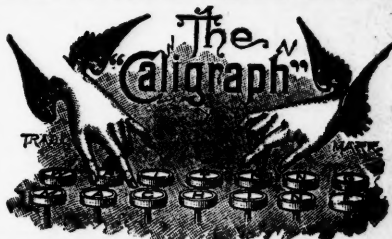
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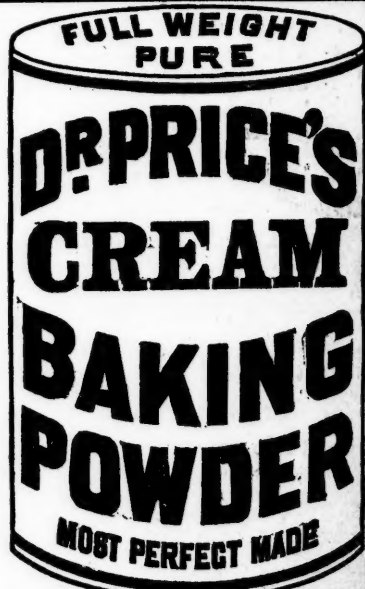


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